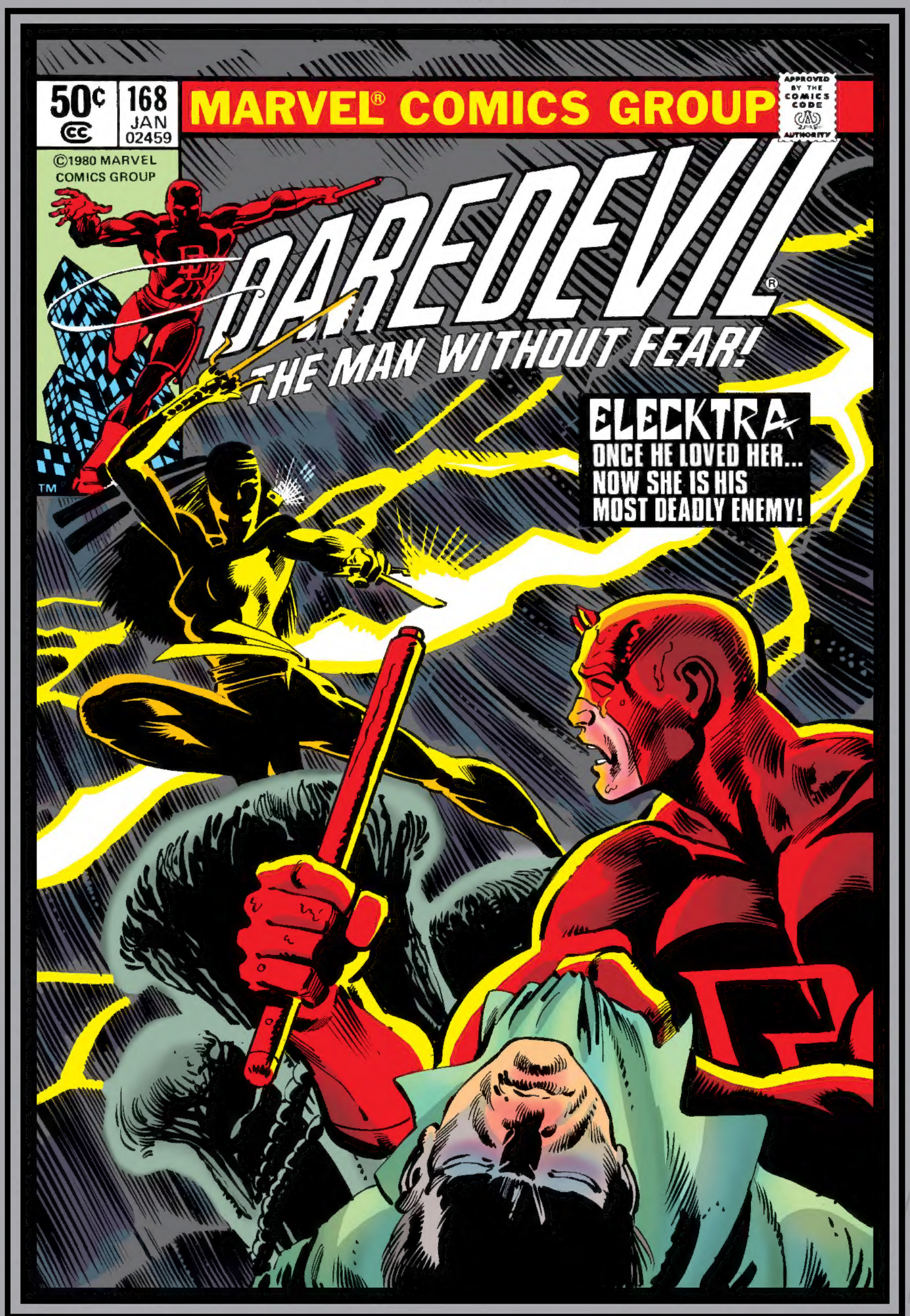
MARVEL MASTERWORKS
DAREDEVIL
VOLUME 15



DAREDEVIL Nos. 159-172
& BIZARRE ADVENTURES No. 25
FRANK MILLER & ROGER MCKENZIE

MARVEL MASTERWORKS

PRESENTS

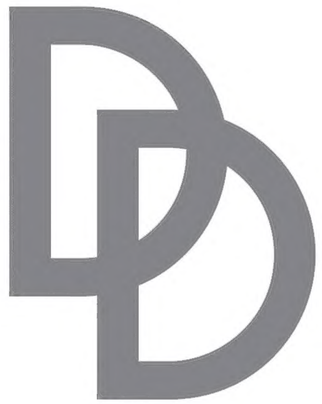
VOLUME 15

COLLECTING

DAREDEVIL Nos. 159-172

& BIZARRE ADVENTURES No. 25

FRANK MILLER • ROGER MCKENZIE



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MARVEL MASTERWORKS
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NOS. 159-172 & BIZARRE ADVENTURES NO. 25

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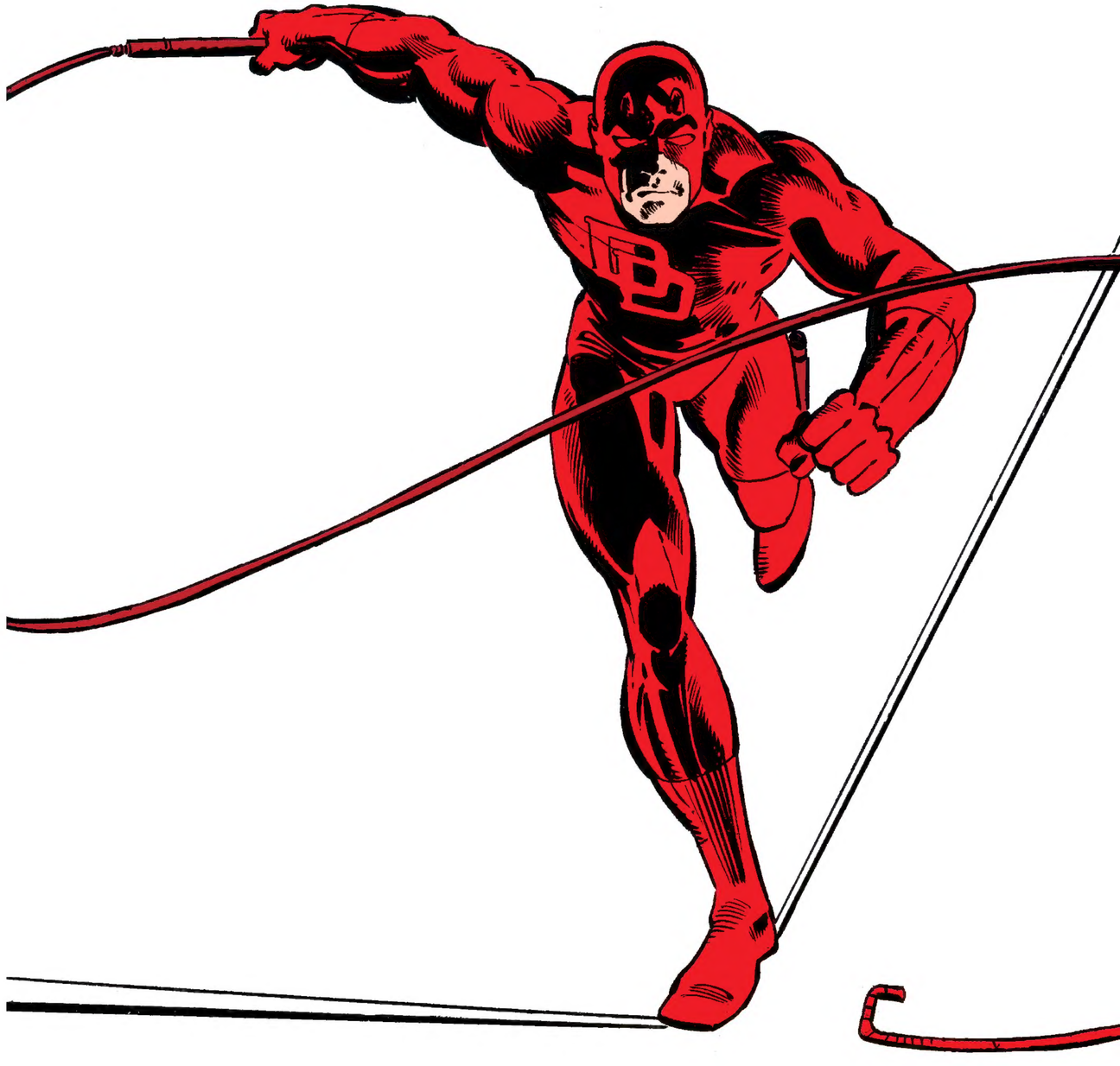

INTRODUCTION
BY CHARLES SOULE

I wrote *Daredevil* for a while. Years, actually—one of the longest runs on the title. But as you're about to see (or already know), under the right pen, it doesn't take many issues to create a masterpiece with this particular character.

Frank Miller.

Frank.

Miller.

That's the name that immediately echoes through your head when you learn you've got the gig on this book. Frank Miller. And here, in just this short set of issues, it's utterly obvious to see why. First, the issues written by Roger McKenzie and David Michelinie, penciled by Frank and inked by the legendary Klaus Janson…and then the rocket-fueled five issues that comprise "Gang War," where Frank took over full-time duties writing and penciling, still accompanied by those incredible inks from Klaus.

This stuff is the real deal. When people think of Daredevil, when they think of Matt Murdock meeting Elektra in law school and Bullseye killing a fly with a paper clip and the Kingpin fighting off ten thugs in his underwear and so many other classic beats…it's all here. You're holding where that all got laid down for the first time.

There's a cover here, you'll see it, issue #171, that proudly states "At Last…Monthly!" Well, yeah. Of course. When Marvel realized what they had here, when they realized what Frank Miller was delivering, when they started getting the roar of acclaim from the fans…absolutely they wanted to let him take this story wherever he wanted, as quickly as he could.

These issues are far from the last time the devil would get his due from Frank Miller and some incredible collaborators—all-time classics like "Born Again" and "Last Hand" and "The Man Without Fear" were yet to come—but this is where the iconic interpretation that is FRANK MILLER'S DAREDEVIL first came to life, fully formed, a red blur kicking and smashing his way through the criminal underworld of 1980s New York.

Everything I did in my run is in some way in conversation with what he did (as well as all the other incredible *Daredevil* writers before and after—Lee, Nocenti, Smith, Bendis, Brubaker, Diggle, Waid, Zdarsky, to name a few.) Trying to find things to do with Matt Murdock that are even half as cool as what Frank Miller did…we all find our own path through the dark, haunted alleys of Hell's Kitchen, I suppose.

But let's take a deeper dive into what we've got here, in the issues collected in this volume, comprising *Daredevil* #159-172 (plus an incredibly cool pulpy romp with the Black Widow from *Bizarre Adventures* #25 featuring stunningly cool black-and-white art). Almost all the *Daredevil* is penciled by Frank, and and when it isn't, it's a fill-in #162 drawn by the inimitable Steve Ditko. Roger McKenzie wrote #159-161 and #163 before Frank started co-writing with him for #164-166, then with David Michelinie for #167, all some pretty amazing stories.

First of all, you get some real gems from the McKenzie era. The Daredevil versus Hulk issue (#163) in particular stands out—this is the haunted, lost, terrifying version of the Hulk, and to see Daredevil doing what he can to protect New York City with his completely human levels of strength against the gamma-powered walking bomb that is the Incredible Hulk…it's wild and illustrates both characters perfectly. The incredible sequence in issue #161 on the infamous Cyclone roller coaster out at Coney Island with Daredevil battling archnemesis Bullseye—the layouts alone are insane. There's fantastic stuff in here—we see Josie's Bar, Turk and much more for the first time, among other highlights.

But then, with issue #168, when Miller jumps aboard as writer and penciler, something changes. His take on the character just *slams* into gear. He knew exactly what he wanted to do—and so many of his stylistic trademarks are on full display, from the super high-contrast panels soaked in Janson's ink to the way he draws women to action beats…it's all here, right from the start.

I mean, in his first issue as writer he introduces Elektra. Elektra! The great lost love of Matt Murdock's life, the beautiful assassin with whom he will cross paths again and again, through triumph and tragedy and many a sweaty late night romp, whether on a rooftop or elsewhere. Writers on this title (including yours truly) can't stop circling back to Elektra and Daredevil—they're just one of those classic pairings—and Miller set it all up in a single issue. Incredible.

Miller has gone on record to say that Elektra was influenced in part by Will Eisner's femme fatale Sand Saref from *The Spirit* (mixed with the real-world bodybuilder Lisa Lyon), and you can see Eisner's stamp all over these pages. The title page for #170 is an obvious place to spot it, with the text incorporated into background elements, but it's everywhere here—Miller and Eisner ended up becoming close friends, in fact.

And if we're talking about classic pairings, we can't overlook Miller and Janson themselves. These two just hummed. (Frank Miller speaks about this a bit himself in a piece in the back of this collection.) Check out the conference room fight between Bullseye and DD in #170 to see what I mean. Shadows cast by the venetian blinds, negative space, shuriken whipping through the air—this is a team with complete confidence in their abilities. Super heroes, really—and that includes colorist Glynis Wein and letterer Joe Rosen, who were the primary collaborators for these first Miller-written issues. It's all just magic.

Also, as a comics writer who tries to be very conscious of not giving my artistic collaborators too many panels per page to deal with in my scripts, it's wild to see some of the things Miller pulls off here. Eleven-panel pages are not uncommon, crammed with dialogue and action and seaplanes crashing into piers, things I would never in a million years ask an artist to do on a page. These are the choices of a writer who knows what he can achieve as an artist—the infinite ways he can use the blank rectangle of an art board to open windows into…well, anywhere. Leaves me in awe. Leaves me more than a little jealous.

(Issue #170 is actually kind of a doozy—it's also where we get that classic Kingpin-in-undies fight sequence, and another one that feels like Miller & co. are just showing off via a bit where Bullseye kicks Daredevil off a building and we follow him allllll the waaaay downnnn, watching him bump into what seems like every last flagpole, gargoyle and awning in New York before he eventually makes it to the ground.)

For those into the minutiae, the new logo and corner box art that debuted on #166 were also designed by Miller. From top to bottom, he really made this title his own.

I realize I'm starting to gush here, just giving you a laundry list of my favorite beats and panels and sequences, but that's how it felt reading all of this again for this introduction. Like visiting an old friend, seeing where my own inspiration on the character came from, but now with enough distance from my own run that I don't feel quite as much of the dread I did initially at having to carve out my own take from under the shadow cast by Miller and all the other wonderful creative teams on this book.

Enough from me, right? You didn't pick this book up to read words by one of the *other* Daredevil writers. You want Miller, McKenzie, Michelinie, Fleisher and everyone else whose wonderful work is collected here, and you want to soak in the stunning art from Frank, Klaus, Steve Ditko and the other geniuses you're lucky enough to have in this volume. Well, have at it—and whether it's your first time visiting Miller's Hell's Kitchen or you've been there a hundred times…remember that it's a pretty rough part of town, though not without its charms. Keep your wits about you, stay out of the shadows and maybe strap a spring-loaded, perfectly balanced billy club to your thigh…

…just in case.

– Charles Soule
Brooklyn, New York
January 2021

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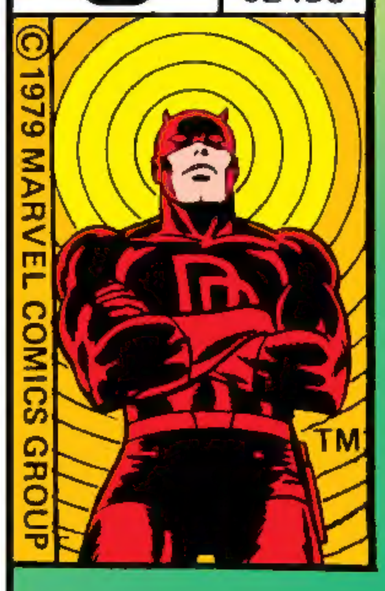

DAREDEVIL®

MARKED FOR DEATH!

MILLER
JANSON

He dwells in eternal night—but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents other men cannot perceive. Though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind*, his other senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! He stalks the streets by night, a red-garbed foe of evil!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!®

PROLOGUE..

"GENTLEMEN, IF WE ARE ALL PRESENT, SHALL WE GET DOWN TO BUSINESS?"

BOWLING FOR BUCKS

"BEFORE WE DISCUSS THE FINAL TERMS OF OUR CONTRACT, I'D LIKE YOU TO STUDY THIS FILM-CLIP CAREFULLY."

"HERE IS YOUR TARGET. AS YOU UNDOUBTEDLY KNOW, HIS NAME IS DAREDEVIL, ALTHOUGH HE IS OFTEN CALLED THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR."

"I WANT YOU TO TRACK HIM DOWN. I DON'T CARE HOW YOU DO IT-- AND WHEN YOU HAVE FOUND HIM, I WANT HIM--"

MARKED FOR MURDER!

CAN YOU DO IT?

ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE, FOR A PRICE...

...EVEN MURDER.

ROGER McKENZIE: WRITER
FRANK MILLER: PENCILER
KLAUS JANSON: INKER
JIM NOVAK: LETTERER
GLYNIS WEIN: COLORIST
MARY JO DUFFY } EDITORS
ALLEN MILGROM }
JIM SHOOTER: ED.-IN-CHIEF

ESPECIALLY MURDER, MR. SLAUGHTER. YOU KNOW THAT AS WELL AS I.

THAT'S WHY YOU ARE HERE. I WANT THE BEST THAT MONEY CAN BUY.

I AM PREPARED TO PAY TWO-HUNDRED-THOUSAND NOW, AS A TOKEN OF MY SINCERITY--

--AND AN *ADDITIONAL* THREE-HUNDRED-THOUSAND IF YOU BRING ME DAREDEVIL'S BODY, OR CONCLUSIVE PROOF OF HIS DEATH, WITHIN FORTY-EIGHT HOURS.

HALF A MILLION DOLLARS,..

DONE, MR. PONDEXTER.

YOU MUST HATE THIS DAREDEVIL VERY MUCH.

KLIK

REWIND
PLAY
STOP
FAST
SLOW

SNAK SNAK SNAK SNAK

YES...

THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON...

I'M SORRY, YOU'LL HAVE TO ASK DAREDEVIL ABOUT THAT!

AND SO, CONTROVERSY CONTINUES TO CENTER AROUND MATTHEW MURDOCK, ONE OF THE NATION'S BEST KNOWN AND MOST RESPECTED PUBLIC DEFENDERS--

I'VE NO COMMENT FOR THE PRESS AT THIS TIME!

BUT, COUNSELOR--

-- WHO WAS ALLEGEDLY THE VICTIM OF A BIZARRE KIDNAPPING LATE LAST NIGHT, THAT LED TO THE DEATHS OF THREE MEN IN A SMALL, UPTOWN CEMETERY!*

*SEE DD#158 FOR DETAILS --AL.

YOU HEARD MY PARTNER-- NO COMMENT!

IT'S WHAT WE DIDN'T HEAR THAT INTERESTS ME!

THERE'S MORE TO MATT MURDOCK THAN MEETS THE EYE-- I'D BET MY PRESS CARD ON IT!

BEN URICH TAKES A FINAL DRAG ON HIS CIGARETTE. THE VETERAN REPORTER DOESN'T REALIZE IT YET, BUT HE'S JUST EMBARKED ON WHAT WILL PROVE TO BE THE MOST ASTOUNDING STORY OF HIS CAREER...

YOU'RE LATE, COUNSELOR! ENJOYING YOUR SUDDEN NOTORIETY?

THAT'S HIM, LEACH, THE BLIND GUY! TELL MR. SLAUGHTER EVERYTHING'S GOING ACCORDING TO PLAN!

YOUR HONOR, WITH THE COURT'S INDULGENCE--

--AND ON BEHALF OF MY CLIENT, I MOVE FOR A TEMPORARY POSTPONEMENT OF THIS HEARING.

YOUR HONOR, AT THIS LATE DATE THIS IS MOST UNUSUAL.

THESE ARE MOST UNUSUAL CIRCUMSTANCES, YOUR HONOR.

JUST OUR LUCK TO GET JUDGE COFFIN... HE'S TOUGH AS NAILS!

GENTLEMEN, IT IS THE SOLE CONCERN OF THIS COURT TO SEE THAT JUSTICE IS SERVED. THEREFORE, I WILL GRANT YOU YOUR EXTENSION, COUNSELOR. YOU MAY HAVE ONE WEEK...

...BUT I DO NOT LIKE IT, MURDOCK, AND I DO NOT LIKE YOU!

THE GUILTY MUST PAY FOR THEIR CRIMES, AND BY GOD, SO LONG AS I AM JUDGE THEY WILL! ONE WAY... OR ANOTHER...

LATER, NEAR THE STOREFRONT, FREE LEGAL CLINIC OF NELSON AND MURDOCK...

--AND KEEP THE CHANGE!

THEY'RE HERE!

TAXI

LET'S GET THIS OVER WITH!

TELE

TAP TAP

"THEY'RE HERE?" "LET'S GET THIS OVER WITH?"

CHIKK

WHAT'S WRONG? YOU'RE JUMPY AS A FROG!

IT'S PROBABLY NOTHING, FOGGY. I JUST THOUGHT I ...HEARD SOMETHING...

WELL, ALL I CAN HEAR IS MY BELLY GROWLING! I'M STARVED! HONESTLY, MATT--

--MY STOMACH THINKS MY THROAT'S BEEN CUT!

THIS NEW DIET DEBBIE PUT ME ON IS JUST... MUR... MUR...

MURDOCK!

UH... I DON'T HAVE MUCH MONEY ON ME RIGHT N-NOW...

...DO... DO YOU TAKE MASTER CHARGE?

WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT? FOGGY, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

HE WILL BE MURDOCK... *IF* YOU FOLLOW ORDERS!

WE KNOW DAREDEVIL DOES INVESTIGATIVE WORK FOR YOUR LAW FIRM OCCASIONALLY. FIND HIM, MURDOCK. TELL HIM MR. *SLAUGHTER* WOULD LIKE TO SEE HIM.

MIDNIGHT, TONIGHT. PIER 42. IF HE DOESN'T SHOW, WE'LL BE BACK FOR YOU... AND YOUR PUDGY FRIEND.

SLAUGHTER? *ERIC SLAUGHTER?* I THOUGHT HE'D RETIRED YEARS AGO! SOMETHING BIG MUST BE COMING DOWN TO BRING *THAT* WORM AND HIS HIRED MUSCLE CRAWLING BACK OUT OF THE WOODWORK AGAIN!

WHEW! WHAT WAS THAT ALL ABOUT, MATT?

MATT?

MIDNIGHT. THE WITCHING HOUR. BUT IT ISN'T A WITCH THAT PROWLS HELL'S KITCHEN THIS NIGHT.

IT IS A DEVIL...

...A GRIM AND **SIGHT-LESS** DEVIL THAT GLIDES AS SILENTLY AS A MOONCAST SHADOW ACROSS DARK ROOF-TOPS...

...AND DOWN DIRTY, CHEERLESS BACKSTREETS TOWARD THE FOG-SHROUDED WATERS OF THE HUDSON RIVER AND...

PIER 42--!

I'LL GIVE SLAUGHTER CREDIT, HE COULDN'T HAVE CHOSEN A LONLIER OR MORE FOREBODING LOCALE!

IT'S THE PERFECT SPOT FOR A MURDER!

PAUSE NOW WITH DAREDEVIL, CROUCHED IN THE SHADOWS OF AN OLD, FIRE-GUTTED BROWNSTONE OVERLOOKING THE WATERFRONT. CLOSE YOUR EYES AND LISTEN TO THE MUTED SOUNDS OF THE HARBOR AT NIGHT...

...TO DISTANT SHIPS MOURNING FITFULLY, LOST SOMEWHERE IN THE DARKNESS AND THE FOG...

EISNER PACKING AND SHIPPING

...TO THE RELENTLESS SLAP OF BLACK, BRINY WATER AGAINST ROUGH-HEWN WOODEN PILINGS AS A LONELY FIGURE PACES SLOWLY BACK AND FORTH ALONG PIER 42.

ALL THIS DAREDEVIL HEARS...

...AND MORE!

SNIK

HE'S LATE!

KLEK

ALL THIS HE SENSES...

...AND MORE BESIDES!

THE UNMISTAKABLE SCENT OF BURNING TOBACCO--

...AND FAINTER, THE BITTER SMELL OF CORDITE AND GUN-POWDER!

WHERE IS HE?

THIS DOESN'T MAKE SENSE. SLAUGHTER IS AN OLD MAN, SO WHY RISK COMING OUT OF RETIREMENT JUST TO PUT A CONTRACT OUT ON ME?

WHERE'S THE PROFIT IN THAT?

I DON'T LIKE THIS! I DON'T LIKE IT ONE BIT! WHAT IF SOMETHING GOES WRONG?

WHAT *CAN* GO WRONG? WE'RE THE BEST THAT MONEY CAN BUY... AND WHAT WE *DO* BEST IS KILLIN'!

NOTHIN' THAT WALKS, CRAWLS OR FLIES IS GONNA GET PAST US...

THEN AGAIN, SLAUGHTER *COULD* BE WORKING FOR SOMEBODY ELSE. IT'S POSSIBLE, IF THE PRICE WAS RIGHT.

...IN ONE PIECE...

HEY! I THOUGHT I HEARD SOMETHIN'!

WELL, I DON'T SEE NOTHIN'!

PSSTT.. FIVER! WHAT ABOUT YOU? SEE ANYTHING YET?

IN *THIS* PEA-SOUP? YOU GOT TO BE KIDDIN'!

KATHAK

WHAT THE--?

KRAK

HAH?

IT'S HIM! DAREDEVIL!

WHUFF--!

ALL RIGHT, CLOWNS, I WANT SOME ANSWERS --AND I WANT THEM FAST!

TANG

MR. SLAUGHTER SAID YOU HAD TO DIE! THAT'S ALL *YOU* NEED TO KNOW!

THERE THEY ARE! CAREFUL, YOU'LL HIT LEECH!

SO? I NEVER LIKED THE CREEP ANYWAY!

BLAM BLAM

BLAM

VIIP

VIIP

VIIP

THE DARK, BULLET-RIDDLED RIVER IS COLD. AS COLD AS A TOMB.

BUT NOT AS COLD AS THE LIFELESS HANDS THAT CLUTCH THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR IN A DESPERATE DEATH-GRIP...

...DRAGGING HIM DOWN INTO A WATERY WORLD...

...WHERE LIFE IS MEASURED **NOT** IN YEARS AND DAYS...

...BUT RATHER IN MINUTES...

...AND SECONDS!

AND EITHER A MAN IS QUICK, OR SURELY HE IS--

--DEAD! HE HAS TO BE!

HE'D BETTER BE, YOU MEAN!

IF HE AIN'T, MR. SLAUGHTER WILL HAVE OUR HIDES!

RELAX...WE GOT THIS CAPER WIRED, RIGHT, SMITTY?

SMITTY!

ONCE AGAIN! WHO HIRED YOUR BOSS?

THOK

WHO SET ME UP?

H-HE MUST HAVE E-EYES IN THE BACK OF H-HIS HEAD!

SING TO ME, PIGEONS...WHO PUT A CONTRACT OUT ON DAREDEVIL?

ONLY SINGIN' WE'RE GONNA DO WILL BE AT *YOUR* FUNERAL!

ALL RIGHT, THEN--

UNGHH!

--I GUESS WE'LL JUST HAVE TO DO THIS THE HARD WAY!

WH-WHERE'D HE GO?

BLAM

BLAM

OVER HERE!

NO! THIS WAY!

HE'S GOT US JUMPIN' AT OUR OWN SHADOWS, HE--

STILLY?

BRUP

KRAK

THOK

SPAK

THAK

HE'S PLAYIN' US FOR SUCKERS! PICKIN US OFF ONE AT A TIME!

H-HE AIN'T HUMAN, TURK!

H-HE KNOWS WHAT WE'RE GONNA DO EVEN B-BEFORE WE DO IT! L-LIKE HE CAN READ OUR M-MINDS OR SOMETHIN'!

TAK

BOK

TAK

NO, I CAN'T! BUT I CAN HEAR YOUR HEARTBEATS... SENSE YOUR SLIGHTEST MOVEMENTS! *I* MAY BE BLIND, BUT ***YOU*** ARE THE ONES WHO CAN-NOT SEE!

THAT TAKES CARE OF YOUR PARTNERS, 'TURK', EXCEPT FOR THE DECOY ON THE PIER... AND HE CAN'T HELP YOU NOW!

I WANT ANSWERS, TURK!

N-NO--!

BLAM

S-STAY AWAY FROM ME, DEVIL! I GOT MY O-ORDERS--

CHUDD

BLAM

MY EARS!

SUPER-SENSITIVE EARS. EARS THAT CAN NORMALLY HEAR THE FAINTEST WHISPER A BLOCK AWAY...

BUT NOW DAREDEVIL CAN'T EVEN HEAR HIMSELF SCREAMING IN AGONY...

NNNOOOO!

...HE CAN'T HEAR ***ANYTHING***, AS A MATTER OF FACT...

HEY! THE SHOOTIN'S STOPPED!

TURK? FIVER? LEACH? DID YOU GET HIM?

WHAT'S WITH YOU GUYS, ANYWAY? ANSWER ME! DID YOU--?

Y-YOU.

W-WON'T ANYTHING STOP YOU?

HE WOULD HAVE LIKED TO RUN... THIS MAN WITHOUT FEAR--

--TO WAIT UNTIL THE SHARP RINGING IN HIS EARS HAD SUBSIDED.

AND HIS RADAR-SENSE, BLURRED BY PAIN, HAD CLEARED.

BUT HE DOESN'T RUN... NOT EVEN WHEN HE SENSES THE DOUBLE IMAGE OF THE GUN CLUTCHED IN THE DECOY'S TREMBLING HAND.

HE HAS BUT A SINGLE INSTANT TO JUDGE WHERE THE GUN TRULY IS...

...AND IF HE HAS CHOSEN WRONG, HE HAS CHOSEN DEATH.

KLIKK

HE MOVES INSTINCTIVELY, ANTICIPATING THE TRAJECTORY OF THE STEEL-JACKETED BULLET...

KA-

BLAM

...AND BRACING FOR THE JOLTING AND POSSIBLY FATAL IMPACT...

...BUT HE NEVER RUNS.

NO!

SPAK

SPILL IT, DECOY, NICE AND SLOW SO I WON'T MISS A SINGLE SYLLABLE... WHO SET ME UP?

YOU'LL FIND OUT, DAREDEVIL, ALL IN GOOD TIME!

BUT NOT HERE! NOT NOW! IT'S MUCH TOO EARLY IN THE GAME FOR THAT!

YOU HAVEN'T SUFFERED ENOUGH, YET!

JU-JUST TAKE IT E-EASY, MAN! I'LL TELL YOU!

I-IT WAS A DUDE NAMED PON--

KRAK

NO! HIS NECK'S BEEN SNAPPED! HE'S DEAD!

WAIT--THAT SOUND! AN OUTBOARD ENGINE! SOMEONE'S FLEEING IN A MOTORBOAT! I CAN'T QUITE MAKE OUT HIS SILHOUETTE, THOUGH, MY RADAR-SENSE IS STILL TOO JUMBLED!

BUT I CAN SENSE HE'S AIMING SOMETHING AT ME--AND UNLESS I'M MISTAKEN, IT'S A MOVIE CAMERA! BUT WHY? WHY?

EPILOGUE:

CONFUSED, DAREDEVIL? IT SHOULD BE OBVIOUS BY NOW...

...I USED YOU... JUST LIKE I USED THAT OLD FOOL, SLAUGHTER!

WHEN I OFFERED HIM THE CONTRACT, I KNEW HE NEVER HAD A CHANCE OF DEFEATING YOU! I JUST WANTED HIM TO *TRY*--

--SO THAT I COULD GET IT ALL DOWN ON FILM!

NOW I CAN STUDY YOUR EVERY MOVE AND MANNERISM, GAUGE YOUR FIGHTING SKILLS EXACTLY AT MY LEISURE!

YOU'RE GOOD, DAREDEVIL, I'LL GRANT YOU THAT!

BUT *I'M* BETTER... AND I'LL PROVE IT!

DAILY BUGLE

WIDOW RETURNS

Natasha Back in Big Apple

By Bob Ulrich

SHRIIIIP

FIRST I'LL BREAK YOUR WOMAN--

--THEN I'LL BREAK YOU!

BECAUSE IN MY HANDS *ANYTHING* IS A DEADLY WEAPON! AND THAT'S HOW YOU'LL DIE, DAREDEVIL--

-IN THE HANDS OF BULLSEYE!

PRESENTING A MIGHTY MARVEL BONUS PAGE-- THE *SECRETS* OF

DAREDEVIL'S BILLY CLUB!

IN DAY TO DAY LIFE, D.D.'s FAMOUS BILLY CLUB IS DISGUISED AS A BLIND MAN'S CANE...

...BUT WHENEVER IT'S NEEDED, THE CANE CAN BE QUICKLY SNAPPED APART--

POK

--INTO TWO SECTIONS, EACH HAVING A SPECIFIC FUNCTION IN RELATION TO HIS DUTIES.

TAK

THE FIRST SECTION CONTAINS A SPRING-RELEASE MECHANISM, WHICH INSTANTLY STRAIGHTENS THE CURVED CANE HANDLE AT THE TOUCH OF A SINGLE STUD.

A SECOND TAP OF THE STUD EXTENDS A LENGTH OF CABLE FROM WITHIN THE HANDLE, TO FORM A RETRACTABLE, ROOF-CATCHING HOOK.

KDAK

THIS HOOK-AND CABLE DEVICE ENABLES D.D. TO SWING ACROSS DISTANCES TOO GREAT FOR HIM TO LEAP.

THE STRAIGHTENED CANE HANDLE CAN REVERT TO ITS CURVED SHAPE WHEN HORNHEAD NEEDS TO HOLD ONTO A LEDGE OR CARRY ADDED WEIGHT.

THOK!

THE REMAINING SECTION OF THE BILLY CLUB/CANE IS A SUPERBLY BALANCED PIECE OF STEEL-REINFORCED WOOD THAT D.D. THROWS WITH CONSUMMATE SKILL.

D.D.'s COSTUME FEATURES A LEG-HOLSTER, IN WHICH HE STORES BOTH SECTIONS OF THIS ELEGANT WEAPON.

40¢ CC

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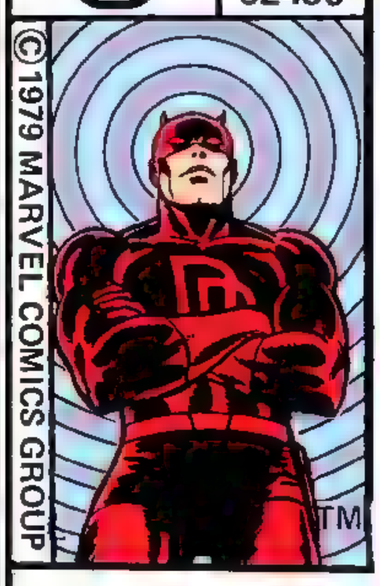

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DAREDEVIL®

IN THE HANDS OF BULLSEYE!

MILLER/JANSON

He dwells in eternal night—but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents other men cannot perceive. Though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind*, his other senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! He stalks the streets by night, a red-garbed foe of evil!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!®

EPILOGUE..

THE CURSE IS ON THE WIDOW.

SHE HAS FELT IT GATHERING FOR HOURS NOW, A VAGUE **UNEASINESS** AS THREATENING AS THE HEAVY STORM CLOUDS THAT DARKEN THE SKIES ABOVE HER.

IT'S AT TIMES LIKE THIS THAT SHE NEEDS TO BE ALONE IN THE QUIET SECLUSION OF HER POSH PENTHOUSE APARTMENT IN NEW YORK'S FASHIONABLE WALDORF TOWERS...

...TO LET HER HAIR DOWN AND TRY TO FORGET THAT SOONER OR LATER THE BLACK WIDOW BRINGS **DEATH** TO EVERYONE SHE TOUCHES...

YES, THE CURSE IS ON THE WIDOW... AND IT HAS COME FULL CIRCLE...

GOOD EVENING, NATASHA ROMANOFF.

A LOVELY NIGHT FOR MURDER, ISN'T IT?

BULLSEYE ?!

KA RESSH

I'LL BREAK YOU, WIDOW, JUST AS EASILY AS I SHATTERED THAT MIRROR!

BEFORE I'M THROUGH WITH YOU, YOU WILL BEG FOR DEATH!

SPAK

YOU WILL RUN--

--PERHAPS EVEN TRY TO FIGHT, AT FIRST!

BUT IT WILL DO YOU NO GOOD--

KATHAK

--BECAUSE IN MY HANDS ANYTHING AND *EVERYTHING* IS A DEADLY WEAPON!

EVEN YOU, WIDOW!

ESPECIALLY YOU!

YOU WILL BE THE INSTRUMENT OF DAREDEVIL'S DEATH! WHEN HE LEARNS I HAVE *YOU*, HE WILL COME FOR *ME*--

--AND THAT IS WHEN I WILL *KILL* YOU BOTH!

KRAKK

THAKK

NO!

SPAKK

...BUT THERE'S NO ONE ALIVE AS RESOURCEFUL AS BULLSEYE!

NO!

NO!

SNIK

YOU'RE... RESOURCEFUL, WIDOW... I'LL... GIVE YOU THAT...

SPLAMM

DAREDEVIL

NO ONE!

NOW, WIDOW, WE WAIT!

SKLEKK

I, FOR *REVENGE*...

...YOU...AND DAREDEVIL, THE MAN YOU LOVE... FOR DEATH!

I HAVE CHOSEN THE BAIT...

THOK

...THE *LURE* HAS BEEN SET...

...AND SOON THE TRAP WILL BE SPRUNG!

IN THE HANDS OF BULLSEYE

BY MID-MORNING OF THE FOLLOWING DAY THE RAIN HAS BECOME A STEADY DOWNPOUR...

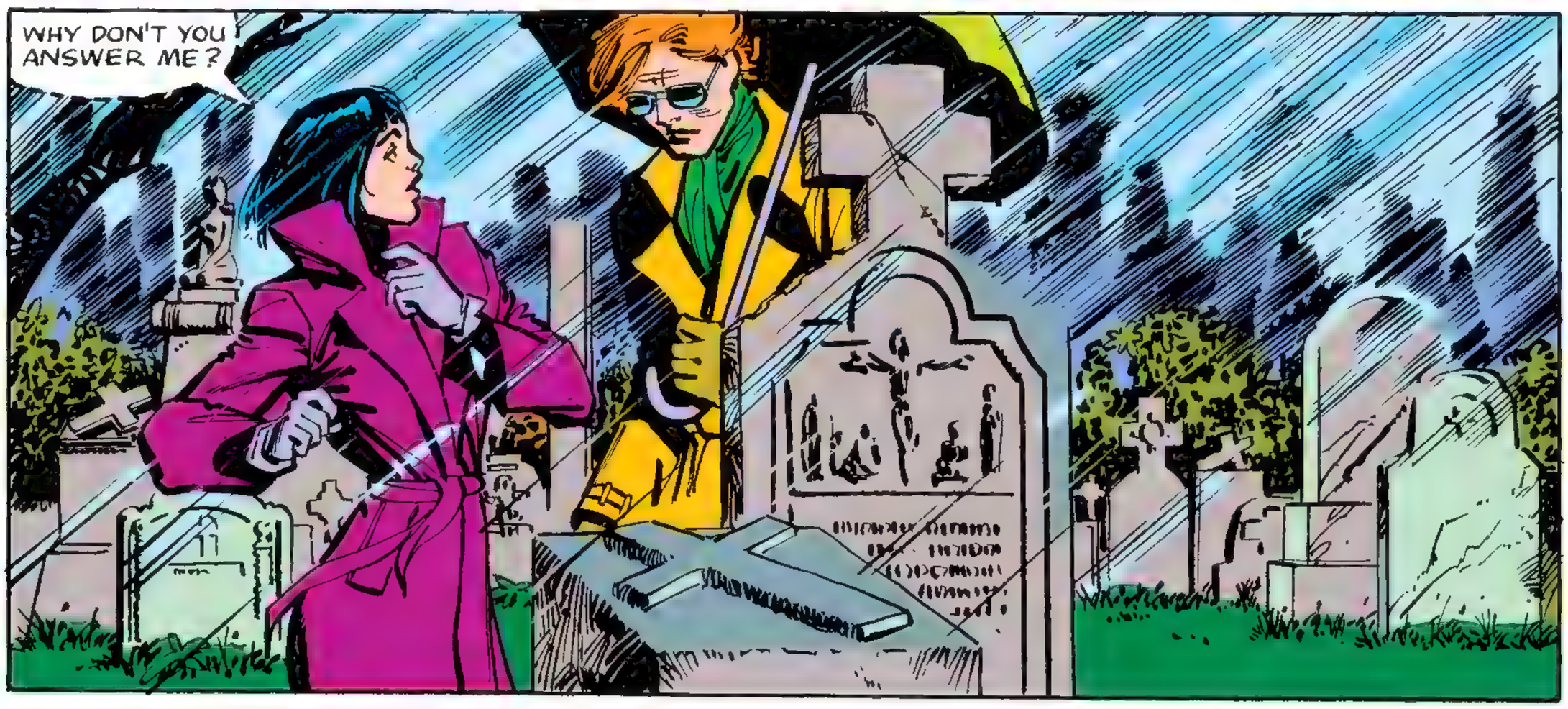
MATT, I DON'T SEE WHY I HAD TO COME HERE, NOT TODAY...

...AND NOT WITH *THEM!*

ROGER McKENZIE
SCRIPT
FRANK MILLER & KLAUS JANSON
PENCILS
JOE ROSEN, LETTERING GLYNIS WEIN, COLORING
MARY JO DUFFY AND ALLEN MILGROM
EDITORS
JIM SHOOTER
ED-IN-CHIEF

MAXWELL GLENN
1929 1979
THEY'RE... WE'RE... HERE BECAUSE WE CARE ABOUT YOU, HEATHER, AND WE THINK IT'S TIME YOU FACED THE TRUTH!
THE TRUTH? DO YOU HONESTLY THINK I DON'T KNOW THE TRUTH?
MY FATHER IS DEAD...

HEATHER, KNOWING THE TRUTH AND LEARNING TO ACCEPT IT ARE TWO DIFFERENT THINGS. IF WE HADN'T BROUGHT YOU HERE...
...MAYBE I'D NEVER HAVE COME? IS THAT SUCH A BAD THING, MATT? I'VE LOST MY FATHER AND EVERYONE WHO--!
ACHOO
NOT EVERYONE, DARLING...
HAVEN'T I, MATT?
WHEN I... WHEN MY FATHER... NEEDED YOU MOST, YOU WERE ALWAYS TOO BUSY PLAYING DAREDEVIL TO HELP US.
PLEASE, MATT, PROMISE ME YOU WON'T EVER LET THAT HAPPEN AGAIN.
MATT...?


WHY DON'T YOU ANSWER ME?

HONESTLY, MATTHEW MURDOCK, YOU'RE THE MOST STUBBORN MAN I'VE EVER KNOWN! JUST WHAT IS IT YOU'RE TRYING TO PROVE?

I'M NOT TRYING TO PROVE ANYTHING. I CAN'T HELP *WHAT* I AM, AND I CAN'T CHANGE *WHO* I AM.

I HAVE CERTAIN RESPON-SIBILITIES THAT--!

SMAK

MR. MURDOCK, AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED-- YOU CAN TAKE YOUR RESPON-SIBILITIES AND--!

MATT? HE NEEDS US, FOGGY!

EASY, BECKY. I'M NOT SURE WHAT JUST HAPPENED, BUT I DO KNOW MY PARTNER. AND RIGHT NOW...

... I THINK HE'D RATHER BE ALONE...

I HATE BEING ALONE...

I WISH HEATHER AND I COULD HAVE BEEN MORE LIKE *THAT* COUPLE.

THEY DON'T SEEM TO HAVE A CARE IN THE WORLD.

I CAN'T BLAME HEATHER FOR BEING BITTER, BUT SHE *IS* WRONG ABOUT ONE THING. I DON'T LIVE UNDER THE SHADOW OF DAREDEVIL.

IF ANYTHING, I LIVE UNDER THE SHADOW OF THE PROMISE I MADE MY FATHER YEARS AGO.

I SWORE TO HIM I'D MAKE SOMETHING OF MYSELF, AND I THINK I'VE SUCCEEDED... BOTH AS MATT MURDOCK...

...AND AS DAREDEVIL...

BUT SOMETIMES I JUST GET SO BLAMED LONELY... I NEED SOMEBODY TO TALK TO.

SOMEONE WHO CAN UNDERSTAND WHAT I'M GOING THROUGH.

SOMEONE LIKE... NATASHA.

I HAVEN'T SEEN HER IN SEVERAL DAYS...

POK

TAK

...I GUESS SHE'S BEEN TIED UP.

BUT I HOPE SHE'S NOT *TOO* BUSY TO SPARE A FEW MINUTES FOR AN OLD FRIEND.

WITH PRACTICED EASE, THE SIGHTLESS MAN WITHOUT FEAR SPRINTS UP A SHADOWED FLIGHT OF STAIRS THAT LEADS TO THE RAIN-SPLATTERED ROOFTOP OF HIS UPPER EAST-SIDE BROWNSTONE--AND TO AN OLD, SEEMINGLY DECREPIT SKYLIGHT.

HIS FOOT STABS AT A CONCEALED SWITCH...

...AND SENSING HE IS UNOBSERVED...

SKREEK

KDAK

HE SPEEDS ACROSS MANHATTAN THROUGH THE DARKNESS AND THE RAIN TO...

NATASHA, IT'S MATT! I SENSED YOUR WINDOW WAS OPEN, I HOPE I'M NOT INTRUD--!

O-OH, MY--!

NATASHA?

SHE DOES NOT ANSWER...

...AND HIS UNIQUE RADAR-SENSE QUICKLY CONFIRMS WHAT HE HAD ALREADY BEGUN TO SUSPECT. SOMETHING IS WRONG.

SOMETHING IS VERY, VERY WRONG. HER APARTMENT IS A SHAMBLES.

HE DETECTS THE UNMISTAKABLE ODOR OF DRIED **BLOOD** CAKED ON THE BASE OF A HEAVY CERAMIC VASE.

AND THEN...

FLAP FLIP

EH--?

HIS SUPER-SENSITIVE FINGERS TREMBLE AS THEY SCAN THE SURFACE OF THE WIND-BLOWN NOTE...

NATASHA!

LATER, AT THE DAILY BUGLE...

OH, NO! NOT *ANOTHER* SPIDER-MAN EXPOSÉ!

...JUST WHAT INFORMATION *DO* YOU HAVE ON BULLSEYE?

NOTHING WE DIDN'T PRINT, DAREDEVIL. HIS ESCAPE WAS FRONT PAGE NEWS. I'M SURPRISED YOU DIDN'T HEAR ABOUT IT.

I'VE BEEN BUSY LATELY. COULD YOU FILL ME IN? IT'S VERY IMPORTANT!

I'LL BE GLAD TO... *IF* YOU TELL ME HOW LONG YOU'VE KNOWN MATT MURDOCK.

A WHILE, NOW, ABOUT BULLSEYE...

HARD WORK

EVER HURT NYBODY

WELL...

PRIOR TO HIS ARRAIGNMENT ON SIX COUNTS OF ATTEMPTED MURDER, HE WAS TAKEN TO BELLEVUE FOR PSYCHIATRIC OBSERVATION.

ACCORDING TO OUR SOURCES HE WAS A MODEL PRISONER--

"--UNTIL FOUR DAYS AGO!"

...AND YOU SAY YOUR FATHER *BEAT* YOU?

YES, UNTIL I WAS FOURTEEN.

HMMM, I SEE. AND WHAT HAPPENED THEN?

I KILLED HIM.

SPAK

"BEFORE ANY-ONE COULD STOP HIM, HE TOOK A NURSE AS HOSTAGE..."

EXIT

S-SURE... JUST T-TAKE IT EASY...

STEP AWAY FROM THAT DOOR MISTER! NOW!

"...AND BLASTED HIS WAY TO FREEDOM!"

BLAMM

"HE FLED IN A STOLEN POLICE CRUISER THAT WAS LATER FOUND ABANDONED IN QUEENS--

SKREE

"--AND BY NOW HE'S PROBABLY LONG--

--GONE...

BEN URICH STUDIES THE OPEN WINDOW FOR SEVERAL MINUTES BEFORE CROSSING THE BUSTLING NEWSROOM...

...TO REMOVE **ANOTHER** FOLDER FROM HIS FILES.

A FOLDER THAT HE HAS CAREFULLY CROSS-INDEXED UNDER 'M'...

...AS IN MURDOCK...

LATER, JUST OFF SOUTH STREET, IN THE COLD, RAIN-DRENCHED SHADOWS OF THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE...

IT'S ALL TOO CLEAR NOW. BULLSEYE MUST HAVE HIRED ERIC SLAUGHTER AND HIS GOONS TO KILL ME,* WHEN THEY FAILED, HE WENT AFTER NATASHA.

BUT SHE MEANS NOTHING TO HIM. HE'S JUST USING HER TO GET AT ME. ONCE SHE'S SERVED HIS PURPOSE HE'LL KILL HER WITHOUT A SECOND THOUGHT.

*SEE "MARKED FOR MURDER," DD #159 -- JO.

THIS HAS BECOME A GAME TO HIM. A SICK LITTLE GAME OF REVENGE. HE ***WANTS*** ME TO FIND HIM.

AND, SO HELP ME, HE WON'T BE DISAPPOINTED. I'LL SCOUR EVERY UNDERWORLD DIVE IN THIS CITY UNTIL I DO!

BAR JOSIE'S GRILL

WELL, WELL... "LARK" LOGAN. GOT A MINUTE TO SING FOR YOUR SUPPER, STOOLIE?

THEY'RE SQUARING OFF IN THE CENTER OF THE RING!

MISTER, I GOT ALL THE TIME IN THE WORLD--

--BUT NOT FOR YOU ***OR*** YOUR INSULTS!

AND THERE'S THE BELL!

MAKE TIME, STOOLIE. I NEED ANSWERS.

SO? WHO DON'T?

WHAT CAN YOU TELL ME ABOUT A MAN CALLED BULLSEYE?

WHAT A STRUGGLE!

BULLSEYE, HUH? LET ME THINK...

YOU DO THAT, STOOLIE. THINK REAL HARD. I'M SURE ***SOMETHING*** WILL COME TO YOU.

HEY, MITHITHIPPI--!

YEAH...I'M BEGINNIN' TO SEE WHAT YOU MEAN!

UH-OH--! THE CHAMP'S IN REAL TROUBLE, NOW!

I HEARD HE'S DOING BUSINESS WITH A BUM NAMED ERIC SLAUGHTER.

WHA--?

SHH--! NOT SO LOUD, MAN! YOU TRYIN' TO GET US BOTH KILLED? YOU GO MESSIN' IN THAT DUDE'S AFFAIRS, HE'LL COME DOWN ON US LIKE A TON OF BRICKS!

THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I'M HOPING FOR. I'VE GOT TO FORCE HIS HAND-- DRIVE HIM OUT IN THE OPEN. HE'S MY ONLY LEAD TO BULLSEYE.

AND JUDGING BY THE NUMBER OF HEARTBEATS THAT SPED UP AT THE MENTION OF HIS NAME, I THINK I JUST STRUCK PAYDIRT!

PUTH THE DRINK DOWN, MITHER! NITHE AN' THLOW!

HELLO, TURK. HOW'S THE JAW?

I'M ONLY GONNA ASK YOU ONCE. WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH MR. SLAUGHTER?

NOTHING. I WANT BULLS-EYE.

AND I DON'T WANT NO TROUBLE WITH THE COPS, TURK! PUT THAT ROD AWAY-- NOW!

AW, JOTHIE...

AND, THE NEXT INSTANT...

OH, MOMMA--! WHAT A PUNCH!

KRAKK

YOU HEARD THE LADY!

HEY! WHERE'D HE GO?

WHY, YOU LITTLE--!

WATCH OUT!

I DUNNO! I NEVER SAW NO-BODY MOVE THAT FAST--

--EXCEPT... NAW, IT CAN'T BE! NOT HERE!

HERE HE IS! HURRY! HE FIGHTS LIKE A DEVIL!

THE GREAT BABBA'S USING EVERY DIRTY TRICK THERE IS!

IT'S TOTAL MAYHEM IN THE RING!

I GOT A NASTY FEELIN' ABOUT THIS!

JUTH THUT UP, DECKER, AN' FIND THAT GUY BEFORE--

SPAKK

--THE LIGHTH!

THAKK

THUMP

I KNEW IT! I JUST KNEW--

KRAKK

--IIIIT!

O-OH, NO--! LOOK! I-IT'S--!

IT'S TIME YOU LEARNED THE FACTS OF LIFE!

FACT: THERE'S A CONTRACT OUT FOR MY DEATH.

THUUP

FACT: I DON'T LIKE IT. I DON'T LIKE IT ONE BIT!

HOW MUCH DID BULLSEYE OFFER YOU TO KILL ME?

PLENTY, DEVIL!

KRAKK

MORE THAN YOU'RE WORTH, THAT'S FOR SURE!

NOW'S OUR CHANCE!

STICK 'IM!

NO, YOU DON'T HAVE A CHANCE.

YOU *NEVER* DID.

O-OH, DEAR--!

PROLOGUE

I WANT YOU TO FIND BULLSEYE, TURK. AND WHEN YOU DO, TELL HIM--

--DAREDEVIL IS COMING!

NEXT: FOR THE *LIFE* OF THE WIDOW, DAREDEVIL STALKS AN--

ISLAND OF DEATH!

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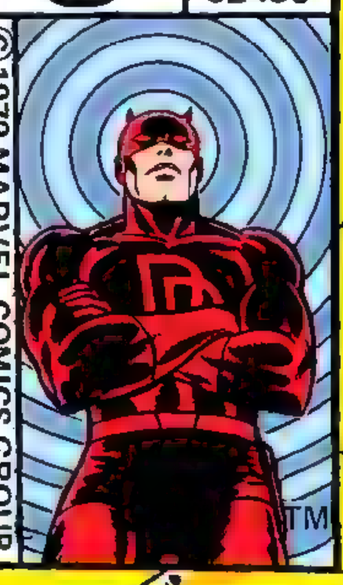

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DAREDEVIL®

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

He dwells in eternal night—but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents other men cannot perceive. Though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind*, his other senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! He stalks the streets by night, a red-garbed foe of evil!

STAN LEE PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!®

THE D-TRAIN LUMBERS SOUTH FROM THE BRONX, RUMBLING THROUGH THE BOROUGHS OF MANHATTAN AND BROOKLYN, TO ITS FINAL STOP AT CONEY ISLAND.
FOR SOME IT IS A TRIP TO A MAKE-BELIEVE WONDER-LAND OF THRILLS, SPILLS AND CHILLS.
BUT FOR OTHERS IT IS THE END OF THE LINE...
MITHER THAUTHER! YOU GOTH TO DO THOMTHIN'!
HEY, WHAT'S WITH TURK? HE LOOKS LIKE HE'S SEEN A GHOST.
OR A DEVIL.
WONDER WHEEL
LG538

TO DARE THE DEVIL

A ROGER McKENZIE * FRANK MILLER * KLAUS JANSON *Spectacular*

DIANA ALBERS * LETTERER — GLYNIS WEIN * COLORIST — ALLEN MILGROM & MARY JO DUFFY EDITORS * JIM SHOOTER ED.-IN-CHIEF

IT'TH DAREDEVIL! HE'TH ON TO UTH! HE EVEN KNOWTH ABOUT BULLTHEYE!

A-AN' HE THED HE'TH COMIN' AFTER YOU NEKTHT, MITHER THAUTHER!

YES, I SUSPECTED AS MUCH.

BUT APPARENTLY YOU DID NOT SUSPECT HE WOULD SIMPLY FOLLOW YOU HERE!

YOU ARE A FRIGHTENED LITTLE FOOL, TURK. I DO NOT LIKE FRIGHTENED LITTLE FOOLS.

KRAK

BETTER GO EASY ON YOUR HIRED HELP, SLAUGHTER. HURTING THEM'S NOT GOOD FOR BUSINESS.

MY BUSINESS, DAREDEVIL, IS MURDER--

--YOURS!

AND MINE IS FINDING BULLSEYE.

HE PUT OUT A CONTRACT FOR MY DEATH. ONE YOU WERE QUICK TO ACCEPT--

WELL, HE SUCCEEDED. I'M HERE, SLAUGHTER, AND I WANT HIM. I WANT HIM SO BADLY I CAN TASTE IT!

--AND PREDICTABLY SLOW TO FULFILL. WHEN YOU CAME UP EMPTY, HE KIDNAPPED THE BLACK WIDOW, INTENDING TO LEAD ME INTO SOME SORT OF TRAP.

YOUR PAID MUSCLE DOESN'T MEAN A THING TO ME, OLD MAN...

THAT AIN'T ***ALL*** YOU'LL BE TASTIN', DEVIL!

...AND NEITHER DO YOU!

PERHAPS NOT, BUT ***YOU*** MEAN A GREAT DEAL TO US!

YEAH! HALF A MILLION DOLLARS, TO BE EXACT!

CHOK

SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU...BUT THERE ***ARE*** EASIER WAYS TO TURN A BUCK.

THOK

NOW, OLD MAN, I'LL ASK YOU JUST ONE MORE TIME. WHERE IS--

--BULLSEYE?!

HMMM

*ALERTED BY THE SOUND OF A MOTOR BEHIND HIM, DAREDEVIL TURNS TOWARD THE **ASTROTOWER**, WHICH HAS BEGUN TO RISE...*

...AND, SECONDS LATER...

CONEY ISLAND IS SUPPOSED TO BE *CLOSED* FOR THE WINTER SEASON. OBVIOUSLY IT'S NOT.

BULLSEYE'S TAUNTING ME, FORCING ME OUT IN THE OPEN. I'D BETTER BE READY FOR--

CONEY ISLAND ASTROLAND CYCLONE

--ANYTHING!

--COMPLETE WITH ASSASSINS! BUT THAT DOESN'T MATTER. NOTHING MATTERS EXCEPT FINDING NATASHA.

BECAUSE IN HIS HANDS *ANYTHING* CAN BE A DEADLY WEAPON!

STANDS TO REASON HE'D TURN THIS RIDE INTO A DEATH-TRAP--

GET HIM!

BLAM BLAM

HOW? HE MOVES SO FAST I CAN'T DRAW A BEAD ON 'IM!

YOU DON'T HAVE TO! JUST KEEP HIM *PINNED* UP THERE A FEW MORE SECONDS AND HE'LL BE CRUSHED!

I DON'T KNOW IF SHE'S ALIVE OR DEAD, BUT I *DO* KNOW I'VE GOT TO GET OFF THIS HOT-SPOT... *NOW!*

*HIS UNIQUE **RADAR-SENSE** PINPOINTS A DARK, SILHOUETTED SHAPE FULLY A HUNDRED FEET AWAY. BELOW IT, THE GROUND.*

*INSTINCTIVELY HE UNSHEATHS HIS BILLY-CLUB, REALIZING IN THAT INSTANT, AS HE HANGS PERILOUSLY BETWEEN HIS **OWN** LIFE AND DEATH, ONE THING...*

CYCLONE

...IT IS AN IMPOSSIBLE JUMP!

KDAK

THAPP

AND TO DARE THE IMPOSSIBLE, A MAN MUST EITHER BE BLIND...

...OR FEARLESS.

OR BOTH.

THAT'S BULLSEYE'S VOICE, I'D RECOGNIZE IT ANYWHERE.

EXCELLENT, DAREDEVIL, I RATHER THOUGHT YOU WOULD MANAGE TO SAVE YOURSELF.

BUT I RATHER DOUBT YOU WILL BE ABLE TO SAVE YOUR WOMAN!

A PITY. SHE *IS* REALLY QUITE BEAUTIFUL!

ASTROLAND

CONEY ISLAND

CYCLONE

KLAK KLAK KLAK KLAK KLAK

KDAK

KLAK KLAK KLAK KLAK KLAK

TIME IS RUNNING OUT, DARE-DEVIL!

KLAK KLAK KLAK KLAK

THERE!

BAM BLAM

KLAK KLAK KLAK KLAK

KLAK KLAK KLAK KLAK

KLAK KLAK

I DON'T BELIEVE IT! DARE-DEVIL'S CUTTIN' OUT!

BLAM BLAM BLAM

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR...WHAT A JOKE!

BLAM

KLAK KLAK KLAK KLAK KLAK KLAK KLAK

HE TURNED TAIL AN' LEFT THE BLACK WIDOW TO DIE!

KA

THAK

KLAK KLAK KLAK KLAK KLAK KLAK KLAK KLAK KLAK KLAK

AND, IN THE ARCADE...

HE KNEW! SOMEHOW...SOME WAY... HE KNEW!

BUT THAT DOESN'T CHANGE A THING.

I STILL HAVE **YOU**, WIDOW. YOU ARE THE FLAME--

--AND DAREDEVIL IS THE MOTH, DRAWN TO THE FLAME.

HE WILL **FIND** YOU, SOONER OR LATER--

--OR WHAT'S LEFT OF YOU--

--AN' WHEN HE DOES, WE'LL **BURN** 'IM!

YOU'RE INSANE! **ALL** OF YOU!

THAT, WIDOW, IS A MOOT POINT.

THOK

MEANWHILE...

POINT IS, MR. URICH, YOU'S THE FIRST **REPORTER** I SEEN 'ROUND HERE SINCE BATTLIN' JACK MURDOCK WAS MURDERED, YEARS AGO.

I S'POSE MOST FOLKS DONE FORGOT ALL ABOUT IT, NOW, BUT I AIN'T.

JACK WAS A GOOD BOXER AN' A GOOD FRIEND.

K.O., DID HE EVER SAY JUST WHY HE DECIDED TO SIGN ROSCOE SWEENY AS HIS MANAGER?

YOU MEAN **THE FIXER**--? I TOLE JACK HE WAS MAKIN' A BIG MISTAKE, DEALIN' WITH THAT UNDERWORLD SCUM.

BUT JACK WAS GITTIN' OLD, AN' BOXIN' WAS ALL HE KNOWED. SO HE HAD TO KEEP ON FIGHTIN'... EVEN IF IT MEANT DEALIN' WITH SWEENY.

JACK FIGGERED HE OWED IT TO HIS SON. BUT WHEN HE WOULDN'T TAKE A DIVE, THE FIXER HAD 'IM GUNNED DOWN LIKE A DOG IN THE STREET.

FOGWELL'S GYM

SAY, LOUIE, WHAT'D THAT REPORTER WANT?

I DUNNO. HE WAS ASKIN' ME A LOTA' QUESTIONS 'BOUT SOME PUG NAMED MURDOCK.

SO I TOLD 'IM TO CHECK WID K.O.! THAT OLD PUSH-BROOM'S BEEN HANGIN' 'ROUND HERE FOR YEARS...

YOU MENTIONED MURDOCK'S SON. THAT WOULD BE **MATTHEW,** RIGHT?

YEAH HE'S A CRACKER-JACK LAWYER NOW. JACK WOULDA BEEN PROUD.

HE WAS ALWAYS TELLIN' MATT TO STUDY AN' MAKE SOMETHIN' OF HISSELF.

'COURSE MATT WAS A BIT OF A LONER EVEN **BEFORE** HE LOST HIS EYESIGHT. A REAL BOOKWORM. NEIGHBORHOOD KIDS USED T'TEASE 'IM... EVEN MADE UP A NICKNAME FOR 'IM. NOW, WHAT WAS IT...?

DAREDEVIL?

HOW DID **YOU** KNOW THAT?

JUST A HUNCH, K.O., JUST A HUNCH...

ONE THAT HAS SUPPLIED YET **ANOTHER** FACT TO WHAT WILL UNDOUBTEDLY PROVE THE MOST SENSATIONAL STORY OF BEN URICH'S TWENTY-YEAR JOURNALISTIC CAREER...

AND, BACK AT CONEY ISLAND...

DARE-DEVIL!

OH, NO--!

I WANT BULLSEYE, TURK. I WANT HIM NOW.

EITHER YOU TELL ME WHERE HE IS, OR THIS TIME I'LL BREAK *MORE* THAN YOUR JAW.

TH-THURE... WHATEVER YOU THAY! HE'TH IN THE ARCADE!

ONLY... *PLEATHE*... DON'T DROP ME!

DON'T PLAY GAMES, CUTTER, JUST GET IT OVER WITH.

I WANT HER DEAD BEFORE DAREDEVIL GETS HERE.

THEY THINK I'M HELPLESS.

THOK

BUT...I'M THE... BLACK WIDOW.

HOLD IT, YOU FOOL! CAN'T YOU SEE WHAT SHE'S DOING?

I'M... *NEVER*... HELP-LESS.

SNAKK

THOK

YOU USED ME, BULLSEYE. YOU USED ME, AND YOU HUMILIATED ME...

...AND YOU TRIED TO PUSH ME TO THE BREAKING POINT.

I DON'T LIKE THAT.

I DON'T LIKE YOUR HIRED MUSCLE.

AND I DON'T LIKE YOU.

YOUR LIKES AND DISLIKES ARE NO CONCERN OF MINE, WIDOW.

BUT YOUR ***DEATH*** IS. YOURS, AND MOST ESPECIALLY DAREDEV--!

THAPP

THAT'S ENOUGH, BULLSEYE! LEAVE THE WIDOW ALONE.

ZING ROSCOES

50 COUNT 'EM 50

C'MON! WE GOTTA HELP BULLSEYE!

YOU'LL HAVE TO GET PAST ME, FIRST. THAT WON'T BE EASY.

THIS IS PERSONAL, BULLSEYE.

WHUFF

AND PER-SONALLY, I'M SICK OF YOU--

KRAKK

THAKK

--AND YOUR THREATS!

DO I MAKE MYSELF CLEAR?

SPAKK

I THOUGHT I WAS AN ENIGMA--A MASTER-SPY AS DEADLY AS MY NAME-SAKE.

BUT I DON'T THINK I'VE *EVER* SEEN MATT SO GRIM...SO COLD-BLOODED. HE'S CHANGED, HE'S *NOT* THE SAME MAN I USED TO KNOW.

BA-TOOSH

BULLSEYE!

DAREDEVIL... I'VE TAKEN EVERYTHING I'M GOING TO TAKE FROM YOU...

...EXCEPT YOUR LIFE!

SPOK

WITH MY INFALLI-BLE AIM, ANYTHING I TOUCH IS A DEADLY WEAPON! YOU DON'T HAVE A CHANCE!

YOU *NEVER* DID.

I BEAT YOU BEFORE...

AND *THAT,* DEVIL, IS PRECISELY WHY YOU'RE GOING TO DIE!

THAK

YOU SEE, I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN THAT.

AND I NEVER WILL.

I WANT TO HEAR YOU BEG, DAREDEVIL, TO ADMIT *I'M* THE BETTER MAN!

KRAKK

THOK

I'LL ADMIT YOU'RE A LOT OF THINGS, BULLSEYE.

AN EXTORTIONIST. A KIDKNAPPER. A MURDERER.

1 PLAY 25¢
2 PLAY 50¢

BUT *MOST* OF ALL YOU'RE A FOOL.

N-NO...

THAK

THE SCENT OF GUNPOWDER, THE CLICK OF A HAMMER... BULLSEYE HAS A GUN!

AND, ACCORDING TO MY RADAR-SENSE, HE'S BETWEEN ME AND MY BILLY CLUB. I'LL HAVE TO FACE THE WORLD'S DEADLIEST SHOT BAREHANDED!

I HAD HIM T-TRAPPED... BEATEN..W-WHY DIDN'T HE GIVE UP? WHAT... WHAT SORT OF MAN *IS* HE?

NO, DEVIL! I'M ***NOT*** FINISHED YET!

BUT HIS HEART'S POUNDING...

...HIS HAND'S SHAKING SO BADLY HE CAN BARELY HOLD THAT REVOLVER.

I MIGHT JUST BE ABLE TO RUN A ***BLUFF***...

ARENT YOU? THEN GO AHEAD, SHOOT.

YOU TRIED THAT BEFORE, REMEMBER?

IT DIDN'T STOP ME THEN. AND IT WON'T STOP ME NOW.

NOTHING YOU CAN DO WILL STOP ME NOW.

N-NO!

SLAUGHTER, DON'T JUST STAND THERE, YOU FOOL! I-- I'LL DOUBLE OUR CONTRACT, JUST KILL DAREDEVIL!

KILL HIM!

DOUBLE THE--?! JUTH THAY THE WORD, MITHER THAUTHER, AN' WE'LL BLOW 'EM AWAY!

NO! DAREDEVIL HAS EARNED MY RESPECT. BULLSEYE, ON THE OTHER HAND, HAS NOT. BESIDES, I DO NOT TRUST A MAD-MAN TO MEET HIS... AH... FINANCIAL COMMITMENTS.

BULLSEYE, LISTEN TO ME. IF YOU WANT DAREDEVIL DEAD, YOU KILL HIM.

YOU THINK I WON'T? WELL, I'LL SHOW YOU! I'LL SHOW YOU ALL!

Y-YOU'RE ALL AGAINST ME, AREN'T YOU? YES, I SEE, NOW!

BUT THAT DOESN'T MATTER. I'M BULLS-EYE... HEHHEH... AND IN MY HANDS... HEHHEH ...MY HANDS...

...D-DON'T HURT ME. . DEVIL... HEHHEH...

...D-DEVIL...

DAREDEVIL, HIS MIND--

IT'S OVER NATASHA. COME ON, WE'RE GETTING OUT OF HERE.

...DEVIL...

AND NO ONE'S GOING TO STOP US.

WE'LL MEET AGAIN, DAREDEVIL. THINGS WILL BE DIFFERENT, THEN.

COUNT ON IT, SLAUGH-TER.

COUNT ON IT.

NEXT ISSUE

BLIND ALLEY

--A CLASSIC CONFRONTATION BETWEEN MAN AND MONSTER AS DAREDEVIL FACES THE HULK!

YOU DARE NOT MISS IT.

40¢ CC

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DAREDEVIL®

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

REQUIEM!

He dwells in eternal night—but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents other men cannot perceive. Though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind*, his other senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! He stalks the streets by night, a red-garbed foe of evil!

STAN LEE PRESENTS: **DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!®**

REQUIEM FOR A PUG!

OUR STORY BEGINS HERE, AT THE ENRICO FERMI RESEARCH CENTER IN THE HEART OF MANHATTAN...

OH, NO, TOOMEY! THE -GASP- MONITOR! L-LOOK AT IT!

THE MESON-REACTOR! IT'S PUTTING OUT SIX... SEVEN TIMES AS MUCH RADIATION AS IT SHOULD BE! CAN'T YOU SHUT IT DOWN?

I-I'M TRYING! B-BUT THE DEACTIVATORS ARE JAMMED! THE POWER LINES MUST'VE FUSED DUE TO THE INTENSE OVERHEATING!

W-WE NEED A MIRACLE, TOOMEY! AND WE NEED IT FAST! B-BECAUSE IF WE DON'T GET ONE WITHIN THE NEXT THREE MINUTES, THE MESON-REACTOR'S GOING TO EXPLODE--

-- AND WHEN IT DOES, IT'S GOING TO TAKE HALF OF NEW YORK CITY WITH IT!

AT THAT VERY MOMENT, NOT FAR AWAY...

UNUSUAL RADIATION OF SOME KIND... EMANATING FROM THAT CONCRETE BUILDING!.. DISTORTING MY RADAR SENSE! AND THOSE VOICES COMING FROM INSIDE... THEY SOUND FRIGHTENED, AGITATED!

IT TAKES BUT SECONDS FOR THE RED-CLAD AVENGER TO REACH THE RESEARCH CENTER. AND WHEN HE DOES...

THANK HEAVENS YOU'RE HERE, DAREDEVIL! I-IF ANYONE MIGHT BE ABLE TO AVERT THIS CATASTROPHE, IT'S YOU!

IF ONLY YOU'D ARRIVED A FEW MINUTES EARLIER! BY NOW IT'S PROBABLY TOO LATE, EVEN FOR--

BETTER CALM DOWN AND FILL ME IN, GENTLEMEN!

DUE TO FORCES BEYOND OUR CONTROL (NAMELY THE DREADED DEADLINE DOOM) OUR REGULARLY SCHEDULED DD EPIC IS POSTPONED UNTIL NEXT ISSUE. HOWEVER, WE'RE PROUD TO PRESENT THIS VERY SPECIAL ISSUE.

L4597

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Y-YOU'RE *RIGHT*, DAREDEVIL! O-OF *COURSE!*

HERE! TAKE A LOOK AT THIS *MONITOR!* IT SHOWS WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE *REACTOR* CHAMBER! OUR NEW, EXPERIMENTAL *MESON-REACTOR* IS SURGING OUT OF *CONTROL*, UNLEASHING, MANY TIMES THE *NORMAL* LEVEL OF MESON *RADIATION!*

IT'S UP TO *TEN* TIMES *MORE* NOW, PROFESSOR! AND THE *DEACTIVATOR* SWITCHES STILL WON'T *BUDGE!*

THE *RADIATION*... EVEN INSIDE THIS *CONTROL* ROOM IT'S POUNDING AT MY RADAR SENSE, *DISTORTING* IT, MAKING IT HARD FOR ME TO GET A FIX ON WHAT'S GOING *ON* IN THERE!

QUICKLY, TELL ME! WHAT DO I HAVE TO *DO* TO SHUT THAT THING *DOWN?*

HERE, DAREDEVIL! YOU'D BETTER TAKE A LOOK AT THIS *BLUEPRINT!*

UNKNOWN TO THE TWO SCIENTISTS, OF COURSE, DAREDEVIL CANNOT ACTUALLY SEE IN THE NORMAL SENSE, BUT--

--MY SUPER-HUMAN SENSE OF TOUCH ENABLES ME TO *FEEL* THE PRINTING ON THE PAPER, AND THEREBY *"READ"* IT AS IF I *COULD* SEE IT!

ONCE I GET INSIDE THAT REACTOR CHAMBER, THAT MESON RADIATION IS GOING TO START FOULING UP MY RADAR SENSE EVEN *WORSE* THAN IT IS OUT *HERE!*

I'VE GOT TO MEMORIZE EVERY LAST DETAIL OF THIS *BLUEPRINT*... GET IT DOWN *PERFECT!*

HURRIEDLY, DESPERATELY, THE SCIENTISTS PROVIDE THE CRIMSON-CLAD HERO WITH THE VITAL FACTS HE NEEDS TO HELP THEM SHUT DOWN THE REACTOR. AND THEN...

GOOD *LUCK*, DAREDEVIL! YOU'VE GOT LESS THAN TWO MINUTES *LEFT!* AND REMEMBER, THE *POWER* LINES ARE--

I REMEMBER, GENTLEMEN. DON'T WORRY!

LOOK AT HIM, PROFESSOR! L-LOOK AT HOW CALMLY HE'S WALKING *IN* THERE! Y-YOU'D THINK HE WAS TAKING A STROLL IN *CENTRAL PARK* INSTEAD OF--

--INSTEAD OF WALKING TO ALMOST CERTAIN *DOOM!* I KNOW WHAT YOU *MEAN*, TOOMEY! BUT I SUPPOSE THAT--

--THAT'S WHY THEY CALL HIM THE *MAN WITHOUT FEAR!*

MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE LEAD-LINED REACTOR CHAMBER, DAREDEVIL'S BODY IS PUMMELLED BY WAVES OF DEADLY RADIATION THAT POUND AT HIS FRAME WITH HURRICANE FORCE...

RADAR SENSE... *USELESS* IN... HERE...! SENSE OF DIRECTION'S ALL... SCREWED... *UP...!*

TH-THANK HEAVENS MY... MY SUPERSENSITIVE SENSE OF *TOUCH* STILL... *FUNCTIONS...!*

G-GOT TO... *ORIENT* MYSELF BY... BY SENSING THE ELECTRICAL *CURRENT*... SURGING THROUGH THE HEAVY-DUTY *POWER* LINES BURIED BENEATH THE... CONCRETE *FLOOR*...

...THEN... THEN *ALIGN* MYSELF IN... IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE... THE *BLUEPRINT!*

RADIATION'S... HAMMERING AT ME LIKE A... A *CYCLONE...!* F-FEEL LIKE I'M BLACKING *...OUT...!*

B-BUT I... I *CAN'T...* BLACK OUT...! G-GOT TO REACH THOSE FUSED... *DEACTIVATOR*... CABLES...! G-GOT TO *REACH*... THEM...!

G-GOT TO PULL THEM... *APART...!* S-SORT THEM *...OUT...!*

...G-GET THEM *RECONNECTED*... IN THE RIGHT... *ORDER*... LONG ENOUGH FOR... FOR SCIENTISTS TO...

...TO DEACTIVATE... DEACTIVATE...!

TH-THANK *GOD...!* I-I'VE *DONE*... IT...! TH-THE RADIATION'S... *ABATING!* TH-THE MESON-PROJECTORS HAVE... *SHUT DOWN...!* I-I DON'T THINK I... COULD'VE TAKEN IT FOR ANOTHER... *SECOND...!*

SECONDS LATER...

YOU *DID* IT, DAREDEVIL! YOU SAVED US--AND THE ENTIRE CITY! YOU'RE A *REAL* HERO! *THANK YOU!*

DON'T MENTION IT, PROFESSOR! N-NOW IF YOU'LL ...*EXCUSE* ME... I'VE GOT *BUSINESS* TO... TO...

ARE YOU ALL *RIGHT*, DAREDEVIL? MAYBE WE SHOULD CALL A DOCTOR.

N-NO, THANK YOU! I-I'M... *FINE...!*

BUT OUTSIDE THE LAB...

F-FEEL DIZZY... WEAK...! B-BUT I'LL PROBABLY START TO FEEL BETTER ONCE I GET *AWAY* FROM HERE... GET SOME FRESH *AIR!*

MOMENTS LATER, IN A DESERTED ALLEYWAY, AS THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR CHANGES INTO THE CLOTHING HE WEARS AS BLIND ATTORNEY MATT MURDOCK...

I-I'M FEELING A LITTLE BETTER ALREADY!

J-JUST A LITTLE *DIZZY*, A LITTLE NAUSEOUS, THAT'S ALL! STILL, MAYBE THOSE SCIENTISTS WERE RIGHT! MAYBE I *SHOULD* SEE A DOCTOR!

I MUST HAVE ABSORBED A TREMENDOUS AMOUNT OF RADIATION, AND ALTHOUGH THAT'S HOW I FIRST *GAINED* MY POWERS*--

*AND LOST HIS SIGHT-- IN D.D. #1 --AL.

UNNHHH! P-PAIN IN... *HEAD...!* A-AWFUL... *PAIN...!*

C-CAN'T HELP... MYSELF...! BLACKING OU-- *

ATTORNEY MATT MURDOCK COLLAPSES UNCONSCIOUS IN THE RUBBISH-STREWN ALLEYWAY... AND LIES THERE...

FIVE HOURS PASS, SIX HOURS, SEVEN.

AND WHEN HE FINALLY AWAKENS...

GOOD LORD! WH-WHY AM I LYING *HERE*, IN THIS *ALLEY*? I SHOULD BE GETTING--

WAIT A MINUTE! SHOULD BE GETTING *WHERE*? I-I CAN'T SEEM TO REMEMBER *ANYTHING!*

I CAN'T EVEN REMEMBER..., WHO I *AM*...!

THIS *CANE!* THESE DARK *GLASSES!* THEY'RE LIKE THE KIND *BLIND* MEN USE!

B-BUT THAT'S *RIDICULOUS!* I'M NOT *BLIND!*

A-AT LEAST I'M NOT BLIND IN THE *ORDINARY* SENSE! IT'S AS THOUGH I POSSESSED SOME SORT OF... SOME SORT OF SIXTH *SENSE!*

PEOPLE, OBJECTS... I CAN SENSE THEIR *MOVEMENT*, *SHAPE*, ALL *KINDS* OF THINGS ABOUT THEM!

SO WHY ON EARTH AM I CARRYING THIS--

WHA--!? IT BROKE *APART*... INTO TWO SEPARATE *PIECES!* I'LL JUST PUT THEM INSIDE MY *COAT*, IN CASE THIS SPECIAL RADAR-LIKE *SENSE* OF MINE BLANKS *OUT* ON ME!

PRESENTLY...

I'M NOT CARRYING ANY *IDENTIFICATION* ON ME, SO I STILL DON'T KNOW MY REAL *NAME!*

BUT LET'S SEE WHAT I *DO* KNOW ABOUT MYSELF! I'M WELL *DRESSED*, WHICH--

HUH!? A *GUNSHOT!*

A-AND IT SOUNDED LIKE A *DYNAMITE* EXPLOSION GOING OFF IN MY EAR! MY HEARING MUST BE A HUNDRED TIMES MORE *ACUTE* THAN AN *ORDINARY* MAN'S!

WE GOT DA *SPARKLERS*, LOUIE! LET'S SCRAM *OUTTA* HERE!

I'M RIGHT *WIT'* YA, HYMIE!

WHA--?! *THUGS* ROBBING THE *DIAMOND* EXCHANGE!

I SUPPOSE I SHOULD BE *AFRAID* OF THEM, BUT... BUT FOR *SOME* REASON I'M NOT AFRAID AT *ALL!*

HUNH--!?!

HEY, WHAT *IS* THIS GUY-- LOOKIN' TO GET AN INVITATION TO HIS OWN FUNERAL OR *WHAT?*

COME AN' *GET* IT, YOU SCREWBALL!

HE'S TRYING TO INTIMIDATE ME BY ACTING *TOUGH*, BUT I--I CAN ACTUALLY *HEAR* THE SOUND OF HIS *HEARTBEAT*... AND HE'S PLENTY *NERVOUS!*

AND THIS SPECIAL RADAR EYE-SIGHT OF MINE! I-IT'S *UNCANNY!* I CAN SENSE FROM THE ANGLE OF HIS GUN BARREL THAT HE'S FIRING *WIDE*, MISSING *AGAIN!*

POW

AND I *ALSO* KNOW THAT THAT'S THE *LAST* SHOT HE'S EVER GOING TO GET OFF!

UNNGHH!

WHY YOU--

UNNHHH!

IT'S TWO AGAINST *ONE*, BUT FOR SOME REASON I STILL FEEL *CONFIDENT, UNAFRAID!* COULD IT BE THAT I'M REALLY A *POLICEMAN*, OR A PRIVATE *DETECTIVE?*

THOSE MUGS YOU HIRED FOR THE DIAMOND HEIST ARE SURE EATIN' SOME *SHELLAC* OUT THERE MR. HYLE! YOU WANT I SHOULD--

NO PUGGY! LEAVE THEM BE!

WHAT I *DO* WANT YOU TO DO IS GIVE ME YOUR PROFESSIONAL *ESTIMATION* OF OUR MR. GOOD SAMARITAN OUT THERE!

WELL, I THINK HE'S MAYBE GOT THE MAKIN'S OF A PRETTY GOOD *PRIZEFIGHTER*, MR. HYLE.

THAT'S WHAT I THINK, *TOO*, PUGGY! SO WHY DON'T YOU GET *OUT* THERE LIKE A *GOOD* LITTLE PUG AND BRING HIM ON OVER HERE TO *MEET* ME!

HEY! *FELLA!* I BEEN WATCHIN' YOU TAKE ON THEM TWO *MUGS*, AN'... AN', WELL THAT WAS SOME PRETTY GOOD-QUALITY *PUNCHIN'* YOU WAS DOIN'!

THANKS! ARE YOU A *POLICEMAN?* WE OUGHT TO--

NAW, NAW! I AIN'T A *COPPER!* I WORK FOR *MR. HYLE* HERE! HE'S A BIG FIGHT PROMOTER! HE SAYS, LIKE, HE WANTS TO *MEETCHA!*

ACTUALLY, I DON'T REALLY WANT TO MEET YOU AT *ALL* MR. STREET FIGHTER! I REALLY WANT YOU TO MEET--*RAMONA!*

P-PLEASE, BOSS! K-KEEP THAT BEASTIE *AWAY!* Y-YOU KNOW HOW I--

HA HA! PUGGY'S ALWAYS BEEN SCARED TO *DEATH* OF RAMONA, BUT YOU'RE NOT AFRAID OF HER AT ALL, *ARE* YOU, STREET FIGHTER?

GRRRRR

NO, SIR, I'M NOT!

WELL I HAPPEN TO *LIKE* THAT, MISTER! I LIKE IT VERY *MUCH!*

I LIKE IT *SO* MUCH, IN FACT, I'M GOING TO TAKE YOU DOWN TO THE *GYM* AND SEE JUST HOW GOOD YOU CAN PUNCH WITH A PAIR OF *GLOVES* ON!

SOON...

PSST! DOVER! I GOT A NEW SNOT-NOSE KID WHO THINKS HE'S TOUGH!

SURE T'ING, MR. HYLE! UNHF!

MOMENTS LATER, AS THE AMNESIC MATT MURDOCK CHANGES CLOTHES IN THE GYMNASIUM LOCKER ROOM...

WHA--!? THIS COSTUME, UNDER MY STREET CLOTHES! WHAT AM I, SOME KIND OF CIRCUS PERFORMER OR SOMETHING?

NO TIME TO THINK ABOUT THAT NOW! I'LL JUST STOW THE COSTUME IN MY LOCKER AND WORRY ABOUT IT LATER!

AT LEAST UNTIL I FIGURE OUT WHO I AM, I'LL NEED SOME KIND OF JOB! IF I DO WELL IN THE RING OUT THERE, MAYBE THAT MR. HYLE WILL OFFER ME ONE!

THERE HE IS, DOVER! GO TO IT, BOY!

GOTCHA, MR. HYLE!

YOU BE CAREFUL IN THERE, KID! THERE AIN'T NUTHIN' THAT GIVES MR. HYLE A BIGGER KICK THAN TO SEE OLD DOVER POUND A NEW KID INTO THE CANVAS!

DON'T WORRY, PUGGY! I CAN LOOK OUT FOR MYSELF!

WHA--!? THAT RIGHT CROSS NEARLY TAGGED ME! HE MAY BE BIG, BUT HE'S FAST AS A COBRA!

C'MON, KID! STAND STILL! Y'AIN'T 'FRAID OF OL' DOVER, ARE YA, HUH?

HE'S GOT ME PEGGED AS AN AMATEUR, SO HE'S COMING RIGHT AT ME, TRYING TO INTIMIDATE ME! AND IN DOING THAT, HE'S COMMITTING THE PRIMAL SIN OF A CARELESS BOXER: LEAVING HIS GUARD--

--DOWN!

UNGGHH!

KRAK

ATTA BOY, KID! ATTA BOY!

YOUR NEW BOY SURE LOOKS LIKE A GOOD ONE, DON'T HE, MR. HYLE?

YOU'RE GONNA CLEAN UP ON HIM, RIGHT, MR. HYLE?

I SURE AM, BOYS! I SURELY AM!

AND SO, IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW, THE AMNESIC MATT MURDOCK TRAINS RELENTLESSLY FOR HIS NEW-FOUND BOXING CAREER...

THAT'S IT, KID! REMEMBER, YA GOTTA PROTECT YOUR BODY WITH YOUR *RIGHT* WHEN YA USE THAT LEFT HOOK!

YOU'RE HITTIN' TOO *HIGH*, KID! LEAN TO BRING THEM JABS IN *LOW!*

YOU LOOKED REAL *GOOD* TODAY, KID! NOW *C'MON!* LET'S GO HIT THEM *SHOWERS!*

THAT'S THE WAY KID-- SNAP THAT JAB!

PRESENTLY...

YOU'S A REAL GOOD *PUNCHER*, KID! WITH LOTSA HARD *WORK*, AN' ME HELPIN' YA OUT AN' TEACHIN' YA ALL I *KNOW*, ONE DAY YOU COULD BE A REAL *CHAMPEEN!*

Y'KNOW, *I* WAS A FIGHTER ONCE, KID! BUT I WASN'T NEVER CHAMPIONSHIP MATERIAL LIKE *YOU* ARE! I WAS JUST A *PUG!* THAT'S WHY EVERYBODY JUST CALLS ME *PUGGY!*

BUT YOU WATCH OUT FOR THAT *MR. HYLE*, KID! YOU JUST WATCH *OUT* FOR HIM! 'CAUSE HE DON'T HAVE THAT LOVE OF FIGHTIN' LIKE YOU AN' *ME* HAVE IT! ALL HE CARES 'BOUT IS *MONEY*, AN' HE'D ICE HIS OWN *GRANDMOTHER* TO *GET* IT!

THE DAYS BECOME WEEKS AS MATT MURDOCK BEGINS A METEORIC RISE IN THE WORLD OF BOXING...

THIS GUY TONIGHT'S PRETTY *TOUGH*, KID! YA THINK YOU'RE READY?

DON'T WORRY, PUGGY! I WON'T LET YOU DOWN!

...HE SCORES VICTORY AFTER VICTORY AS HE BATTLES HIS WAY UPWARD THROUGH THE PUGILISTIC RANKS...

POW

GOOD GRAVY! DID YOU SEE THAT? A FIRST ROUND KNOCKOUT!

AND HE BRINGS IN A STEADY WINDFALL OF GAMBLING WINNINGS TO HIS "SPONSOR," MR. HYLE...

THAT'S IT, BOYS! ANTE RIGHT UP! HEH HEH HEH!

AND LATE ONE NIGHT...

YOU DID **GOOD** TONIGHT, KID! **REAL** GOOD! PRETTY SOON THEY'RE GONNA BE LISTING YOU AMONG THE RANKING CONTENDERS FOR THE **CHAMPIONSHIP!**

THANK YOU, MR. HYLE! THANK YOU VERY MUCH!

BUT EVEN IN VICTORY, MATT MURDOCK FINDS HIMSELF TORMENTED BY THE SAME AGONIZING QUESTIONS...

WHO **AM** I? WHAT KIND OF LIFE HAVE I LEFT **BEHIND** ME?

AND THIS **COSTUME!** WHAT DOES IT **MEAN?** WHY WAS I **WEARING** IT UNDERNEATH MY **STREET** CLOTHES?

I CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS FOREVER... **WONDERING**... NOT **KNOWING!**

I-I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT THE **TRUTH**, NO MATTER HOW PAINFUL IT MAY BE!

DARED
STILL M

WHATEVER IT TAKES, I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT!

DAREDEVIL STILL MISSING
MAN WITHOUT FEAR VANISHES AFTER RADIATION ENCOUNTE

AND THEN, A FEW DAYS LATER, AS MATT MURDOCK REPORTS TO THE STADIUM FOR HIS MOST IMPORTANT FIGHT TO DATE...

BOXING TONIGHT

THERE'S SOMETHING **WEIRD** ABOUT THIS BOXING BUSINESS, ABOUT ME BEING A **BOXER!**

IT'S SO **FAMILIAR** TO ME SOMEHOW, ALMOST AS IF I'VE KNOWN ABOUT IT ALL MY LIFE, AS IF--

AND I SAY THE KID TAKES A **DIVE!**

WHA--?!

WE'VE WORKED REAL **HARD** BUILDING THE KID UP AS A **CONTENDER!** SO FAR, HE'S WON EVERY **FIGHT** HE'S BEEN **IN!** THERE'LL BE BIG MONEY ON HIM TO **WIN** TONIGHT! ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS PULL THE **RUG** OUT...

--AND WE'LL CLEAN UP AROUND HERE JUST LIKE IT WAS *CHRISTMAS!*

WHAT IF HE DON'T *GO* FOR IT, MR. HYLE?

HE'LL *GO* FOR IT, OTHERWISE RAMONA HERE WILL TEAR HIS GUTS OUT!

W-WAIT A MINUTE, MR. HYLE! M-MAYBE YOU'RE MAKIN' A *MISTAKE* TO GO THIS DIVE ROUTE WITH THE KID!

I MEAN, THE KID'S *GREAT*, MR. HYLE! HE'S... HE'S A NATURAL TO BE A *CHAMP* SOMEDAY! I MEAN, WHY DON'T WE JUST PLAY IT *STRAIGHT* FOR ONCE, MR. HYLE? WHY--

RAMONA!

TEACH OUR FRIEND PUGGY WHO *RUNS* THIS ORGANIZATION, RAMONA!

N-NO! *P-PLEASE*, MR. HYLE! I--I WASN'T! I JUST--

GRRHRRR

YOU *JUST*, ALL RIGHT! YOU JUST GET YOUR *BUTT* DOWN TO THE LOCKER ROOM AND TELL THAT KID HE'D BETTER THROW TONIGHT'S FIGHT, OR *ELSE!*

Y-YESSIR, MR. HYLE!

SO *THAT'S* IT! WITHOUT *KNOWING* IT, I'VE GOTTEN MYSELF INVOLVED WITH A BUNCH OF *CROOKS!*

WELL, THE FIGHT'S THE *LEAST* OF MY WORRIES! I KNOW HOW TO HANDLE *THAT!* BUT WHY DOES THIS WHOLE SITUATION HAVE SUCH AN EERIE DÉJÀ VU *FEELING* ABOUT IT--AS IF I'VE LIVED THROUGH IT *BEFORE?*

PRESENTLY...

B-BUT BE *REASONABLE*, KID! I *TOLD* YA WHAT MR. HYLE SAID! Y-YOU JUST GOTTA--

I'M NOT THROWING THE *FIGHT*, PUGGY, AND THAT'S *FINAL!*

PLEASE, KID! I--I KNOW HOW YA *FEEL!* B-BUT YOU DON'T KNOW HYLE LIKE *I* DO, KID! HE'LL *KILL* YA!

FORGET IT, PUGGY! I'M GOING OUT THERE TONIGHT AND I'M GOING TO *WIN!*

AND SO...

P-PLEASE, KID! WON'TCHA MAYBE AT LEAST--

NO, PUGGY! I WON'T!

HEY! KID! YOU GO OUT THERE AND GIVE THE PEOPLE A HELLUVA SHOW FOR THEIR MONEY, EH?

DON'T WORRY, MR. HYLE! H-HE WILL!

YOU BOYS SPREAD THEM BETS AROUND ALL OVER TOWN LIKE I TOLD YOU TO, SAMMY?

SURE DID, MR. HYLE!

THE TENSION IN THE STADIUM BUILDS AS THE MOMENT APPROACHES FOR THE START OF THE BIG FIGHT...

AND THEN...

IF ONLY I COULD REMEMBER WHY IT ALL SEEMS SO FAMILIAR TO ME... WHY IT FEELS AS THOUGH I'VE BEEN THROUGH ALL THIS BEFORE!

BONG!

THE IDEA OF BEING A PRIZEFIGHTER... MIXED UP WITH GANGSTERS... REFUSING TO TAKE A DIVE...! SOMEHOW IT'S ALL... PART OF ME!

WHOCK!

H-HOLY TOLEDO! TH-THE KID'S KNOCKED HIM OUT!

YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS, YOU ROTTEN LITTLE CREEP! NOBODY CROSSES BOSS HYLE LIKE THIS! YOU HEAR ME? NOBODY!

HA HA! HE WENT DOWN LIKE A TREE, KID! THAT WAS FANTASTIC!

YEAH, KID, NO KIDDIN'! IT WAS TERRIFIC! BUT NOW WE GOTTA GET THEM GLOVES OFF OF YOU AND GET YOU OUTTA HERE!

I LOVED IT, KID! BELIEVE ME! I LOVED EVERY MINUTE OF IT! BUT HYLE AIN'T ONE TO PLAY AROUND AFTER HE'S BEEN TOOK TO THE CLEANERS!

PUGGY'S *RIGHT*, KID! THE BOSS IS MAD, *REAL* MAD!

YEAH! THAT'S WHY HE *ASKED* US, AS A *FAVOR*, TO KINDA PUT THE *KIBOSH* ON YOUR *PRIZEFIGHTIN'* CAREER! YOU KNOW WHAT WE *MEAN*, KID?

N-NO! DON'T--

UNNGHH!

FATHER!

BLAM BLAM

PUGGY! THEY KILLED HIM! AND I CALLED HIM... *FATHER...!*

I *REMEMBER* NOW!

WHAM

I REMEMBER IT *ALL!*

UNNNHHH!

KCHOK

I'M *MATT MURDOCK!* MY *FATHER* WAS *BATTLIN' MURDOCK!*

"HE WAS A PRIZEFIGHTER, TOO. MAYBE NOT A GREAT ONE, BUT A PRO WHO PAID HIS DUES IN MORE THAN SIXTY-FIVE PROFESSIONAL FIGHTS..."

"GANGSTERS TRIED TO GET HIM TO THROW A FIGHT."

"INSTEAD, HE FOUGHT THE BEST PRIZEFIGHT OF HIS CAREER. HE KAYOED HIS OPPONENT IN THE VERY FIRST ROUND...

"AND WHILE HE WAS ON HIS WAY BACK HOME... THEY KILLED HIM FOR IT!

"IT WAS HIS DEATH THAT INSPIRED ME TO FIGHT AGAINST EVIL AS ***DAREDEVIL***...

"IT WAS HIS COURAGE THAT INSPIRED ME TO BECOME THE ***MAN WITHOUT FEAR!***"

MEANWHILE...

IT'S PITCH DARK IN THERE, BOSS! BUT WE SAW HIM RUN DOWN THIS HALL! THAT MEANS HE'S GOTTA BE HIDIN' IN THE LOCKER ROOM!

GO AHEAD THEN! KICK THE DOOR IN!

NOW GO AHEAD, RAMONA! EAT THE PUNK FOR DINNER!

WHILE INSIDE THE DARKENED LOCKER ROOM...

UH-OH! SOME-THING'S UP! THEY KICKED OPEN THE DOOR BUT THEY DIDN'T--

WAIT A MINUTE! I GET IT NOW!

THEY'VE LET THAT BIG CAT IN HERE-- I CAN SMELL HER AND MY SUPER-SENSITIVE HEARING IS PICKING UP THE FAINT SOUND OF HER FOOT-PADS ON THE CONCRETE FLOOR!

BUT WHERE IN BLAZES IS SHE? SHE'S NOT ON THE FLOOR! IF SHE WERE, I'D BE PICKING UP THE VIBRATIONS!

I DOUSED THE LIGHTS BECAUSE I FIGURED THAT'D GIVE ME AN ADVANTAGE OVER THOSE THUGS!

I DIDN'T FIGURE--

WAIT! I'M PICKING UP SOMETHING ON THE LOCKERS! OF COURSE! SHE'S GOTTEN UP ABOVE ME! I CAN FEEL HER TENSING!

SHE'S ABOUT TO SPRING!

GRRRRRRR

WHEW! THANKS TO MY SUPER-SENSES, I GOT THAT BENCH BETWEEN THE CAT AND ME IN TIME!

SHE'S ON THE FLOOR NOW, *STALKING* ME! IT'S BECOME A GAME OF CAT AND MOUSE AND I DON'T THINK THERE'S TOO MUCH QUESTION WHO THE *MOUSE* IS!

THERE SHE IS! SHE'S SIX FEET AWAY, ALL FOUR PAWS ON THE GROUND, COILED TO *SPRING!* IF I WANT TO STAY *ALIVE* I'D BETTER TIME THIS PERFECTLY!

GRRRRRR

HERE SHE COMES! SHE'S IN THE *AIR* NOW! GETTING *CLOSER!* THREE FEET... TWO FEET...

YOU *MISSED* ME, RAMONA!

BUT GUESS *WHAT!*

THAT'S *RIGHT*, KITTY CAT! I'VE GOT *YOU!*

BUT NOW THAT I'VE *GOT* YOU, WHAT AM I GOING TO *DO* WITH YOU?

GRRRRRRRR

HEH HEH! HEAR ALL THAT SNARLING AND *GROWLING*, BOYS? THAT MEANS OLD *RAMONA* IS BUSY CHEWING THAT DOUBLE-CROSSING *PUNK* INTO A PILE OF *GAINESBURGERS!*

UNNHHHH!

KA-WHAM!

HUNH--!?!

WH-WHAT TH--?! D-DAREDEVIL!

TH-THE KID! WH-WHERE *IS* HE? WHO--

I SENT HIM TO GET THE POLICE! YOU'RE *THROUGH*, HYLE!

ME? *THROUGH*? OH, I WOULDN'T SAY *THAT*, DD! I WOULDN'T SAY I'M THROUGH AT *ALL!*

YOU *SEE*, DD, WHEN YOU COME UP THE HARD, *GHETTO* WAY LIKE *I* DID, YOU LEARN HOW TO *HANDLE* PUNKS WHAT ARE TRYING TO CAUSE YOU *TROUBLE!*

YOU LEARN HOW TO ALWAYS BE -- HOW SHOULD I SAY IT -- *PREPARED!* YOU DIG WHAT I *MEAN*, HORNHEAD?

CLICK

WITH THE DESPERATION OF A MADMAN, HYDE LUNGES...

HE KNOWS HOW TO *STREET-FIGHT* ALL RIGHT... AND THOSE *KNIVES* OF HIS ARE *SHARP!*

I'VE GOT TO PARRY HIS *ATTACK*, TRY TO--

WHA--!? HE'S PULLED *BACK*, JUST WHEN HE HAD ME ON THE *DEFENSIVE!*

HE'S GOT A TRICK UP HIS SLEEVE! I CAN *SENSE* IT!

THAT *SOUND!* WHAT IN BLAZES--?!

SNIK!

A RAZOR-SHARP *PROJECTILE* SHOOTING OFF THE BLADE OF HIS KNIFE--!

GOT TO *MOVE*-- AND *FAST*--

HUNH--!?

--KNOCK HIM DOWN --BEFORE HE CAN TRIGGER ANY *MORE* OF THOSE BLADES!

SENT REELING OFF-BALANCE BY THE FORCE OF DAREDEVIL'S BLOW, THE DAGGER-WIELDING RACKET CZAR WHIRLS, AND, AS FATE WOULD HAVE IT--

GASP! I-I'VE STABBED *RAMONA!*

RRHHURR

REFLEXIVELY, THE POWERFUL CAT LASHES OUT AT ITS TORMENTOR, AND...

YAAAAHHH

GRRRRRRR

FOOTSTEPS COMING DOWN THE CORRIDOR! AND NO *WONDER!* ALL THAT *NOISE* WAS BOUND TO ATTRACT *SOME-ONE'S* ATTENTION!

THAT MEANS DAREDEVIL CAN LEAVE TO CALL THE POLICE. THOUGH IT'S TOO LATE TO DO ANYTHING FOR HYLE OR HIS PRECIOUS RAMONA.

LIFE CAN BE SO *WEIRD* SOME-TIMES! I BECAME *DAREDEVIL* IN THE FIRST PLACE BECAUSE OF WHAT EVIL MEN DID TO MY *FATHER!*

TONIGHT, IN A SENSE, I BECAME DAREDEVIL A *SECOND* TIME, BECAUSE AT A CRUCIAL MOMENT THOSE DREAD EVENTS OF LONG AGO ROSE UP TO *REMIND* ME, AS NOTHING ELSE COULD HAVE, OF *WHO* I AM-- AND *WHY* THE WORLD NEEDS A *DAREDEVIL!*

40¢ CC

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DAREDEVIL®

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

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BEWARE... THE HULK!

He dwells in eternal night—but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents other men cannot perceive. Though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind*, his other senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! He stalks the streets by night, a red-garbed foe of evil!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

THE OCCASION IS A HUNDRED DOLLAR A PLATE FUNDRAISER, LAUNCHING THE RE-ELECTION CAMPAIGN OF DISTRICT ATTORNEY BLAKE TOWER.

HULK

Monster Sighted in Manhattan

A green behemoth may be hiding somewhere in New York City. State and local police to... ers early... the creat... as the ... ...en in the ... ...dtown

BUT THE MAIN TOPIC OF CONVERSATION THIS EVENING CENTERS AROUND A MISUNDERSTOOD MAN-MONSTER...

THE HULK IS A UNIQUE CASE, JUDGE COFFIN. I DON'T BELIEVE FORCE WILL SOLVE THE PROBLEM.

FORCE IS THE *ONLY* SOLUTION, TOWER!

THE BUGLE HAS ALWAYS BEEN PROGRESSIVE, STARK. MY PAPER WAS THE ***FIRST*** TO EXPOSE THE SPIDER-MAN MENACE.

HULK IN NY

FRANKLY, JAMESON, PRINTING, UNSUBSTANTIATED RUMORS STRIKES ME AS ***IRRESPONSIBLE*** JOURNALISM.

IRRE--?!

MURDOCK, YOU DEFENDED THE HULK ONCE.

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

I ***DOUBT*** ANY LAWYER WHO WOULD REPRESENT THAT BRUTE ***CAN*** THINK.

UH, MATT, I'M SURE HIS HONOR DIDN'T MEAN--!

DON'T BE RIDICULOUS, TOWER! I MEANT ***EVERY*** WORD!

...AND THEN THE PRIEST SAYS TO THE RABBI...

HELLO, MATTHEW.

HEATHER! HOW HAVE YOU BEEN?

NEVER BETTER, MATTHEW... SINCE I MET RICO. HE'S INTO DISCO, KNOWS ALL THE MOVES.

KNOW 'EM? ANGEL-FACE, I INVENTED MOST OF 'EM!

PUT 'ER THERE, SPORT!

EH--?

HEY, SPORT, I'M TALKIN' TO YOU!

THAT SOUNDS LIKE...

OH, NO!

MATTHEW MURDOCK, YOU COULD AT LEAST TRY TO ACT CIVIL!

I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE! THE NOISE AND CONFUSION ARE LIKE A BLANKET ON MY HYPER-SENSES...

...BUT IF WHAT I SUSPECT IS TRUE...

WELL, I LIKE THAT!

MS. GLENN, I THINK YOUR EX-BOYFRIEND HAS JUST GIVEN US THE SNUB!

UH, PARDON ME, FATHER!

MR. NELSON, IT WILL BE MY PLEASURE!

MATT'S BEEN MOPING AROUND EVER SINCE HEATHER LEFT HIM.

A DOSE OF THE PATENTED NELSON CHARM OUGHT TO SNAP HIM OUT OF HIS FUNK, THOUGH.

THAT DISTINCTIVE, FRENETIC HEARTBEAT... LOUD AS A JACKHAMMER, EVEN BLOCKS AWAY! THERE'S NO DOUBT--

HE'S PROBABLY CONFUSED, CERTAINLY DANGEROUS. I--!

--THE HULK IS LOOSE IN NEW YORK!

MATT, YOU OLD HOUND DOG, I KNOW HOW YOU MUST FEEL. BUT EVERYTHING WILL WORK OUT FOR THE BEST.

I MEAN, YOU AND HEATHER STILL LOVE EACH OTHER, RIGHT?

MATT, I'M YOUR BEST FRIEND. CAN'T YOU CONFIDE IN ME?

I WISH I COULD, FOGGY...

IF THERE'S ANYTHING I CAN DO...

I COULD USE A GOOD, STIFF DRINK.

AND A LITTLE PRIVACY.

YOU GOT IT, PARTNER. AND, MATT, IF I WERE YOU...

...I WOULDN'T LET THIS GET ME DOWN!

MATT?

AND, AS FOGGY RETURNS TO THE TERRACE...

MATT...

...WHERE'D YOU GO?

ONCE AGAIN, BLIND ATTORNEY MATT MURDOCK HAS BEEN FORCED TO PUT HIS PERSONAL PROBLEMS ASIDE -- TO RACE WITH THE SPEED AND AGILITY OF A ***DARE-DEVIL***...

...DOWN DARK, LITTER-STREWN BACKSTREETS, AS HIS UNIQUE RADAR-SENSE GUIDES HIM UNERRINGLY ALONG A TRAIL OF WANTON DESTRUCTION.

...UNTIL, AT LAST...

I'VE FOUND HIM!

THE HULK! I'D ALMOST FORGOTTEN HOW BIG HE IS!

THUMP THUMP

IT'S INCREDIBLE... THAT GAMMA RADIATION MUTATED DR. ROBERT BRUCE BANNER INTO THE MOST TRAGIC... UNPREDICTABLE... AND *POWERFUL* CREATURE TO EVER WALK THE FACE OF THE EARTH!

SOMEWAY, I HAVE TO REACH THE MAN INSIDE THE MONSTER... BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

THUMP THUMP

WHAT DO YOU WANT LITTLE MAN?

TO HELP YOU.

BLIND ALLEY

ROGER McKENZIE
SCRIPT
FRANK MILLER
PENCILS
JOSEF RUBINSTEIN
AND KLAUS JANSON
INKS
JIM NOVAK
LETTERING
GLYNIS WEIN
COLORING

JO DUFFY -- DENNIS O'NEIL / EDITORS JIM SHOOTER / ED-IN-CHIEF

PLEASE, LISTEN TO ME: YOU CAN'T STAY HERE. IF I FOUND YOU, SO WILL OTHERS. THEY WILL COME WITH GUNS AND TANKS AND TRY TO KILL YOU.

THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND. THEY THINK YOU ARE A MONSTER.

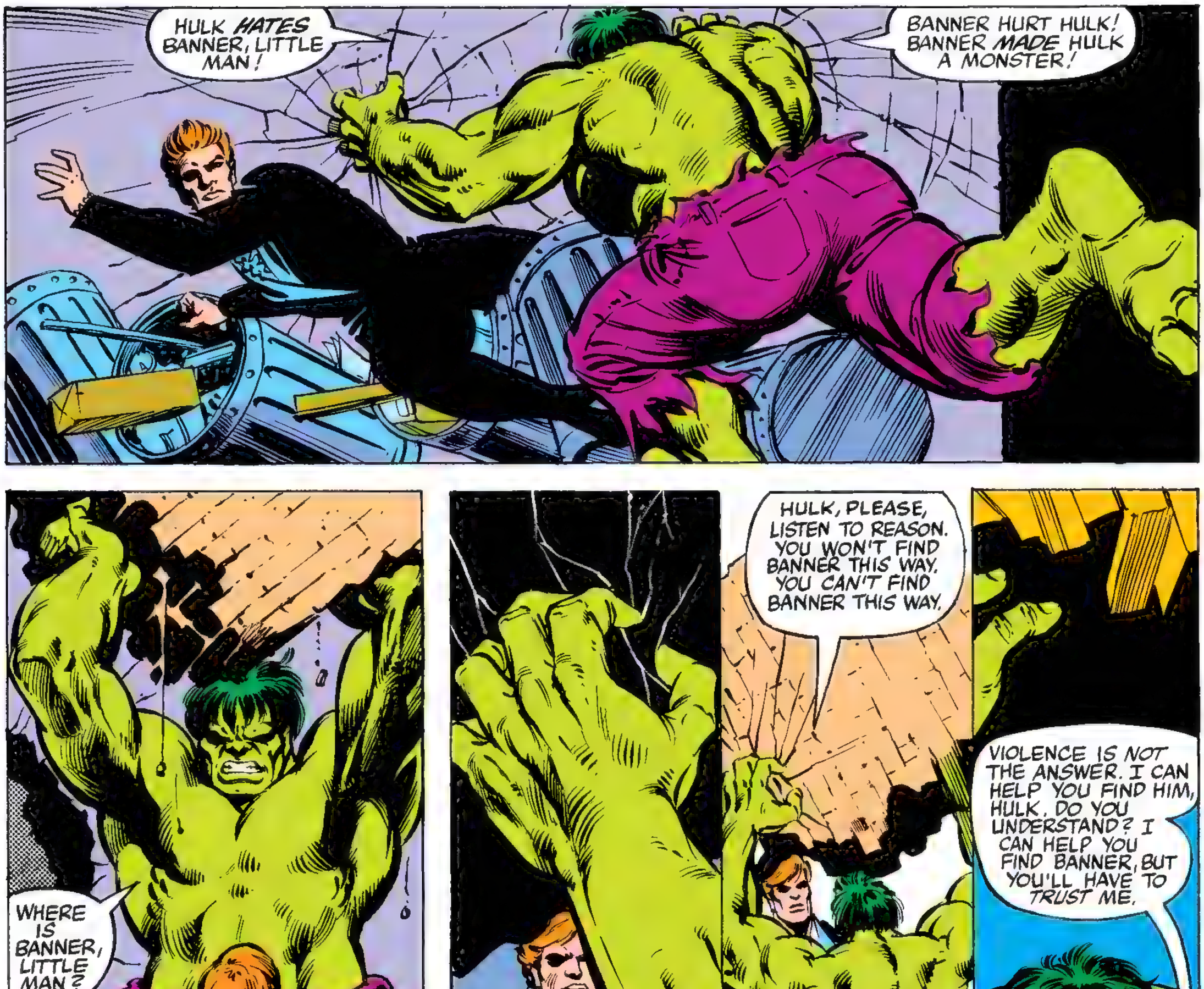
I AM A MONSTER.

JUST LEAVE HULK ALONE, LITTLE MAN! HULK IS TIRED OF RUNNING!

HULK DOESN'T WANT YOUR HELP! HULK DOESN'T NEED YOUR HELP!

HULK DOESN'T NEED ANYONE'S HELP!

NOT EVEN BANNER'S?


HULK HATES BANNER, LITTLE MAN!
BANNER HURT HULK! BANNER MADE HULK A MONSTER!
WHERE IS BANNER, LITTLE MAN?
HULK, PLEASE, LISTEN TO REASON. YOU WON'T FIND BANNER THIS WAY. YOU CAN'T FIND BANNER THIS WAY.
VIOLENCE IS NOT THE ANSWER. I CAN HELP YOU FIND HIM, HULK. DO YOU UNDERSTAND? I CAN HELP YOU FIND BANNER, BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO TRUST ME.

THAT'S IT. RELAX. TRY TO THINK.

HULK DOESN'T WANT TO THINK, LITTLE MAN! HULK WANTS BANNER!

IT'S HARD FOR HULK TO THINK! IT HURTS HULK TO THINK! WHY DOES EVERYTHING HURT HULK?

WHY DID BANNER DO THIS TO HULK?

WHY DID...I ...DO THIS...

...TO... MYSELLLLFF

THE DARK AND SAVAGE SIDE OF DR. BANNER IS GONE. FOR NOW.

GONE, BUT NOT FORGOTTEN, EVEN HOURS LATER AT MATT MURDOCK'S UPPER EASTSIDE BROWNSTONE...

NO, HULK!

NOOOO!

THAT SAME NIGHT-MARE...OVER AND OVER AGAIN! I CAN'T ESCAPE THE HULK EVEN IN MY DREAMS!

BUT WHERE AM I? HOW--?

MORNING, BRUCE. HOPE YOU'RE FEELING BETTER

MATT? MATT MURDOCK?! IT'S BEEN YEARS, COUNSELLOR! BUT WHAT AM I DOING HERE?

DON'T YOU REMEMBER?

A LITTLE. MOSTLY I REMEMBER THE HATE...

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

...AND THE PAIN, THAT'S THE WORST PART, MATT. IT HURTS SO MUCH I... THE HULK... JUST WANTS TO LASH OUT AT ANYONE OR ANYTHING THAT GETS IN MY WAY.

MORE COFFEE?

PLEASE. I MISS THINGS LIKE... WELL, LIKE A CUP OF COFFEE IN THE MORNING. I MISS LIVING A NORMAL LIFE.

MAYBE, WITH HELP, YOU COULD. THE AUTHORITIES...

NO!

HIS HEARTBEAT'S SPEEDING UP... HE'S GETTING UPSET... AND THAT TRIGGERS THE CHANGE IN HIM! I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING TO CALM HIM DOWN... AND FAST!

THE AUTHORITIES WON'T DEAL WITH ME, AND THEY CAN'T DEAL WITH WHAT I BECOME--

--WHEN... I... LOSE... CONTROL...

BUT YOU *WON'T* LOSE CONTROL, BRUCE, ANY MORE THAN I'D TURN YOU IN AGAINST YOUR WISHES.

THINK ABOUT IT, BRUCE. I'M YOUR FRIEND...

Y-YES... MY FRIEND...

...AND ALL I WANT TO DO IS HELP YOU. IF YOU NEED MONEY, CLOTHES--

Y-YOU'VE DONE *MORE* THAN ENOUGH ALREADY, MATT. I COULDN'T ASK YOU TO--

BRUCE, PLEASE, FOR BOTH OUR SAKES, DON'T ARGUE WITH ME!

AND SO...

SO LONG, MATT. AND THANKS. THANKS FOR EVERYTHING.

GOODBYE, BRUCE. GOOD LUCK...

IT HELPED ME, TALKING TO MATT. I FEEL GOOD. AND I'LL FEEL EVEN BETTER ONCE I'M OUT OF NEW YORK.

IF SOMETHING SHOULD HAPPEN TO SEND THE HULK ON A RAMPAGE HERE--

--BUT NOTHING WILL HAPPEN. NOT IF I JUST TAKE IT EASY AND DO THIS BY THE NUMBERS. MY BEST BET IS TO TAKE THE SUBWAY TO PORT AUTHORITY, THEN GRAB THE FIRST GREYHOUND WEST.

THE HULK WAS CREATED THERE, IN THE DESERT, A TORTURED, UNCOMPREHENDING, AND AWESOMELY POWERFUL CHILD OF THE ATOM.

I DESIGNED THE GAMMA BOMB THAT ACCIDENTALLY GAVE HIM LIFE WHEN I WAS EXPOSED TO ITS RADIATION. SOMEDAY, I'LL FIND A WAY TO REVERSE THE PROCESS... TO GIVE HIM THE PEACE HE SO DESPERATELY CRAVES.

I WISH I COULD HANDLE MY HANDICAP AS WELL AS MATT HANDLES HIS. HE LOST HIS SIGHT, BUT BECAUSE OF THE HULK, I'VE LOST EVERYTHING. THE WOMAN I LOVE, MY CAREER...

EVEN MY HUMANITY.

BUT IF IT'S HUMANITY BRUCE WANTS, HE FINDS PLENTY AS THE #6 LOCAL SCREECHES TO A HALT, AND THE RUSH HOUR CROWD ELBOWS HIM ONTO AN ALREADY PACKED CAR.

THE TRIP DOWNTOWN SHOULD ONLY TAKE TWENTY MINUTES, TOPS.

BUT IT SEEMS A LIFETIME.

KOFF KOFF

EXCUSE ME, WOULD YOU MIND TURNING THAT RADIO DOWN?

YEAH, I DO MIND... 'CAUSE THEN I GOTTA LISSEN TO CREEPS LIKE YOU!

QUIT SHOVIN'!

FIIIIFTY-NINTH AND LEXINGTON... :SKRIKK: ... CHANGE HERE... :SKRIKK:...

OWW!

LET ME OFF, PLEASE!

DAILY BUGLE

HULK IN N.Y.

I'VE GOT TO GET OFF...

PLEASE..

STOP!

WHERE IS *HULK*, NOW? WHAT IS THIS PLACE?

LET HULK *OUT* OF HERE!

BUT THE ONLY ANSWER HE GETS IS THE IMPATIENT SNARL OF CARS, BUSES AND CABS ALONG A SUDDENLY IMPASSABLE LEXINGTON AVENUE.

C'MON! MOVE IT UP THERE! TRAFFIC GETS WORSE EVERY DAY!

IT'S ENOUGH TO DRIVE A GUY CRAZY!

OH, NO! I CAN HEAR PEOPLE RUNNING, SHOUTING IN FEAR! AND THAT OVERPOWERING HEARTBEAT...

ALL BRUCE WANTED WAS A CHANCE TO GET SAFELY OUT OF NEW YORK, BUT HE OBVIOUSLY DIDN'T MAKE IT.

AND NEITHER DID THE HULK.

POK POK

QUICKLY PAYING HIS FARE, MATT SLIPS UNSEEN AND UNSEEING INTO THE SHADOWS OF A SPRAWLING METROPOLIS THAT HAS AWAKENED TO A NIGHTMARE.

THE MAN-CREATURE THAT MOMENTS AGO WAS DR. ROBERT BRUCE BANNER BELLOWS HIS DEMAND AT THE TOP OF HIS LUNGS... AND THE END OF HIS PATIENCE.

TAK

A RAMPAGING NIGHT-MARE CALLED--

THE HULK!

WHAT DO YOU WANT, HULK?

BANNER! HULK WILL NOT LEAVE THE CITY UNTIL HULK FINDS BANNER!

RUN!

...EVACUATE THE AREA! WE'LL NEED RIOT SQUADS, FIRETRUCKS, AND AMBU-LANCES!

YEAH, DARE-DEVIL'S HERE, BUT YOU'D BETTER CON-TACT THE AVENGERS. WHAT?! YOU CAN'T? THEY AREN'T? AND THE FANTASTIC FOUR'S OUTTA TOWN, TOO?

YEAH, RIGHT. I'LL DO WHAT I CAN...

BANNER TORMENTS HULK, LITTLE MAN!

NO, YOU TOR-MENT YOURSELF. PLEASE, CALM DOWN BEFORE SOMEONE GETS HURT.

BLAM MM

SO, LITTLE MAN, YOU TRIED TO TRICK HULK! ALL YOU KNOW IS HOW TO HURT!

BLAM

BLAM

BUT HULK CAN HURT, TOO! YOU TAUGHT HULK HOW! BANNER TAUGHT HULK HOW, TOO! AND NOW HULK IS THROUGH RUNNING!

BLAM BLAM

BLAM

KLIK KLIK KLIK

HULK, NO!

HE DIDN'T MEAN TO HURT YOU. NOBODY MEANT TO HURT YOU. ESPECIALLY NOT BANNER.

SHUT UP!

LITTLE MAN IS JUST LIKE BANNER! ALL HUMANS ARE JUST LIKE BANNER!

HULK, BELIEVE ME, YOU CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS SOONER OR LATER YOU'LL HAVE TO FACE THE TRUTH. WE'RE ONLY TRYING TO HELP YOU.

THWAKK-K-K-

HULK DOES NOT BELIEVE YOU, LITTLE MAN.

YOU SAY YOU WANT TO HELP HULK, BUT ALL YOU DO IS TRY TO HURT HULK!

GO AWAY, LITTLE MAN! GO AWAY AND LEAVE HULK ALONE!

OHHHHH...

N-NOTHING... I COULD... DO. HULK'S TOO STRONG... TOO BRUTAL. LUCKY ... TO BE... ALIVE...

TRIED MY BEST ...TO STOP HULK. BEST WASN'T... GOOD ENOUGH.

IF I QUIT NOW, NOBODY WOULD BLAME ME... NOBODY WOULD EVEN KNOW...

NOBODY... EXCEPT ME. I'D ALWAYS KNOW THAT I'D BACKED DOWN... THAT I RAN...

HULK IS *TIRED* OF RUNNING!

HULK WILL STAY IN THIS CITY UNTIL HULK FINDS BANNER!

YOU CAN'T HIDE FROM HULK *FOREVER*, BANNER! IF HULK HAS TO, HULK WILL *DESTROY* CITY! BUT HULK WILL FIND--

KRAKOOM!

WHERE ARE YOU, BANNER?

--YOU?!

HUH! IT'S NOT BANNER! JUST A LITTLE MAN WHO TRIED TO HURT THE HULK WITH BIG MACHINE!

HULK HATES MACHINES!

BANNER TRIED TO HURT HULK WITH MACHINES!

HULK HATES BANNERRRR!

THE HULK'S GONE BERSERK! WHY DOESN'T DAREDEVIL CLEAR OUTTA THERE? WHAT SORT OF MAN IS HE TO DARE TO STAND UP TO THAT... THAT MONSTER?

HEY, LADY! GET BACK HERE!

SOMEBODY STOP THAT WOMAN!

MATT!

THAT'S HEATHER GLENN, MURDOCK'S GIRL! BUT WHAT DID SHE JUST SAY... MATT?!

FOR THE PAST TWENTY YEARS, BEN URICH HAS BEEN A DEPENDABLE, IF UNSPECTACULAR, REPORTER FOR THE DAILY BUGLE...

...BUT FOR THE PAST FEW WEEKS HE HAS BEEN CAREFULLY ASSEMBLING THE MYRIAD PIECES OF THE BIGGEST EXCLUSIVE OF HIS CAREER.

TODAY, WITH A SINGLE WORD, HIS JOURNALISTIC PUZZLE HAS BEEN COMPLETED.

LADY, IF THERE WAS ANYTHING I COULD DO, I'D BE DOIN' IT!

PLEASE...DO SOMETHING BEFORE THAT THING KILLS MA--!

HULK...

...IN THE NAME OF GOD...

...LISTEN TO REASON!

DESTROYING NEW YORK WON'T SOLVE ANYTHING!

YOU WON'T FIND BANNER THAT WAY!

YOU CAN'T FIND BANNER THAT WAY!

DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND?

YOU ARE BANNER!

NO!

BANNER MADE THE HULK A MONSTER AND HULK WILL FIND HIM, EVEN IF IT TAKES FOREVER!

FOR MAN AND MONSTER ALIKE, EVENTS COME FULL CIRCLE...

...RETURNING, IN THE END, TO THE BLIND ALLEY WHERE THEY BEGAN...

HULK...:KOFF:... YOU WON'T FIND BANNER...:KOFF: ...THIS WAY.

YOU CAN'T...:KOFF:... FIND BANNER THIS WAY.

NOW

...AND... :KOFF:... I WANT TO HELP YOU.

...BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO *TRUST* ME

THE POLICE... THE AUTHORITIES... I-I WANT TO HELP THEM UNDERSTAND ...:KOFF:...

THEN DAREDEVIL STAGGERS BACKWARD, HIS CHEST BURNS AS IF IT'S ON FIRE AND AGONY BLURS HIS RADAR-SENSE.

THE WORLD SEEMS TO LURCH DRUNKENLY BENEATH HIM AND THE LAST THING HE SENSES...

...IS A DARK AND HULKING FIGURE, LOOMING OVER HIM LIKE THE SHADOW OF DEATH...

MEDIC!

OVER HERE! HURRY! DAREDEVIL'S HAVING TROUBLE BREATHING! I THINK HIS RIBS ARE BROKEN... HE'S IN SHOCK!

HE DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE! NOT AGAINST THE HULK! BUT HE DIDN'T BACK DOWN, EITHER. HE LAID HIS LIFE ON THE LINE FOR THIS TOWN!

NO WONDER HE'S CALLED THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

ANYBODY SEE WHERE THE HULK WENT?

"YEAH, I DID! HE STALKED RIGHT PAST ME! HE'S PROBABLY MILES FROM HERE BY NOW! AND I'LL NEVER FORGET THE LOOK ON HIS FACE...

AAAA

ARRRR

R!

"...LIKE HE'D JUST LOST HIS ONLY FRIEND..."

EPILOGUE

THE HOURS DRAG SLOWLY BY AS DAREDEVIL LIES IN BELLVIEW HOSPITAL'S INTENSIVE CARE UNIT, FIGHTING FOR HIS LIFE...

KLAK KLIK KLAK KLIK

...AND BEN URICH BENDS OVER HIS BATTERED TYPEWRITER, WRESTLING WITH A DEADLINE...

BEN, IT'S LATE. CAN'T THAT WAIT UNTIL TOMORROW?

NO, DARLING, IT CAN'T YOU GO ON TO BED...

I WON'T BE LONG...

Few people remember battling Jack Murdock now. He was a second-rate boxer who lived and died in an era of second-rate boxers. All he wanted was a shot at the top. Instead, he was shot in the back. It was his murder that prompted his son, Matthew, to become Daredevil...

NEXT: THE DAREDEVIL EXPOSÉ!

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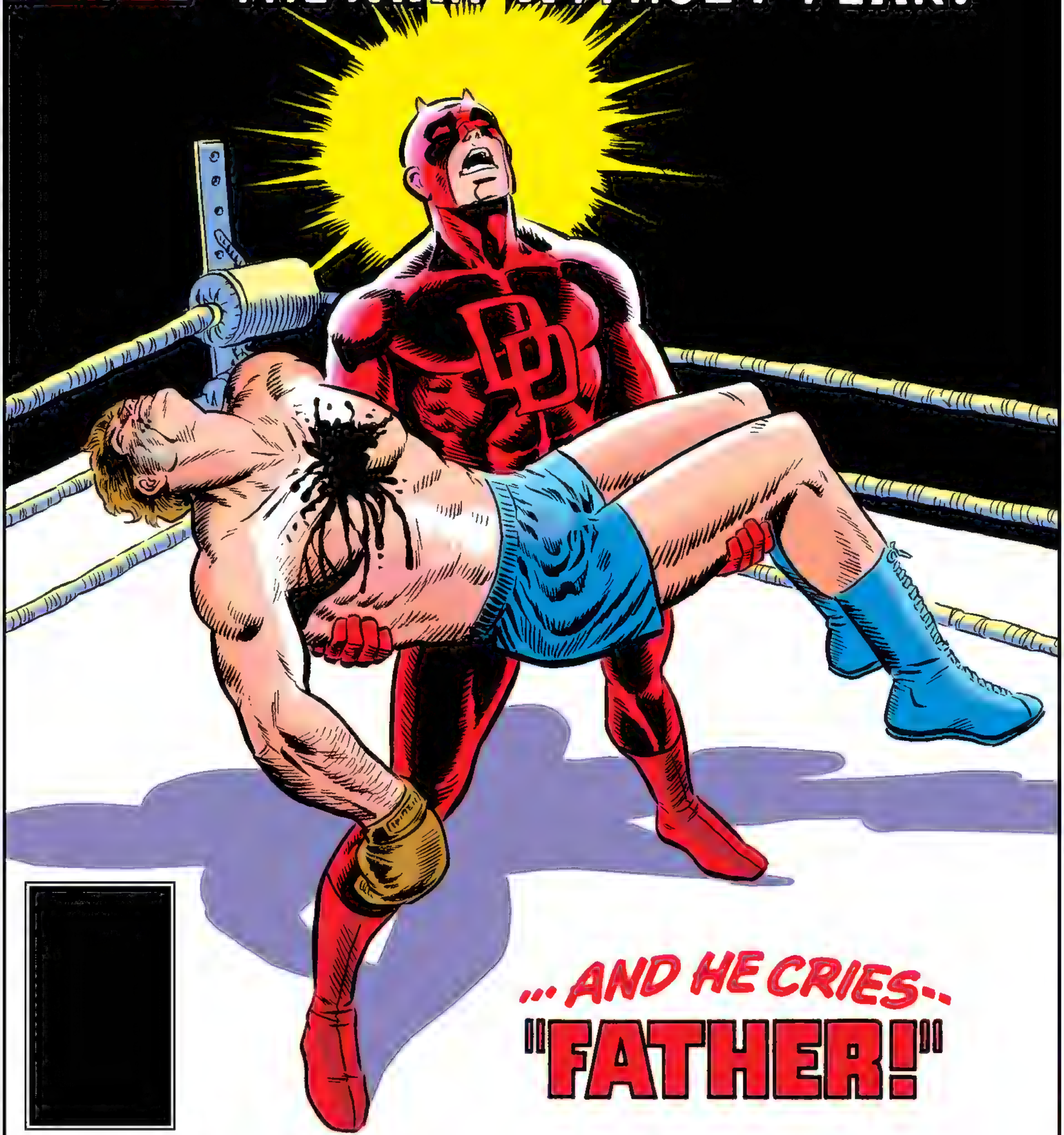
DAREDEVIL®

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!



... AND HE CRIES..

"FATHER!"

He dwells in eternal night—but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents other men cannot perceive. Though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind*, his other senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! He stalks the streets by night, a red-garbed foe of evil!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!®

EXPOSÉ

NATASHA, IF THERE'S ANYTHING WE CAN DO...
DAILY BUGLE
DAREDEVIL BATTLES HULK
Man Without Fear Hospitalized — Condition
The mysterious, red-clad figure known as Daredevil was to City Hospital early to- a battle with the
According to witnesses Hulk escaped by bou over rooftops in the di of the Jersey shore.
The incident begar sources say, when encountered the H

Roger McKenzie
WRITER

Frank Miller
ARTIST

Klaus Janson
INKER

John Costanza
LETTERER

Glynis Wein
COLORIST

Denny O'Neil
EDITOR

Jim Shooter - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Doctors Hopeful for DD

(AP)Bellevue spokeman, Dr. Nicholas Man, says that Daredevil, the Man Without Fear, has pulled through the critical phase of his [illegible] and, with

MS. ROMANOFF, IF THERE IS ANYTHING LUKE OR I CAN DO...

WHAT BEN'S TRYING TO SAY IS IF THERE'S ANYTHING WE CAN DO...

LISSEN, WIDDER, I AIN'T AS GOOD AS STRETCH AT MAKIN' FANCY SPEECHES BUT--

'Man Without Fear' off Critical List

Condition Stable, Says Hospital Spokesman...

(AP)Daredevil will be back on the streets in a few minutes [illegible] led the aging space cad[illegible] appearances at the [illegible] mover, a Cuis[illegible] eball bat

Daredevil Will Leave Hospital Tomorrow

(AP) Daredevil, the Man With 'incredible, but true', he is oft indicating a strong upsurge of t going to do next

THE HULK REALLY DID A NUMBER ON ME, DIDN'T HE?

THAT'S OVER AND DONE WITH, MATT.

ALL THAT MATTERS *NOW* IS THE FUTURE.

OUR FU--

HEY! YOU CAN'T GO IN THERE!

YOU HEARD NURSE WILLOW, MISTER--?

URICH. BEN URICH. I'M A REPORTER FOR THE BUGLE AND I *HAVE* TO TALK TO DAREDEVIL... ALONE!

NO, YOU HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE--

IT'S OK, NATASHA. I KNOW BEN.

WELL, IF YOU'RE SURE IT'S ALL RIGHT...

AND, AFTER THE BLACK WIDOW AND NURSE WILLOW HAVE LEFT...

WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND, BEN?

A STORY, DAREDEVIL. A VERY *SPECIAL* STORY... ABOUT YOU!

THAT'S AWFULLY FLATTERING, BEN, BUT MY CAREER IS PRETTY MUCH PUBLIC RECORD--

IT'S A BIT MORE *PERSONAL* THAN THAT. IT'S THE STORY OF A LONELY LITTLE BOY BLINDED BY A FREAK ACCIDENT.

AND IT'S THE STORY OF HOW HE OVERCAME HIS HANDICAP TO BECOME A SUCCESSFUL LAWYER *AND* A MAN WITHOUT FEAR.

NOW JUST A MINUTE, BEN! YOU CAN'T SERIOUSLY BELIEVE I'M--

IT'S *YOUR* STORY, MATTHEW MURDOCK, AND I CAN *PROVE* IT!

WELL, IF YOU'RE *NOT* MATT MURDOCK AND IF YOU'RE *NOT* BLIND, JUST DESCRIBE THIS PHOTOGRAPH TO ME AND I'LL LEAVE. I'LL FORGET THE WHOLE THING.

PHOTO--? BEN, I...I REALLY DON'T FEEL LIKE PLAYING GAMES.

I'M NOT MATT MURDOCK, I'M *CERTAINLY* NOT BLIND--

--AND I DON'T SEE WHY I HAVE TO PROVE *ANY-THING* TO YOU.

IT'S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS... WHO I AM.

IT'S...

...IT'S...

...IT'S *TRUE*...

AND THIS MAN, "BATTLIN" JACK MURDOCK--?

DAD. HE WAS THE GREATEST.

I REMEMBER...

BUT I WANT TO GO OUT AND PLAY NOW, POP! I CAN STUDY LATER!

NO, MATT, YOUR HOME-WORK COMES FIRST. I *PROMISED* YOUR MOMMA BEFORE SHE... BEFORE SHE DIED... THAT I WOULDN'T LET YOU GROW UP TO BE AN UNEDUCATED PUG LIKE ME.

NOW *YOU* HAVE TO PROMISE ME SOMETHING, SON. PROMISE ME YOU'LL STUDY EVERY CHANCE YOU GET, THAT YOU'LL BECOME A DOCTOR OR A LAWYER... SOMEBODY IMPORTANT! PROMISE ME YOU'LL BE SOMEBODY *I* NEVER COULD...

I PROMISE, POP! YOU'LL BE PROUD OF ME! YOU'LL SEE...

WE DID IT! WE WON!

IF ONLY POP WOULD LET *ME* TRY OUT FOR THE TEAM...

BUT I CAN'T GO AGAINST HIS WISHES-- NOT AFTER ALL HIS SACRIFICES. I'VE GOT TO BE THE SON HE *WANTS* ME TO BE!

HEY, IT'S "DAREDEVIL" MURDOCK! WHAT'S YOUR HURRY?

GOTTA RUN HOME AN' STUDY SOME MORE 'FORE IT GITS DARK?

HA! HA! HA! GOOD OL' DAREDEVIL... SCARED 'A THE DARK!

"IT WASN'T EASY, BEN, GROWING UP IN HELL'S KITCHEN, THE ONLY SON OF BATTLIN' MURDOCK. I GUESS EVERYONE JUST SORT OF EXPECTED ME TO BE A FIGHTER, TOO...

THEY LAUGHED AT ME! THEY THINK I'M A COWARD, BUT SOMEDAY I'LL SHOW THEM HOW WRONG THEY ARE! I--HEY!

THAT'S AN IDEA--! WHY DON'T I DO THIS EVERY DAY... JUST TO KEEP IN SHAPE?!

"BUT NO MATTER HOW HARD I TRAINED IN THE MONTHS THAT FOLLOWED--

"--I NEVER FORGOT THE PROMISE I'D MADE DAD...

HOW'S IT GOIN', SON?

STRAIGHT A'S, POP! I'VE BEEN HITTING THE BOOKS HARD AS YOU HIT YOUR OPPONENTS!

"BUT LATER I LEARNED DAD WASN'T HITTING MUCH OF ANYTHING...

"...EXCEPT THE SKIDS...

JACK, I'M YOUR FRIEND AN' I'M BEGGIN' YA TO STEAR CLEAR'A SWEENEY! YOU KNOW THAT CROOK'S REP AS A MANAGER!

ALL I KNOW IS BOXIN', KO, AND I HAVEN'T LANDED A FIGHT IN WEEKS!

JUST LOOKIT ME! I'M GETTIN' OLD AND I'M GETTIN' SLOW. I'M A HAS-BEEN. WE BOTH KNOW THAT.

AIN'T NO LEGIT MANAGER WILLIN' TO TAKE A CHANCE ON ME ANYMORE, BUT I GOTTA KEEP ON FIGHTIN 'TILL MATT FINISHES COLLEGE!

I OWE HIM THAT...

I DON'T OWE YOU A THING, MURDOCK!

I TOLD YOU TEN YEARS AGO YOU'D COME CRAWLIN' TO ME ON YOUR KNEES ONE DAY!

HE'S A BUM, FIXER. ALWAYS BEEN A BUM, IF YOU ASK ME!

WELL, I DIDN'T, SLADE, SO KEEP YOUR TRAP SHUT!

JACKIE BOY HERE COULD BE THE NEXT HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPEEN...

...WITH THE RIGHT MANAGER, OF COURSE!

HOW'S ABOUT IT, JACKIE BOY? YOU READY TO SIGN WITH THE FIXER?

I'M READY.

NOT SO FAST, JACKIE BOY.

Johnathan M.

"SWEENEY WAS NOTHING BUT TRASH, BEN.

"JUST LIKE THE RADIOACTIVE GUNK THE ARMY USED TO TRANSPORT THROUGH NEW YORK AT THE TIME.

"THEY HAD PREPARED FOR EVERY POSSIBLE CONTINGENCY."

"EXCEPT ONE.

MY RECRUITER DIDN'T TELL ME I'D BE RIDIN' HERD ON NO *ATOMIC BOMB!*

IT AIN'T A BOMB... ONLY THE STUFF THAT GOES INSIDE...

H-HEY!

WHAT'S WRONG, SARGE?

I... DUNNO. BAD CRAMP IN MY CHEST...

I CAN'T... *BREATHE--!*

IT HURTS!

SCREEEEEEEEEE

"I REMEMBER WATCHING IN HORROR AS THE TRUCK SKIDDED OUT OF CONTROL TOWARD A HELPLESS OLD BLIND MAN.

EEEEEEEEE

"I WOKE TO A HOSPITAL... AND DAD--

SON, THAT WAS A BRAVE THING YOU DID. I JUST HOPE... SOMEDAY... I CAN MAKE YOU AS *PROUD* OF ME AS I AM OF YOU...

"MY REHABILITATION WAS A SLOW, PAINFUL, AND AT TIMES FRUSTRATING ORDEAL. I DON'T THINK I COULD HAVE MADE IT WITHOUT THE LOVE AND SUPPORT OF PEOPLE LIKE DAD--

"--OR MY COLLEGE ROOMIE, FOGGY NELSON. THEY NEVER LET ME DOWN. NOT ONCE.

"AND, BEN, BECAUSE OF THE ACCIDENT, I WAS MORE DETERMINED THEN *EVER* TO GET MY LAW DEGREE. TO PROVE I COULD *STILL* BE A HUMAN BEING... DESPITE MY HANDICAP.

MATT, YOU OL' HOUND DOG, HOW DO YOU DO IT? I STUDY LIKE A DEMON, BUT *YOU* JUST BREEZE ALONG WITH TOP GRADES!

POP DESERVES THE CREDIT, FOGGY. HE HAD ME STUDY SO HARD WHEN I WAS YOUNGER THAT IT ALL SEEMS TO COME *EASY* FOR ME NOW.

AND I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF THE *RADIATION* I ABSORBED DOESN'T HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH IT.

I'LL ALWAYS BE BLIND-- *NOTHING* CAN CHANGE THAT--BUT MY REMAINING SENSES ARE RAZOR SHARP.

"MY *TOUCH* IS SO SENSITIVE I CAN 'READ' AN ORDINARY NEWSPAPER BY FEELING THE FAINT IMPRESSIONS OF THE INK.

"AND I NEVER FORGET A SCENT ONCE I SMELL IT. I CAN RECOGNIZE ANY GIRL BY THE PERFUME SHE WEARS... ANY MAN BY HIS AFTERSHAVE.

"I CAN HEAR THE FAINTEST WHISPER, EVEN A PERSON'S HEARTBEAT.

"AND MY SENSE OF *TASTE* IS SO ACUTE I CAN EVEN TELL HOW MANY GRAINS OF SALT ARE ON A PRETZEL.

"BUT MOST IMPORTANT IS A SORT OF '*RADAR-SENSE*'. I CAN'T EXPLAIN IT--

"--BUT IT GUIDES ME UNERRINGLY THROUGH A WORLD OF DARKNESS, BEN.

SAY, SON... WANT ANY *HELP* CROSSING THE STREET?

NO THANKS, I CAN MAKE IT.

BUT, MATT, *WHY* DID YOU BECOME DAREDEVIL?

I THINK YOU ALREADY *KNOW* THE ANSWER TO THAT, BEN.

JUSTICE.

BLIND JUSTICE.

"WHILE I WAS FINISHING MY SCHOOLING, DAD'S CAREER WAS TAKING A SURPRISING TURN...

MURDOCK UPSETS SIMS

MURDOCK K.O.'S GAL IN FIVE

MIDDLE-AGED SENSATIO YES 10TH STRAIG

JACKIE BOY, YOU BEEN WORKIN' TOO HARD. YOU OUGHT'A TAKE IT EASY. REAL EASY.

SO EASY YOU *LOSE* YOUR NEXT FIGHT, KNOW WHAT I MEAN?

WHY, YOU LOUSY LITTLE--! I *NEVER* THREW A FIGHT IN MY LIFE!

I SURE AS HELL AIN'T GONNA START NOW!

JACKIE BOY, YOU EITHER TAKE A DIVE...

...OR YOU'RE A *DEAD MAN!*

MAN, OH, MAN! LISTEN TO THIS, MATT! IT SAYS IN THE PAPERS YOUR FATHER JUST SIGNED TO FIGHT ROCKY DAVIS AT THE GARDEN NEXT MONTH--

--AND THE WINNER'S *GUARANTEED* A SHOT AT THE CHAMP! WANNA GO?

SHOWDOWN AT THE GARDEN!

BATTLIN' MURDOCK

FOGGY, I WOULDN'T *MISS* IT FOR THE WORLD!

"MADISON SQUARE GARDEN WAS PACKED THAT NIGHT, BEN.

DING!

"AND IF THE CROWD EXPECTED A BLOODBATH...

"...THEY WEREN'T DISAPPOINTED."

EVERLAST

GIT 'IM, MURDOCK!

ROCKYYY! ROCKYYY!

YOU'RE NOTHIN', OLD MAN!

YOU BEEN A NOTHIN' ALL YOUR LIFE!

AN' YOU'LL GO ON BEIN' A NOTHIN', OLD MAN...

...TILL THE DAY YOU DIE!

GIT UP, MURDOCK! YOU CAN DO IT!

ONE... TWO...

ROCKYYY! ROCKYYY!

...THREE... FOUR...

DO YOUR-SELF A FAVOR, JACKIE BOY, AN' STAY DOWN--

...FIVE... SIX...

--'CAUSE THIS FIGHT AIN'T *FIXED* LIKE THE OTHERS YOU WON!

...SEVEN... EIGHT...

THAT AIN'T TRUE... AN' EVEN IF IT *IS*-- YOU CAN GO TO HELL--!

...NINE...

I AIN'T AFRAID 'A YOU...

...AND I DAMN SURE *AIN'T* GONNA LOSE THIS BOUT!

THIS IS MY ONE CHANCE... MAYBE MY *LAST* CHANCE...

...TO MAKE MATT *PROUD* OF ME!

I WON'T LET *HIM* DOWN! I WON'T!

THIS ONE'S FOR YOU, MATT!

"DAD WON THE FIGHT.

BLAM

"BUT HE LOST HIS LIFE...

THIS ONE'S FOR YOU, BUM!

EASY, SON--

--THERE'S NOTHIN' YOU CAN DO, MATT. CAN'T NOBODY DO NOTHIN'!

HELL, MATT, YOU THINK I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU FEEL? YOU THINK I DON'T HURT, TOO?

JACK AN' ME, WE WENT BACK A LONG WAYS.

I TOLD 'IM NOT TO MESS WITH SWEENEY.

I'M TELLIN' YOU THE SAME THING. SWEENEY'S A KILLER, MATT.

JUST GIVE IT UP.

POP NEVER GAVE UP, KO.

NEITHER WILL I.

LATER...

HURRY AN' DEAL, PORKY, WE AIN'T GOT ALL NIGHT. THE FIXER'LL BE HERE ANY MINNIT WITH OUR PAYOFF!

FOGWELL'S GYM

CUT ME SOME SLACK, STYMIE! I DON'T HURRY FOR NOBODY!

WHO YOU TRYIN' TO KID? WHEN SWEENEY SNAPS HIS FAT LITTLE FINGERS WE ALL--

KRASH

--JUMP!?

WHO THE--?

FIXER?

NO.

PAL, I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE, BUT IF YOU'RE LOOKIN' FOR TROUBLE YOU CAME TO THE RIGHT PL--

THAK

KRAK

WHAT THE--

YOU'RE THROUGH, FIXER!

WH-WHO THE HELL WAS THAT?

BEATS ME.

BUT HE'S GONE. AND SO'S OUR LOOT!

--DEVIL--?

WELL, FIND 'IM, YOU BIG APE! FIND 'IM... THEN *WASTE* 'IM...

...JUST LIKE YOU WASTED MUR--

HEY--! WHO TURNED OUT THE LIGHTS?

I THINK... *HE* DID!

YOU OWE ME, SWEENEY.

YOU OWE ME MORE THAN YOU COULD EVER KNOW.

I'M HERE TO COLLECT, SWEENEY.

IT'S TIME TO PAY THE DEVIL HIS DUE!

IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO SHUT UP, LITTLE MAN! I'M GONNA HURT YOU.

BAD.

I GOTTA GIT OUTTA HERE!

NO, SLADE.

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO HURT ANYONE.

NOT EVER AGAIN!

O-OK! OK! THAT'S... ENOUGH! JUST DON'T... HIT ME... NO MORE! P-PLEASE--

GOD... MY *HEART* FEELS LIKE... IT'S GONNA BUST! I GOTTA STOP... GOTTA REST!

I NEED... TIME TO THINK!

I SHOULD BE... SAFE... IN THE SUBWAY!

SWEENEY

N-NOBODY... COULD'A FOLLOWED ME...

END OF THE LINE, SWEENEY.

NO...

... NO...

...NO...

...NO...

Y-YOU AIN'T HUMAN!

YOU'RE A... DEVIL...

A... A...

...DEVIL...

THIS ONE'S FOR *YOU*, DAD...

SO THAT'S HOW MY CAREER BEGAN.

BUT, BEN, IT'S AS GOOD AS *OVER* IF YOU PRINT THIS STORY.

I KNOW THAT. AND I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN TO THIS TOWN.

BUT I'M A REPORTER, MATT, AND I KNOW WHAT THIS STORY MEANS TO ME.

THIS IS PROBABLY THE *HARDEST* THING I'VE EVER HAD TO DO, BUT...

...THIS ONE'S FOR *YOU*, MATT...

NEXT: *THE* ARMS OF THE OCTOPUS!

SPECIAL BONUS PIN-UP!

AN UNPUBLISHED VERSION OF THE COVER TO *DAREDEVIL #164* BY MILLER-JANSON!

40¢ CC

165 JULY 02459

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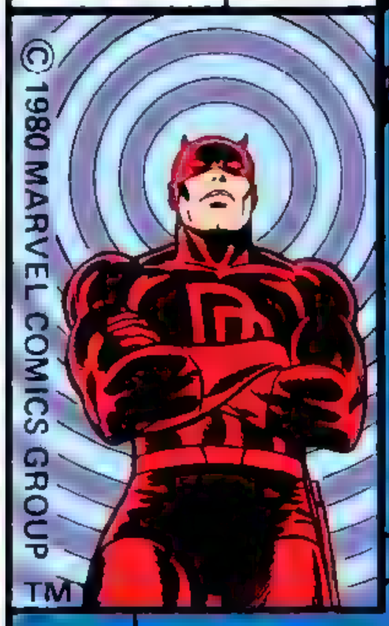

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DAREDEVIL®

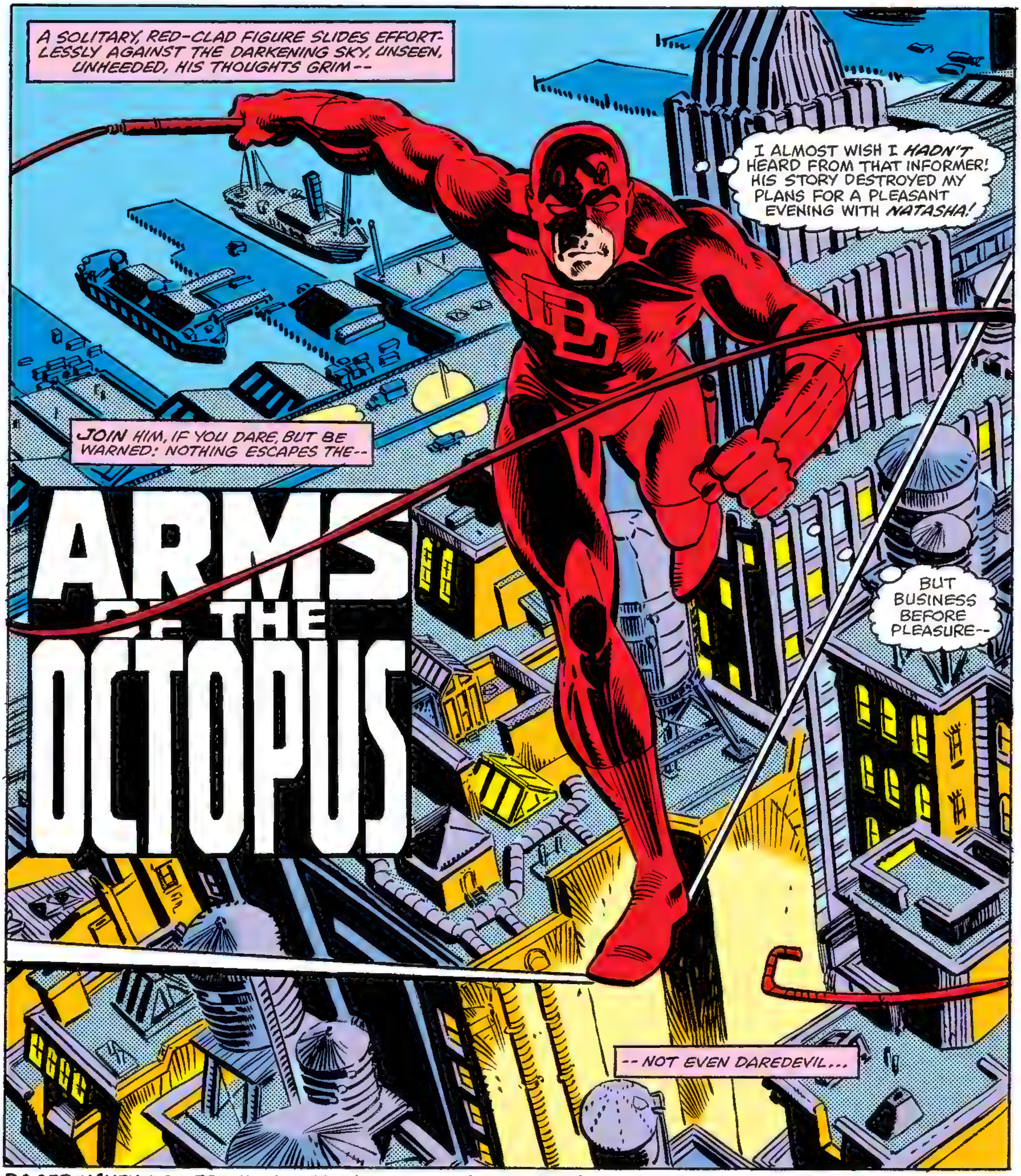
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

MILLER JANSON

He dwells in eternal night—but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents other men cannot perceive. Though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind*, his other senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! He stalks the streets by night, a red-garbed foe of evil!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!®

HIGH ABOVE THE BUSTLING CANYONS OF MANHATTAN THIS COOL MARCH EVENING, THE NOISE OF RUSH-HOUR TRAFFIC IS ONLY A DISTANT ECHO...


A SOLITARY, RED-CLAD FIGURE SLIDES EFFORTLESSLY AGAINST THE DARKENING SKY, UNSEEN, UNHEEDED, HIS THOUGHTS GRIM--
I ALMOST WISH I HADN'T HEARD FROM THAT INFORMER! HIS STORY DESTROYED MY PLANS FOR A PLEASANT EVENING WITH NATASHA!
JOIN HIM, IF YOU DARE, BUT BE WARNED: NOTHING ESCAPES THE--
ARMS OF THE OCTOPUS
BUT BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE--
-- NOT EVEN DAREDEVIL...

ROGER McKENZIE & FRANK MILLER — *SCRIPT / CO-PLOTTERS / PENCILS*
KLAUS JANSON — *INKS*
JOE ROSEN — *LETTERING*
BOB SHAREN — *COLORING*
DENNY O'NEIL — *EDITOR*
JIM SHOOTER — *EDITOR IN CHIEF*

WELCOME TO JOSIE'S, A SMALL, SLEAZY BAR...

...FILLED WITH SMALL, SLEAZY MEN.

PIKE, YOU'RE SLOWER'N A ONE-ARMED GRAVEDIGGER.

YOU GONNA SHOOT OR NOT?

BETTER'N THAT, DUNDEE, I'M FLAT-OUT GONNA RUN THE TABLE!

ONE PARTICULARLY SLEAZY SPECIMEN IS JOSEPH "WALL-EYED" PIKE, A SECOND-RATE SECOND-STORY OPERATOR... NUMBERS RUNNER...

...AND OCCASIONAL POOL HUSTLER.

SPAK

EIGHT BALL INNA CORNER POCKET!

SPEAKING OF EIGHT BALLS...

...I WANT TO TALK TO YOU, PIKE.

HUH--? WHAZZAT? WHO'S THE WISE GUY?

A SHIPMENT OF ADAMANTIUM WAS STOLEN FROM A PITTSBURGH FOUNDRY LAST WEEK.

I HEARD IT'S BEING SMUGGLED INTO NEW YORK, AND WORD ON THE STREET SAYS *YOU* DEAL IN SMUGGLED GOODS.

ESPECIALLY WHEN THOSE GOODS HAPPEN TO BE A METAL ALLOY THAT'S A HUNDRED TIMES MORE PRECIOUS THAN DIAMONDS... AND A THOUSAND TIMES HARDER.

BETTER PLAY BALL WITH ME, PIKE. ADAMANTIUM'S INDESTRUCTIBLE. YOU'RE NOT.

S-SURE... JUST TAKE IT EASY! GIMME TIME TO THINK!

QUIT STALLING, PIKE. I WANT ANSWERS... NOT A KNIFE IN THE BACK.

ANY WAY YOU CUT IT, EIGHT BALL...

...YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A BORN LOSER!

THAT'S IT, BIG MAN! YOU KEEP TALKIN'...

...I'LL KEEP RUNNIN'!

AND WHERE I'M RUNNIN' CAN'T NOBODY FIND ME!

NOT EVEN YOU!

I KNOW THESE STREETS LIKE THE BACK'A MY HAND!

I BETTER HEAD UP-TOWN...

...AND WARN FLAP-JACK AND THE OTHERS.

RIPPIN' OFF STOLEN PROPERTY'S ONE THING.

BUT MESSIN' WITH DAREDEVIL...

...THAT'S TROUBLE!

BIG TROUBLE! DAREDEVIL'S WISE TO US!

DAREDEVIL!?

NO PROBLEM. WE CAN HANDLE HIM.

WELL I DON'T LIKE IT. I SAY WE STEP OUR TIMETABLE UP, JUST TO BE SAFE!

PIKE'S RIGHT. THE STUFF'S DUE TO ARRIVE TOMORRA NIGHT. WE BETTER MAKE OUR MOVE--

--*BEFORE* IT REACHES GLENN INDUSTRIES!

WHAT?

FOR A MOMENT, DAREDEVIL CROUCHES UNMOVING IN THE DARKNESS, UNABLE TO BELIEVE THE WORDS HIS SUPER-SENSITIVE EARS HAVE HEARD.

THEN, LIKE A MAN POSSESSED, HE THROWS CAUTION-- AND HIMSELF-- TO THE WIND...

...SENSING, RATHER THAN SEEING, THE STREETS OF NEW YORK FAR BELOW.

PIKE NEVER HAD THE BRAINS TO COME IN OUT OF THE RAIN, MUCH LESS TO PLAN A JOB LIKE THE ADAMANTIUM HEIST ALONE.

SO I LET HIM ESCAPE, EXPECTING HIM TO LEAD ME TO HIS ACCOMPLICES.

BUT I NEVER EXPECTED ANYTHING LIKE *THIS*.

I CAN'T BELIEVE GLENN INDUSTRIES IS KNOWINGLY INVOLVED IN ANYTHING ILLEGAL.

ESPECIALLY SINCE HEATHER GLENN JUST HAPPENS TO BE THE CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD...

...*AND* THE WOMAN I ONCE THOUGHT I'D MARRY...

KTANG

BUT ONE THING'S FOR SURE. IF SOMETHING'S WRONG I'M GOING TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF IT...

MEANWHILE, AT GLENN INDUSTRIES' MIDTOWN OFFICES...

GENTLEMEN, WE'VE GOT TO TURN GLENN INDUSTRIES AROUND.

WE'VE BEEN OPERATING IN THE RED SINCE MAXWELL GLENN'S DEATH. WE'RE NEARLY BANKRUPT.

BUT NOW I HAVE A CLIENT WHO'S WILLING-- AND ABLE-- TO LIFT US OUT OF OUR PRESENT DILEMMA!

WHO *IS* THIS CLIENT OF YOURS, MR. TUBBS?

WHAT DOES HE WANT?

HIS IDENTITY ISN'T IMPORTANT, J. B.

BUT HIS WANTS ARE SIMPLE.

HE WISHES TO PURCHASE OUR JERSEY ELECTRONICS PLANT, AND HE'S WILLING TO PAY US ENOUGH TO REMAIN SOLVENT UNTIL--

MISTER TUBBS! WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?

WHY WASN'T I INFORMED OF THIS BOARD MEETING?

MISS GLENN, WE ALL KNOW HOW HARD YOU'VE BEEN WORKING SINCE YOUR FATHER DIED.

AND WE JUST WANTED TO WANTED TO SPARE YOU NEEDLESS WORRY OVER ROUTINE BUSINESS MATTERS.

ROUTINE, AS IN DEALING IN STOLEN PROPERTY?

DAREDEVIL? WHAT ARE YOU *DOING* HERE?

WHAT... WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?

FOR HEATHER, DAREDEVIL'S WORDS BRING BACK MEMORIES... BITTER MEMORIES OF HER FATHER, MAXWELL GLENN, WRONGLY IMPRISONED FOR CRIMES HE DIDN'T COMMIT--.

--CRIMES FIRST REVEALED BY MATTHEW MURDOCK... THE BLIND ATTORNEY SHE HAD COME TO LOVE--

MR. GLENN, I'D LIKE TO CHECK YOUR COMPANY RECORDS!

--THE MAN SHE KNEW WAS DAREDEVIL--

I'VE UNCOVERED EVIDENCE OF *FRAUD*, MISS GLENN.

NO ONE KNEW THAT GLENN WAS THE VICTIM OF THE PURPLE MAN WHOSE MENTAL POWERS HAD TRAPPED HER FATHER...

I'M GUILTY. I *MUST* BE. THERE'S JUST NO OTHER ANSWER. BUT WHY DID I DO IT? WHY? IF ONLY I COULD REMEMBER... BUT I CAN'T.

THEN YOU LEAVE ME NO CHOICE.

LATER, DAREDEVIL TRIED TO PROVE GLENN'S INNOCENCE BUT COULDN'T-- NOT WITHOUT REVEALING HIS SECRET IDENTITY...

FINALLY, IN UTTER DESPERATION MAXWELL GLENN TOOK HIS OWN LIFE.

HEATHER, PLEASE. LET ME HELP YOU...

HELP? YOU DESTROYED DAD, BUT YOU *WON'T* DESTROY EVERYTHING HE WORKED FOR!

GET OUT OF HERE! JUST... GET OUT...!

HEATHER, DON'T...

CAN'T YOU SEE WHAT'S HAPPENING? THESE MEN ARE USING YOU.

THERE, THERE, MY CHILD. NO NEED TO CRY. I'LL TAKE CARE OF EVERYTHING.

IT'S WHAT YOUR FATHER WOULD HAVE WANTED.

GENTLEMEN, IF YOU'LL BE SO KIND AS TO ESCORT THIS... DEVIL...TO THE DOOR...

DON'T BOTHER.

AND THE FOLLOWING MORNING FINDS MATT'S BEST FRIEND AND LAW PARTNER, FRANKLIN "FOGGY" NELSON, HURRYING TO THEIR DOWNTOWN STOREFRONT OFFICES...

FREE LEGAL CL

ZIPPITY DO-DA! ZIPPITY YAY! MY, OH MY, WHAT A WONDERFUL DAY... ♪

...HIS MIND'S ON ANYTHING BUT WORK...

MATT, YOU OL' HOUND DOG, I WISH YOU COULD SEE WHAT I'M HOLDING IN MY HOT LITTLE HANDS!

GOT IT JUST FOR MY WEDDING NEXT WEEK.

THE LATEST IN TUXEDOES.

...SHE'S A REAL BEAUT!

HEY, DID I SAY SOMETHING WRONG?

I'M BUSY! SO JUST GET OFF MY BACK, OK?

MEANWHILE, AT GLENN INDUSTRIES...

SO *THAT'S* WHAT'S WRONG--!

BECKY, *YOU* GET ME THOSE GLENN INDUSTRIES TRANSCRIPTS.

MATT'S BEEN SNAPPING AT EVERYONE ALL MORNING. I WONDER WHAT'S WRONG?

I'M GLAD I COOLED OFF AND DECIDED TO GO OVER THESE RECORDS LIKE MATT SUGGESTED.

THE PROPOSED SALE OF OUR JERSEY BRANCH IS NOTHING BUT A FRONT FOR--

MMMFFF--!

LATER, AT MATT MURDOCK'S EASTSIDE TOWN-HOUSE, HE AND NATASHA ROMANOFF--BETTER KNOWN AS THE BLACK WIDOW--PORE OVER PUBLIC RECORDS OF GLENN INDUSTRIES HOLDINGS...

RIING

HELLO. RICO? YES, I REMEMBER YOU. YOU'RE HEATHER'S FRIEND.

HEATHER? NO, I HAVEN'T SEEN HER. WHY?

WELL, WE WERE GOIN' OUT, YOU KNOW, AFTER SHE TOOK CARE'A SOME BUSINESS AT GLENN INDUSTRIES.

ONLY SHE AIN'T SHOWED. AND, MAN, I CAN'T WAIT FOREVER FOR SOME FLIGHTY BROAD, YOU KNOW?

NATASHA, I THINK HEATHER'S IN TROUBLE. I'VE GOT TO FIND HER.

I'LL GO WITH YOU, MATT.

NO.

WHAT DID YOU SAY?

HEATHER NEEDS ME. I'M GOING ALONE.

BUT, MATT, WE'RE A TEAM. MORE THAN THAT, WE'RE--

WE'RE FRIENDS, NATASHA. THAT'S ALL WE CAN EVER BE...NOW.

YOU... YOU LOVE HER, DON'T YOU?

THEN, AT A FOG-SHROUDED NEW JERSEY WHARF...

OK, THE ADAMANTIUM'S PACKED IN THOSE CRATES! LOAD 'EM ON THE TRUCK BEFORE--

MY FINGERS!

HE LANDED RIGHT ON THE CRATE! NEARLY BROKE MY HANDS!

I BREAK HIS HEAD! LIKE TO BREAK HEAD!

GOOD TO BREAK HEAD!

TWO WORDS OF ADVICE, PORKY.

OH, NO--!

KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT...

...YOUR CHIN DOWN...

...AND MAYBE YOU'LL LIVE TO A RIPE OLD AGE.

YEAH, WELL YOU WON'T! THAT'S FOR SURE--

--EERRKK--!

HIS NAME IS OTTO OCTAVIUS AND ONCE, YEARS AGO, HE WAS A RENOWNED NUCLEAR PHYSICIST...

...UNTIL A TRAGIC ACCIDENT CHANGED HIM INTO SOMETHING OTHER THAN HUMAN.

NOW HE IS KNOWN AS DOCTOR OCTOPUS, AND HE IS INSANE--A DEADLY MADMAN WHO SLITHERS FROM THE INKY DARKNESS AND STRIKES AS SWIFTLY AND SAVAGELY AS HIS NAMESAKE...

FOOLS! CRETINS! THE ADAMANTIUM BELONGS TO ME!

INTERFERE WITH MY PLANS AND YOU WILL SURELY DIE!

DOCTOR OCTOPUS! I WASN'T EXPECTING--UNGHH--!

STRUGGLE, DAREDEVIL--!

IT WILL DO YOU NO GOOD.

YOU ARE A WORSE NUISANCE THAN THAT ACCURSED SPIDER-MAN--

--AND I WILL NOT BROOK NUISANCES!

OH, NO--I DESTROY THEM!

ARMS... TOO STRONG... CRUSHING ME... CAN'T BREAK FREE...

TOO LATE YOU LEARN NO MAN IS A MATCH FOR DOCTOR OCTOPUS

NOT EVEN SPIDER-MAN! HE HAS DEFEATED ME IN THE PAST, BUT THAT WILL SOON CHANGE!

ONLY ONE CHANCE... GOT TO GO LIMP...

A MINUTE PASSES... TWO... THREE... THEN, SLOWLY, THE MECHANICAL LIMBS OF DOCTOR OCTOPUS RELEASE THEIR DEATH-GRIP ON DAREDEVIL...

...HOLD... MY BREATH... AND HOPE... OCTOPUS... TAKES THE BAIT...

FOR THE DOCTOR GROWS IMPATIENT...

...AND SURELY DAREDEVIL HAS DROWNED...

...SURELY...

SEVERAL HUNDRED YARDS DOWN RIVER...

WHAT COULD'A HAPPENED HERE TONIGHT ANYWAY?

PIER FOURTEEN'S A WRECK AND WE GOT SEVEN BATTERED THUGS!

THERE'S YOUR ANSWER-- FLOATIN' IN THE WATER.

IT'S DAREDEVIL.

I THINK HE'S DEAD, SIR.

LIEUTENANT...

...CALL THE MORGUE...

KOFF KOFF

EASY. JUST TAKE IT EASY.

I CAN'T...

OCTOPUS MADE ONE MISTAKE. HE GAVE ME A SECOND CHANCE.

THE UNDER-WORLD CALLS HIM A DEVIL.

NOW I KNOW WHY.

SOON...

GLENN INDUSTRIES
RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT
SUTTON, NEW JERSEY

NOW YOU KNOW WHY THAT ADAMANTIUM SHIPMENT WAS SO VITAL TO MY PLANS, MY DEAR MISS GLENN...

...AND WHY THE RESOURCES OF YOUR LITTLE LAB WERE SO CRUCIAL.

WITHOUT THEM, I COULD NOT HAVE FASHIONED MY NEW ARMS.

ADAMANTIUM ARMS, MISS GLENN. EVERY BIT AS INDESTRUCTIBLE AS THE MAN THAT WILL SOON WEAR THEM!

YOU'RE INSANE--!

INSANITY, MY DEAR MISS GLENN, IS FOR LESSER MEN! WEAKER MEN! MEN LIKE DAREDEVIL AND THAT ACCURSED SPIDER-MAN!

HOW I DESPISE THE SOUND OF THAT VERY NAME! I WOULD HAVE SLAIN HIM ONCE AND FOR ALL WHEN LAST WE MET...

"...HAD NOT A TRAGIC MISCARRIAGE OF JUSTICE ALLOWED THAT FOOL TO ELUDE ME AND SENT ME, HOPELESSLY CAUGHT ON THE HATCH OF A RAPIDLY SINKING SUBMARINE, TO MY APPARENT DEATH--

"BUT DID I SAY HOPELESS? NOTHING IS HOPELESS TO DOCTOR OCTOPUS! NOTHING!

"I WRAPPED A TENTACLE TIGHTLY AROUND MY PINIONED ARM AND TUGGED WITH ALL THE POWER IN MY POSSESSION!

"IT WAS MY INTENT TO RIP THE HULL OF THE SHIP TO STEEL SHREDS AND FREE MYSELF...

"...BUT MY ARM COULDN'T STAND THE STRAIN!

"YOU CAN NOT BEGIN TO IMAGINE THE OVERWHELMING PAIN THAT FLOODED THROUGH ME THEN! I LOST CONSCIOUSNESS...

"...BUT MY REMAINING ARMS, ACTING ON MY LAST, DESPERATE, MENTAL COMMAND, LIFTED ME FROM MY WATERY GRAVE!

"LATER I RETRIEVED MY DAMAGED APPENDAGE, BUT AS I SET ABOUT TO REPAIR IT I HAD AN EVEN BETTER IDEA!"

AND TONIGHT YOU HAVE WITNESSED THE FRUITION OF THAT PLAN...

...WHICH PRESENTS ME WITH A PROBLEM. YOU KNOW FAR, FAR TOO MUCH, MY DEAR!

THEREFORE, REGRETABLY, I HAVE LITTLE CHOICE BUT TO KIL-

EH--? THE LIGHTS!

UNDOUBTEDLY A MINOR ELECTRONIC MALFUNCTION.

I HAVE BUT TO SWITCH ON THE AUXILIARY POWER. AND NOW, MY DEAR, REGARDING YOUR DEATH...

HEY--! AIN'T HE SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD?
DARE-DEVIL!
DON'T WORRY! HE *WILL* BE IF HE PLANS ON TANGLIN' WITH THE DOC!
I HEARD HEATHER'S VOICE! SHE'S ALIVE! BUT WHAT'S THE OTHER SOUND...LIKE THE WHINE OF A GENERATOR?
OCTOPUS MUST HAVE SWITCHED ON THE EMERGENCY LIGHTING. THAT MEANS I'VE LOST WHAT LITTLE ADVANTAGE I MIGHT HAVE HAD IN THE DARKNESS.
GUESS I'LL JUST HAVE TO DO THIS THE HARD WAY.
APPARENTLY I MISCALCULATED YOUR RESOURCE-FULNESS, DAREDEVIL!
REST ASSURED THAT WILL NOT HAPPEN A SECOND TIME!
SAVE YOUR THREATS, OCTOPUS.
THEY DON'T IMPRESS ME.
FOR THAT MATTER, NEITHER DO YOU.
THEN YOU ARE EVEN A BIGGER FOOL THAN SPIDER-MAN! EVEN WITHOUT MY INDESTRUCTIBLE ARMS I AM MORE THAN A MATCH FOR YOU!
YOU HEARD THE DOC! LET *HIM* HANDLE DAREDEVIL!
WE SURE AIN'T GETTIN' PAID TO!
MORE THAN ONCE I HAVE FOUGHT SPIDER-MAN TO A STANDSTILL! WHAT CHANCE COULD *YOU* POSSIBLY HAVE AGAINST ME?
THAT MADMAN'S RIGHT! HE'LL KILL MATT, UNLESS...
...I CAN HELP HIM, SOME-HOW!
HE'S MOVING TOWARD ME... TRYING TO CUT ME OFF, REDUCE MY MANEUVERA-BILITY.
AND EVEN WITH MY RADAR-SENSE IT'S DIFFICULT TO PINPOINT THE EXACT POSITION OF HIS FLAILING ARMS.
I'VE GOT TO TAKE HIM OUT QUICKLY, BEFORE HE WEARS ME DOWN.

OCTOPUS, KIDNAPPING INNOCENT PEOPLE...

...RUBS ME THE WRONG WAY.

AND WHEN I GET MAD...

...THE KID GLOVES ARE OFF!

CRETIN--! YOU *DARE* TOUCH ME?!

THERE'S *NOTHING* I WON'T DARE, OCTOPUS--!

UNGHH--! THAT HURT--! TOO MANY ARMS! EVEN WITH MY HEIGHTENED SENSES... COULDN'T DODGE THEM ALL.

OH, NO! HE SNARED ME.

GOT TO ROLL WITH PUNCH...UNTIL MY HEAD CLEARS...

PULL IS IRRESISTIBLE...

YOU ARE THROUGH, CRETIN!

THE NIGHT YOU CHALLENGED DOCTOR OCTOPUS...

...IS THE NIGHT YOU THREW YOUR LIFE AWAY!

NO--! *NO!* MATT'S BEATEN!

THEY CALL YOU THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR! BUT, BEFORE I AM DONE WITH YOU...

...YOU *WILL* KNOW FEAR!

GOT TO HURRY... IF I CAN ONLY CUT THROUGH THESE ROPES IN TIME--!

BEG, DAREDEVIL! BEG FOR YOUR MISERABLE LIFE!

HIS ARMS KEEP STRIKING CLOSER AND CLOSER TO MATT!

I AM WAITING, CRETIN! BEG

BEG!

BEG!

I DID IT! I'M FREE! BUT...IS IT TOO LATE?

LET HIM GO, MADMAN! OR, SO HELP ME, I'LL KILL YOU!

YOU...YOU *CUT* ME, WITCH!

YOU MUST SUFFER!

HE'S FORGOTTEN ABOUT ME.

IF I CAN JUST REACH MY BILLY CLUB...

GOT IT! NOW TO--

WAIT--! MY HAND JUST BRUSHED SOME HIGH VOLTAGE WIRING!

I CAN ACTUALLY FEEL THE ELECTRICITY--AND PLENTY OF IT--PULSING THROUGH THE CABLES!

AND THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!

I'VE GOT TO TAUNT THE OCTOPUS. GOAD HIM INTO STRIKING AT ME WITHOUT THINKING...WITHOUT LOOKING.

HEY, CHUBBY!

EVER CONSIDER STUFFING THOSE ARMS IN YOUR EAR?

YOU HAVE MOCKED ME FOR THE FINAL TIME!

HIGH VOLTAGE

I HAVE HAD ENOUGH OF YOUR INSULTS! DO YOU HEAR ME?

I HAVE HAD ENOUGH!

I HAVEN'T BEGUN INSULTING YOU, FAT BOY!

IT WORKED. HE'S NOT LOOKING--JUST SWINGING!

NOOOOO--!

THE ELECTRICITY! TURN IT OFF!

TURN IT OFFFFFF!

I SHOULD LET YOU FRY, OCTOPUS.

ON AUX GEN OFF

BUT THEN I'D BE NO BETTER THAN YOU.

HE'S STILL ALIVE, I CAN HEAR HIS HEARTBEAT.

HIS ARMS MUST HAVE INSULATED HIM FROM SOME OF THE VOLTAGE. BUT ONE THING'S FOR SURE. HE'S OUT--LIKE A *LIGHT.*

WHAT--? HIS ARMS ARE STILL FUNCTIONING! THEY'RE CARRYING HIM AWAY AT INCREDIBLE SPEED!

I'VE GOT TO FOLLOW HIM WHILE I STILL HAVE A CHANCE... TRY TO STOP HIM SOMEHOW.

HE'S TOO DANGEROUS TO BE ALLOWED TO REMAIN AT LARGE.

MATT...DON'T LEAVE ME.

PLEASE, NOT NOW.

HEATHER, YOU'RE HURT!

YOU RISKED YOUR LIFE FOR ME, MATT. AFTER THE WAY I'VE TREATED YOU, WHY?

YOU KNOW THE ANSWER TO THAT.

I HAD TO BE SURE, MATT. IT WASN'T DIFFICULT TO FIND YOU.

BUT IT'S SO VERY HARD TO LOSE YOU.

GOOD BYE, MATT. AND GOOD LUCK...

LOST IN THE MOMENT... AND EACH OTHER... NEITHER MATT OR HEATHER NOTICE THE ARRIVAL OF A HEART-SICK BLACK WIDOW.

DAILY [illegible]

BLACK WIDOW LEAVES NY

'Nothing To Keep Me Here,' says Natasha Romanoff

New York City lost a heroine today as Natasha Romanoff returned to her native Russia. Ms. Romanoff, better known as The Black Widow, has lived in this country for the past several years.

The dark-haired beauty was elusive when asked for the reason behind her decision. "There's just no point in remaining," she told reporters. "I have nothing to keep me here."

She declined to elaborate.

[illegible] today as Natasha Romanoff [illegible]noff, better known as [illegible] past several

NEXT THE WEDDING OF FOGGY NELSON... AND THE RETURN OF... THE GLADIATOR!

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DAREDEVIL®

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

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Stan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

TILL DEATH DO US PART!

AT LAST-- **FOGGY GETS MARRIED!** PLUS... THE RETURN OF ONE OF DD'S MOST FEARSOME FOES, THE MURDEROUS **GLADIATOR!**

IN A SPECIAL GYM THAT COMPRISES AN ENTIRE WING OF HIS UPPER EASTSIDE BROWNSTONE...

...A **VERY** SPECIAL MAN... A **BLIND** MAN... PUSHES HIMSELF THROUGH A GRUELING WORKOUT FEW **SIGHTED** MEN WOULD DARE ATTEMPT, MUCH LESS MASTER WITH SUCH BREATHTAKING SKILL.

BUT, THIS MORNING, HIS RIGOROUS TRAINING IS SUDDENLY INTERRUPTED...

MATT? MATT! ARE YOU IN HERE?

NO, DARLING. **UP** HERE.

HE IS ATTORNEY MATTHEW MURDOCK. BUT THERE ARE TIMES HE STALKS THE STREETS AS DAREDEVIL -- THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR...

...FOR, ALTHOUGH A TRAGIC ACCIDENT ROBBED HIM OF HIS VISION SEVERAL YEARS AGO, IT ALSO **HEIGHTENED** HIS REMAINING SENSES TO AN INCREDIBLE DEGREE.

BUT THEN, HE WOULD KNOW HER ANYWHERE. SHE IS, AFTER ALL, THE WOMAN HE LOVES...

SO, EVEN THOUGH HE CAN'T **SEE** HEATHER GLENN, HE KNOWS IT IS HER EVEN BEFORE SHE SPEAKS. THE SCENT OF HER PERFUME IS, TO MATT, JUST AS UNMISTAKABLE AS THE DISTINCTIVE BEAT OF HER HEART!

ROGER McKENZIE & FRANK MILLER — WRITER/CO-PLOTTER/PENCILER
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DENNY O'NEIL — EDITOR
JIM SHOOTER — ED-IN-CHIEF

LF164

I'LL BE RIGHT WITH YOU, HEATHER.

...HEAD OVER HEELS *WILD* ABOUT YOU?

SAY, HAVE I EVER TESTIFIED...

...THAT I'M FLAT-OUT...

THE EVIDENCE IS OVER-WHELMING!

MATTHEW MURDOCK, YOU'RE IMPOSSIBLE!

NOLO CONTENDRE, M'LADY! I'M AFRAID I'VE NO CHOICE BUT TO THROW MYSELF TO THE MERCY OF THE COURT!

YOUR WISH IS MY COMMAND!

WELL, IN *THAT* CASE, M'LORD...

...I WISH YOU'D GET *OUT* OUT OF THAT SMELLY COSTUME AND *INTO* YOUR TUX!

BUT...BUT...

WE'RE RUNNING *LATE* AS IT IS, COUNSELLOR--

--OR HAVE YOU *FORGOT-TEN* YOUR BEST FRIEND'S GETTING MARRIED TODAY?

THEN, IMPATIENTLY, HEATHER PULLS A RELUCTANT MATT MURDOCK FROM HIS TRAINING...

...DRAGGING HIM TO HIS TOP-FLOOR LIVING QUARTERS.

SHE HAS MATURED IN THE MONTHS FOLLOWING THE DEATH OF HER FATHER, BUT IT IS A MATURITY EDGED WITH BITTERNESS. AND, SOMETIMES, MATT QUESTIONS IF THE **CHANGE** IN HER HAS BEEN FOR THE BETTER...

...BUT RIGHT NOW, HE HAS **ANOTHER** MATTER ON HIS MIND...

FORGET FOGGY'S WEDDING? HEATHER, FOGGY'S WEDDING IS **ALL** I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT FOR DAYS! I BET I'M MORE NERVOUS THAN HE IS...

...SO, NATURALLY, YOU JUST HAD TO WORK OFF YOUR TENSION AS DAREDEVIL! HONESTLY, MATT, YOU LEAN ON HIM TOO MUCH! DAREDEVIL ISN'T A CRUTCH...**OR** A CANE!

AND HE CERTAINLY ISN'T FOGGY NELSON'S BEST MAN! YOU ARE! NOW HURRY, WE DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME!

SO, WHILE MATT JUMPS IN THE SHOWER, **WE** JUMP TO A SPRAWLING MIDTOWN MUSEUM...

DIBNEY MUSEUM of HUMAN HISTORY

A STATUE OF THE GLADIATOR! I HOPE THAT DUDE **NEVER** GETS HIS HANDS ON ME!

--CONTINUING OUR EXPOSITION ON MAN AND HIS WEAPONRY THROUGHOUT THE AGES, WE COME TO MELVIN POTTER.

AS THE GLADIATOR, HE USED MODERN TECHNOLOGY TO CREATE A STYLIZED VERSION OF ANCIENT ROMAN ARMOR!

YOU SEE, HERE, HIS **ACTUAL COSTUME**...

...WHERE SOCIAL WORKER BETSY BEATTY IS LEARNING THAT SUPERVISING A FIELDTRIP FOR UNDERPRIVILEGED CHILDREN CAN BE AS **HECTIC** AS IT IS **REWARDING.**

BUT THEN, TO BETSY, THE CHILDREN ARE **WORTH** THE TROUBLE...

HURRY, MISS BETSY, WE DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME--

--AND THERE'S SOMETHIN' WE JUST GOTTA SEE!

I WONDER WHAT THE GUIDE WOULD SAY IF HE KNEW MELVIN WAS ONE OF MY CLIENTS?

THE COURT ASSIGNED ME TO HIS CASE AFTER HIS PAROLE FROM PRISON, AND I'VE TRIED MY BEST TO HELP HIM!

IT'S HARD TO IMAGINE THAT POOR, FRIENDLESS MAN COULD ACTUALLY BE THE GLADIATOR...

...BUT I NEVER REALIZED BEFORE JUST HOW... **FRIGHTENING**...HE MUST LOOK IN THAT ARMOR!

THEN, AS THE TOUR MOVES ON...

LET'S CHECK OUT THE ROMAN EXHIBIT, MISS BETSY!

THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO HAVE A BIG **ARENA** AND EVERYTHING!

UH, OH--! ONE OF THOSE KIDS MUST HAVE LEFT HIS THERMOS!

NO PROBLEM, THOUGH. I'LL--

--HUH?!

YOU WILL DO *NOTHING*, JACKAL, BECAUSE YOU ARE WEAK!

JUST AS... *THEY*... ARE WEAK!

THEY FEAR ME BECAUSE I AM STRONG! THAT IS WHY THEY TRIED TO STEAL MY FREEDOM...

...AND *EVERYTHING* THAT IS RIGHTFULLY MINE!

THEY *BETRAYED* ME JUST LIKE THEY BETRAYED CAESAR!

BUT MY ARMOR WILL PROTECT ME--

MY ARMOR AND MY WEAPONS--!

MELVIN!

MISS BETSY!

WH-WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? THAT...THAT COSTUME...

I *FOLLOWED* YOU, MISS BETSY, BECAUSE I KNOW THE TRUTH!

THE TRUTH? WHAT'S HE TALKIN' ABOUT, MISS BETSY?

LARRY, I WISH I KNEW...

WATCH OUT--! THOSE BLADES LOOK RAZOR SHARP!

OH, MY--! THIS IS... =*AHEM!*= ...HIGHLY IRREGULAR!

THE OTHERS FEAR ME, MISS BETSY! THEY FEAR ME AND THEY *HATE* ME!

BUT *YOU* ARE NOT LIKE THE OTHERS! YOU HAVE BEEN *KIND* TO ME--

--SO THERE IS NO LONGER ANY REASON TO PRETEND!

PRETEND?

ADMIT IT, MISS BETSY, YOU *LOVE* ME BECAUSE I AM THE GLADIATOR!

WHAT?!

*BUT, BEFORE A STUNNED BETSY BEATTY CAN EXPLAIN THAT, IN HIS LONELINESS, MELVIN HAS **MISTAKEN** HER COMPASSION TOWARD HIM FOR A MUCH DEEPER EMOTION...*

GUARDS! GUARDS!

NO! THAT JACKAL WILL RUIN EVERYTHING!

I-IT DOESN'T MATTER! PLEASE, LISTEN TO ME--!

I WILL *NOT* BE BETRAYED!

NOT EVER AGAIN!

MELVIN, DON'T--! YOU'LL KILL HIM!

SNIK

PRESSING A HIDDEN STUD ON HIS FLEXIBLE STEEL GAUNTLET--

SHHH

HHHHHHHHKKKKKKKKK

*--THE GLADIATOR LAUNCHES A WHIRLING, DEADLY-SHARP **WRIST-BLADE** THE LENGTH OF THE MUSEUM WITH PINPOINT ACCURACY...*

VERY WELL, MISS BETSY, IF IT IS WHAT *YOU* WANT, I WILL SPARE THE JACKAL...

...THIS TIME!

H-HELP ME... HELP...

EASY, MISTER, YOU'VE BEEN CUT BAD!

THEN, IGNORING THE UNEASY, STARTLED CROWD THAT SCURRIES FEARFULLY OUT OF HIS WAY, THE GLADIATOR LUMBERS FORWARD...

...RIPPING HIS GLEAMING, SAW-TOOTHED BLADE FROM THE WALL LIKE A MAN POSSESSED.

OR, RATHER, **OBSESSED.** THE ARMOR IS A SYMBOL OF HIS STRENGTH. A STRENGTH THAT WILL **NOT** BE DENIED...

MISS BETSY, I WARN YOU, I AM NOT A PATIENT MAN! AND, AS CAESAR IS MY WITNESS, THE ***NEXT*** JACKAL THAT DARES BETRAY ME--

--WILL WISH HE WAS DEAD!

CHIK

MEANWHILE, AT FOGGY'S APARTMENT...

MATT, I WISH I WAS DEAD!

CHEER UP, PARTNER, THINGS CAN'T BE *THAT* BAD!

THAT'S EASY FOR ***YOU*** TO SAY! ***YOUR*** FOLKS AREN'T LATE FOR ***YOUR*** WEDDING! ***MINE*** ARE!

THEY WERE DUE IN FROM AKRON ***HOURS*** AGO! SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG, I JUST ***KNOW*** IT HAS!

NOW, FOGGY, DON'T GO JUMPING TO CONCLUSIONS.

I'M ***SURE*** THEY'LL BE HERE ANY--

WE ***ARE*** HERE, YES, INDEEDY!

THE NELSON FAMILY HAS ARRIVED!

HELLOOOOO, MATT! HAVE YOU MISSED ME?

M-MISSED--? UH, SURE, CANDICE. IT ***HAS*** BEEN A LONG TIME, BUT DON'T YOU THINK YOU SHOULD SAY HI TO YOUR BIG BROTHER?

FOGGY, YOU OL' HOUND DOG, YOUR MOTHER AND I ARE PROUD AS PUNCH, YES, INDEEDY!

HOLD STILL, FRANKLIN, LET ME FIX YOUR TIE!

HEY, KILLER--

SHOOT, I CAN SEE FOGGY ***ANY*** OL' TIME! I'D RATHER LOOK AT YOU!

HUH--? *OWW!*

HOW'S TRICKS?

PORKCHOP! PORKCHOP PETERSON!
I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SINCE COLLEGE!
THAT'S *YOUR* LOSS, CHUM! I'M STILL LOOSE AS A GOOSE!
HEY, YOU REMEMBER OUR OLD FRATERNITY CHEER?
FAP
I'LL NEVER FORGET IT! FIRST YOU PUT YOUR TWO KNEES CLOSE UP TIGHT--
--THEN SHAKE IT TO THE LEFT AND SHAKE IT TO THE RIGHT!
OMEGA DELTA'S OUTTA SITE!

CANDICE, I THINK WE'D BETTER, UH...
SURE, MATT!
FOGGY, I CAN'T WAIT TO MEET THIS MISS HARRIS OF YOURS, YES, INDEEDY...
...SHE MUST BE QUITE A GAL!
SHE'D *HAVE* TO BE TO HOOK MY OLD CAROUSIN' BUDDY!
SAY, DID FOGGY EVER TELL YOU FOLKS ABOUT THE TIME WE SNUCK IN THE GIRLS' DORM AND--
--UH, I'M *SURE* YOU'LL LIKE DEBBIE, POP!
WELL, SPEAKING OF DEBBIE... WE'D BETTER HURRY!

SURE THING, MATT, JUST LET ME GIVE YOU HER WEDDING BAND BEFORE I LOSE IT.
YOU KNOW HOW I AM.
OH, MY GOSH...
...I LOST IT!

MEANWHILE...

GET OUT OF HERE! RUN! THE GLADIATOR HAS TAKEN OVER THE MUSEUM! HE'S HOLDING SOME KIDS HOSTAGE!

HE ALMOST KILLED ONE MAN ALREADY!

YOU HEARD ME, STRIPLING! DELIVER THAT MESSAGE TO THE AUTHORITIES WITHOUT DELAY!

THEY HAVE ONE HOUR TO SEND A CHAMPION TO BATTLE ME-- OR I WILL *SLAY* YOUR FRIENDS ONE-BY-ONE!

K-KILL THE CHILDREN?! MY GOD, YOU *CAN'T* BE SERIOUS!

I HAVE NEVER BEEN *MORE* SERIOUS! I WAS LOST UNTIL I MET YOU, BUT NOW I HAVE SOMETHING... SOME*ONE*... TO FIGHT FOR!

AND, BY THE HOLY EMPIRE, I *WILL* FIGHT!

F-FIGHT--? BUT, MELVIN, WHY? THERE'S NO REASON TO--

THERE IS *EVERY* REASON, MISS BETSY!

MMMFF--?!

DON'T EVER... *EVER*... TOUCH ME LIKE THAT AGAIN!

SMAK

I AM THE *GLADIATOR!* THE GLADIATOR! AND YOU *DARE* REJECT ME? IT IS UNTHINKABLE, UNLESS--

-- YES, OF COURSE, I UNDERSTAND NOW! I MUST *PROVE* MYSELF IN COMBAT!

THEN SO BE IT, MISS BETSY! IF YOU WANT A *WARRIOR* YOU SHALL HAVE ONE!

ALL I WANT IS FOR YOU TO LET THE CHILDREN GO FREE--! PLEASE, MELVIN, JUST LET THEM GO...

THIRTY FIVE MINUTES LATER, ALONG A HEAVILY CONGESTED PARK AVENUE...

CAN'T YOU GO ANY *FASTER*, PAL? THIS'S A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH!

LOOK, TUBBY, I'M DOIN' THE *BEST* I CAN, OK? SO JUST GIT OFF MY BACK!

I'D *LIKE* TO HEAR THE GAME, OK? I GOT A TEN-SPOT RIDIN' ON THE YANKS!

CAMPBELL GETS THE SIGN FROM FISK ... THERE'S THE WIND-UP ... THE PITCH ... IT'S A FLY BALL TO DEEP LEFT FIELD, HOOKING TOWARD THE FOUL POLE!

=KRAKK=... HOLY COW...!

NOT TO WORRY, MATT! IF FOGGY LEFT THE RING AT THE SUPERMARKET, *WE'RE* JUST THE FELLAS TO FIND IT FOR 'IM!

COME ON, BABY! COME ON!

IF IT STAYS FAIR IT'S A HOME RUN! HOLY COW...! I DON'T BELIEVE IT! IT'S A--

SUPER--? OH, YOU MEAN THE STORE-FRONT.

SUPERMARKET... STORE-FRONT... WHATEVER. DON'T MATTER WHAT YOU GUYS CALL YOUR LAW OFFICES IF WE CAN'T GET THERE!

YOU JUST LET *ME* HANDLE THIS, MATT!

HEY--! HEY CABBIE--! HOW'S ABOUT GETTIN' A MOVE ON UP THERE?

THE GLADIATOR--?! OH, NO--! NOT *NOW*, OF ALL TIMES! IF I MISS FOGGY'S WEDDING HE'LL *NEVER* FORGIVE ME!

BUT IF I DON'T TRY TO HELP THOSE CHILDREN *I'LL* NEVER FORGIVE *MYSELF!*

YOU HEAR WHAT I'M SAYIN', MAN?

WE *INTERRUPT* OUR REGULAR PROGRAMMING FOR A SPECIAL NEWS REPORT! TENSION CONTINUES TO BUILD AT THE DIGBY MUSEUM OF HUMAN HISTORY IN DOWNTOWN MANHATTAN...

...WHERE A MAN IDENTIFIED AS THE GLADIATOR IS APPARENTLY HOLDING SEVERAL CHILDREN HOSTAGE, THREATENING TO *KILL* THEM IN LESS THAN THIRTY MINUTES, UNLESS...

WE GOT A GOOD MIND TO GET OUT AND *WALK*, DON'T WE, MATT?

MATT?

RIDE AT YOUR OWN RISK

NO SKIN OFF MY NOSE, TUBBY. IT'S A FREE COUNTRY. YOU *WANT* OUT, YOU *GIT* OUT, OK?

ME, I DON'T CARE *WHAT* YOU DO. I JUST WANNA KNOW WHO WON, OK?

WHAT WRAPS THINGS UP? THAT DON'T WRAP THINGS UP! *SO WHO WON, ALREADY?!*

SO THAT WRAPS THINGS UP HERE AT YANKEE STADIUM. HOPE YOU ENJOYED THE GAME...

SOME TWENTY MINUTES LATER, A GRIM AND SIGHTLESS **DEVIL** PAUSES IN THE SHADOWS SURROUNDING THE BESIEGED MUSEUM.

BUT, IF HE FEELS THE GROWING **RESTLESSNESS** OF THE CROWD ALREADY GATHERED SO VERY FAR BELOW HIM--AN UNEASY, MILLING THRONG HE CAN ONLY **SENSE**, RATHER THAN SEE--

--HE DOESN'T LET IT SHOW AS HE SEEMS TO GLIDE ALMOST EFFORTLESSLY ACROSS THE CITY'S DARKENING SKYLINE.

AND THEN, USING HIS CANE-- A CANE HE DESIGNED TO DOUBLE AS AN ALL-PURPOSE BILLY CLUB--

--HE SWINGS QUICKLY TO THE ROOFTOP OF THE SLEEK CONCRETE AND STEEL GALLERY THAT HAS BECOME A CHAMBER OF FEAR FOR BETSY BEATTY AND THE CHILDREN HELD CAPTIVE WITHIN.

JUDGING FROM THE SOUNDS I HEARD BEFORE IN THE STREETS, THE POLICE HAVE THROWN A *CORDON* AROUND THIS BUILDING.

BUT IT'S A STAND-OFF, AT BEST. THEY CAN'T ATTACK THE GLADIATOR WITHOUT JEOPARDIZING THE LIVES OF THE KIDS.

IF ANYTHING'S TO BE DONE, *I'LL* HAVE TO BE THE ONE TO DO IT.

AND SOON.

I CAN PINPOINT THE GLADIATOR'S EXACT POSITION THANKS TO MY SUPER-SENSITIVE HEARING AND RADAR-SENSE, BUT THAT'S THE *LEAST* OF MY PROBLEMS.

SOMEHOW I'VE GOT TO LURE HIM *AWAY* FROM THE KIDS TO GIVE THEM A CHANCE TO ESCAPE.

THE HOUR HAS PASSED! THEY HAVE SENT NO CHAMPION!

HOW CAN I WIN YOUR HEART, MISS BETSY, IF THEY WILL NOT LET ME *FIGHT* FOR IT?

THEY DENY ME EVERYTHING, MISS BETSY! THEY WILL NOT DENY ME YOU AS WELL!

THE DEATHS OF THE STRIPLINGS ARE ON *THEIR* HANDS, NOW!

MELVIN, *PLEASE*, I--I'LL DO WHATEVER YOU SAY! JUST DON'T HARM THE CHILDREN!

THEN, THE NEXT INSTANT...

YOU HEARD THE LADY!

WHO'S THAT?

AN OLD FOE!

I KNOW HIS VOICE!

IT IS THE VOICE OF A DEVIL!

WHERE ARE YOU, JACKAL? YOU CAN NOT *HIDE* FROM ME FOREVER!

WHO'S HIDING?

ZZZIRRR

I'M *NOT* A CHILD YOU CAN FRIGHTEN OR BULLY, GLADIATOR.

I PLAY FOR KEEPS.

KRAKK

SHKA

IF YOU THINK THIS IS SOME SORT OF *GAME*, JACKAL--

STILTMAN

--YOU ARE SADLY MISTAKEN!

--BUT EVEN A TANK CAN BE STOPPED.

HE'S LIKE A *TANK* IN THAT HEAVY ARMOR--

THAT BLOW WOULD HAVE *KILLED* AN ORDINARY MAN, IT DIDN'T EVEN *STUN* THE GLADIATOR.

I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HIS REACH BEFORE--*UNGHH!*

YOU ARE SWIFT, JACKAL! MY SLASHING BLADE MERELY *GRAZED* YOU!

BUT THE LION IS SWIFTER-- AND *FAR* MORE DEADLY!

IN COMBAT THE LION *ALWAYS* SLAYS THE JACKAL!

AND YOU, DEVIL, *YOU* ARE THE JACKAL!

HURRY, CHILDREN! RUN!

YOU HAVE *NEVER* BEEN ANYTHING ELSE!

ARENA

WHAT!? YOU *STILL* STRUGGLE? YOU FOOL, YOU'VE KNOCKED ME OFF-BALANCE! WE'RE GOING TO--

CAESAR'S BLOOD!

LOCKED IN A DEATHGRIP, THEY TOPPLE BACKWARD... AND IT IS AS IF TIME ITSELF SHATTERS THEN, LIKE A PANE OF GLASS...

...AND THE CHEERS OF A BLOOD-THIRSTY RABBLE SEEM TO ECHO ACROSS THE CENTURIES TO THIS RECONSTRUCTION OF--

AN ANCIENT ROMAN ARENA!

IT IS AN OMEN!

YOU HEAR ONLY THE SOUND OF YOUR OWN INSANITY!

LISTEN TO THE SPECTATORS!

HEAR HOW THEY URGE ME ON!

YOU LIE! THEY SCREAM FOR *DEATH*, JACKAL! *YOUR DEATH!*

AND THEY SHALL *HAVE* IT--

SPQR

-- WITH BUT A *GESTURE* FROM MY EMPEROR!

WHAT SAY YOU, NOBLE CAESAR? DO I *SPARE* THE JACKAL, OR--?

SO BE IT, MY LIEGE! THOSE WHO ARE ABOUT TO DIE SALUTE--

EH--? THE JACKAL HAS FLED!

DON'T *BET* ON IT, GLADIATOR. RUNNING ISN'T MY STYLE.

SEE WHAT I MEAN?

HE GAVE ME JUST ENOUGH TIME TO CATCH MY BREATH... AND I THINK I'VE FIGURED OUT A WAY TO STOP HIM.

KATHANNG

MY HELMET--! BUT THAT WILL DO YOU NO GOOD, JACKAL!

EVEN WITHOUT MY HEAD-GEAR, MY ARMOR MAKES ME *MORE* THAN A MATCH FOR YOU--

--UUNGH!

THOK

ARMOR IS ONLY A SHELL--

THAK

THOK

--NO GOOD WITHOUT A *MAN* INSIDE!

STRONG AS HE IS, HE CAN ONLY WITHSTAND SO MUCH PUNISHMENT--

AND IF I KEEP STRIKING HIS *PRESSURE POINTS*...

IT'S WORKING. HE'S NEARLY OUT ON HIS FEET.

YOU... FOUGHT WELL... DEVIL. *BETTER* THAN... I HAD... EXPECTED.

YOU... HAVE *EARNED*...

...A WARRIOR'S DEATH...

WHIRRR

QUICK... CLEAN...

...HONORABLE...

CHOK

YOU CUT ME *TWICE*, GLADIATOR.

BUT NEVER AGAIN.

THAKK

WHUPP

THEN...

DAREDEVIL--

MISS, ARE THE CHILDREN--?

THEY'RE FINE. BUT IT'S *NOT* THE CHILDREN I'M WORRIED ABOUT, NOW.

CAESAR... MY EMPEROR...

IT'S MELVIN. IN MANY RESPECTS *HE* IS A CHILD. A TERRIBLY LONELY AND BITTER CHILD. HE REACHED OUT FOR LOVE IN THE *ONLY* WAY HE KNEW.

NOW, *MORE* THAN EVER, HE NEEDS UNDER-STANDING.

"AND A HELPING HAND..."

MELVIN...I'D LIKE TO HELP YOU...

CAREFUL, LADY. HE'S DANGEROUS!

THANKS, DAREDEVIL. WE'LL HANDLE THINGS FROM HERE.

OK, BUDDY. ON YOUR FEET. YOU'RE GONNA NEED A GOOD LAWYER!

HE'LL GET ONE. THE BEST.

BUT RIGHT NOW I'M *LATE* FOR FOGGY'S WEDDING. AND I PROMISED I'D TRY TO FIND DEBBIE'S RING.

WITH ANY LUCK AT ALL SOMEBODY'S *ALREADY* FOUND IT. ALL I'LL HAVE TO DO IS PICK IT UP AND HURRY TO THE CHURCH.

AND SO...

...IF THERE IS ANYONE WITH GOOD REASON WHY THESE TWO SHOULD *NOT* BE WED IN HOLY MATRIMONY, LET HIM SPEAK NOW OR--

FOGGY! AM I TOO LATE?

NEARLY, MATT, NEARLY! I *STALLED* AS LONG AS I COULD.

JUST GIVE ME THE RING AND--

THAT'S JUST IT, FOGGY.

BECKY AND I TURNED THE STOREFRONT UP-SIDE DOWN BUT WE COULDN'T FIND IT! I'M SORRY...

OH, NO--! WHAT AM I GOING TO DO NOW?

IF I COULD ONLY *REMEMBER* WHERE I--

--PUT IT--!?

UH, GUESS WHAT, MATT...

MISS HARRIS, ARE YOU *SURE* YOU WANT TO GO THROUGH WITH THIS?

FOR BETTER OR WORSE, REVEREND!

SIGH--! VERY WELL, THEN, BY THE POWERS VESTED IN ME...

...I PRONOUNCE YOU MAN AND WIFE!

IN OUR VERY *SPECIAL* NEXT ISSUE:

DD AND THE PUNISHER

IN THE MOST *DARING* STORY OF THE DECADE!

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DAREDEVIL®

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

COLLECTOR'S BONUS!

DD's DARK SECRETS!

QUESTION: WHO IS THE MAULER?
QUESTION: WHY IS HE KILLING DAREDEVIL?

He dwells in eternal night—but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents other men cannot perceive. Though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind*, his other senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! He stalks the streets by night, a red-garbed foe of evil!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!®

DAVID MICHELINIE • FRANK MILLER • KLAUS JANSON • JOE ROSEN • GLYNIS WEIN • DENNY O'NEIL • JIM SHOOTER
WRITER PENCILER INKER LETTERER COLORIST EDITOR EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

TIME WAS WHEN MOST HIGH-LEVEL COMMERCE WAS CONDUCTED BEHIND CLOSED DOORS, CLOAKED IN BUSINESS-SUIT FORMALITY AND CLOUDS OF THICK, STALE SMOKE.

PERIMETER SECURITY NEUTRALIZED. BEGIN VISUAL SCAN FOR ENEMY

BUT NOWADAYS, MANY MASTERS OF HIGH ENTERPRISE CHOOSE TO ABANDON STUFFY TRADITION, PREFERRING INSTEAD THE ILLUSORY OPENNESS OF COUNTRY CLUB COCKTAIL PARTIES--

...LIKE THE ONE THAT HAS BROUGHT BLIND ATTORNEY MATTHEW MURDOCK AND HIS LADYFRIEND, HEATHER GLENN, TO FOREST HILLS GARDENS THIS SUNNY AFTERNOON...

ENEMY OBSERVED AND IDENTIFIED; INSTIGATE TARGETING SEQUENCE.

...WHERE THEY WILL SOON FIND THAT CLOSED DOORS--PREFERABLY OF THICK, SOLID CONSTRUCTION WITH STURDY DEADBOLT LOCKS--DO HAVE THEIR ADVANTAGES!

BLAZE CANNON LOCKED ON AND PRIMED. DESTRUCTION OF EDWIN CORD...*IMMINENT!*

THANKS AGAIN FOR INVITING US, MR. CORD.

YES, IT'S A WONDERFUL PARTY.

HEY, THE PLEASURES MINE. I'VE BEEN WANTING TO DISCUSS SOMETHING WITH MATT HERE FOR SOME TIME, ANYWAY.

WELL, THEN, IF YOU TWO ARE GOING TO TALK BUSINESS, I THINK I'LL JUST MIX A BIT.

BUT WE'RE NOT--!

SURE WE ARE, M'BOY.

TELL ME, HAVE YOU EVER CONSIDERED THE ADVANTAGES OF A STAFF POSITION? THE CORD CONGLOMERATE COULD USE A BRIGHT YOUNG LAWYER ON ITS TEAM.

YOU COULD NAME YOUR OWN SALARY, AND THERE'D BE PLENTY OF OTHER BENEFITS--ONES THE FRIENDLY FOLKS AT THE I.R.S. WOULDN'T HAVE TO KNOW ABOUT, IF YOU CATCH MY DRIFT.

WHAT DO YOU SAY?

EDDIE! EDDIE, COME QUICK! ANGELA JUST ATE HER INNER TUBE!

NOT NOW, SYLVIA! I HAVEN'T FINISHED TALKING TO MATT YET!

YES, MR. CORD, YOU *HAVE!*

COME ON, HEATHER. WE'RE LEAVING.

BUT WHY? THE PARTY'S JUST STARTING TO GET INTERESTING.

HEATHER, PLEASE, DON'T MAKE A SCENE.

I'M NOT MAKING ANYTHING, MATTHEW. BUT IF *YOU'D* CARE TO START...?

HOWEVER, NEITHER MATT NOR HEATHER HAVE THAT CHANCE, AS SUDDENLY TERROR CRASHES THE PARTY IN AN EXPLOSION OF SHATTERING GLASS!

FRRRATCH

THAT'S RIGHT, CORD, *JUMP!* JUST AS YOU MADE *ME* JUMP! BUT YOU'LL NEVER ESCAPE THE WRATH OF...

...THE MAULER!

YOU GROVEL WELL, CORD! SOMETHING YOU LEARNED FROM YOUR HIRELINGS, NO DOUBT? OR IS IT FEAR... FEAR OF WHAT ONE OF THOSE HIRELINGS MIGHT NOW DO TO YOU!

MATT! HURRY! YOU'VE GOT TO GO GET... HELP!

L-L-LEMME ALONE! GO AWAY!

YES! IT *IS* FEAR! BECAUSE YOU KNOW WHAT THIS HAND CAN DO, DON'T YOU, CORD?

DON'T YOU, CORD!

C'MON, SAMMY, THE BOSS IS IN TROUBLE!

I'M WITH YA, ARLO!

HEATHER'S KNOWING MY DUAL IDENTITY MAKES GETTING AWAY TO CHANGE TO DAREDEVIL A LOT EASIER--

--ONLY NOW I NEED SOME-PLACE PRIVATE TO *MAKE* THAT CHANGE!

WHEN I LOST MY SIGHT, MY SENSES BECAME INCREDIBLY MORE ACUTE! AND RIGHT NOW THEY'RE TELLING ME THAT THERE'S A BUILDING NEARBY, SMALL LIKE A CHANGING ROOM!

HEY! WH-WHAT'RE YOU DOING?

SORRY, THIS IS AN EMERGENCY!

B-B-BUT, WAITAMINIT! I-I'M NOT *DRESSED*--!

THAT'S ALL RIGHT, MISS-- I PROMISE NOT TO LOOK!

IS THIS WHAT YOU REQUIRE FROM EMPLOYEES NOW, CORD? BRAWN, AND BLIND OBEDIENCE?

WHOK

BROK

CHUD

YOU PREFER THOSE QUALITIES OVER DILIGENCE? *OVER DEDICATION?* OVER LOYALTY?!?

BDAP

FTAK

EH--?!

OVER-*CONFIDENT*, AREN'T YOU, MAULER?

LET'S SEE HOW YOU DO AGAINST SOMEONE WHO'S MORE IN YOUR LEAGUE!

WHRAK

POINK

WHAT THE DEVIL?!

BUT...BUT YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO BE HERE! THIS ISN'T YOUR FIGHT!

WHUK

ZZZZATCH

ANY FIGHT IS MINE, MISTER--

--WHEN THE LIVES OF INNOCENT BYSTANDERS--

ZZZHR

ASH

--ARE PLACED IN JEOPARDY--

BTOOM

--WITH SUCH MINDLESS DISREGARD!

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! CORD IS THE ONLY ONE I WANT TO HURT! BUT NOW--

--YOU LEAVE ME NO CHOICE!

AGH! S-SOME SORT OF...ELECTRO-SHOCK! F-FEELS LIKE MY SKIN...IS BEING PEELED OFF... IN LAYERS!

AWRIGHT, BUSTER, DROP THE HERO-- AN' SHUT OFF THE FIREWORKS!

WHA-- POLICE!

THAT'S RIGHT. WE DO OCCASIONALLY ANSWER OUR COMPLAINT LINE. I'M LT. NICK MANOLIS--

--AND YOU'RE UNDER ARREST.

FOOLS! CORD IS THE ONE WHO DESERVES TO BE PUNISHED! AND I SWEAR THAT WHEN WE MEET AGAIN--

--HE *WILL* BE!

WE'RE NEVER GONNA CATCH UP TO *HIM*, LIEUTENANT!

I REALIZE THAT, DELANY, BUT AT LEAST WE HAVE DAREDEVIL TO QUESTION.

CORRECTION, LIEUTENANT--*DID* HAVE! DD SPLIT OVER A HEDGE A COUPLE OF SECONDS AGO, AND GOD KNOWS *WHERE* HE IS BY NOW!

NICE WORK, HANDSOME, ONLY I THINK YOUR MORE *CEREBRAL* SKILLS ARE GOING TO BE NEEDED FOR THE NEXT PROBLEM--

--CORD IS REFUSING TO TALK!

OH, REALLY?

MR. CORD, YOU'RE OBVIOUSLY INVOLVED IN THIS NEAR-MASSACRE UP TO YOUR TEETH! AND THOUGH I'M NOT YOUR ATTORNEY, I WOULD STRONGLY ADVISE YOU TO COOPERATE. OTHERWISE, YOU COULD BE CHARGED WITH--

LIEUTENANT MANOLIS, WOULD YOU PLEASE LOOK AT THIS CARD-- AND THEN INFORM OUR PUBLIC-SPIRITED FRIEND OF THE REALITY OF THE SITUATION?

SSHHH

WHOOP!

HOLY--!

PLISH

TERRIFIC. I'M AFRAID HE'S RIGHT, MURDOCK. I'VE ONLY SEEN A SECURITY CLEARANCE THAT HIGH TWICE IN MY WHOLE CAREER. AND WHAT IT MEANS, BASICALLY, IS THAT CORD DOESN'T HAVE TO TALK TO ANYONE.

ABOUT *ANYTHING!*

I SEE. WELL, THEN IF THAT'S THE LAW, I SUPPOSE THERE'S NOTHING ELSE TO BE DONE. COME ON, HEATHER.

BY THE WAY, MR. CORD, YOU'D BEST HAVE YOUR WAITERS CHECK THE HORS D'OEUVRES-- I THINK THEY'VE BEEN IN THE SUN TOO LONG.

BECAUSE *SOMETHING* SMELLS VERY *ROTTEN* AROUND HERE!

THE PARTY ENDS, EVENING BEGINS... AND AS A LATE SUMMER SUN WITHERS ON THE HORIZON, EDWIN CORD'S HAND-WAXED LIMOUSINE PURRS THROUGH THE GATES OF A SPACIOUS LONG ISLAND ESTATE--

--ONE THAT MORE CLOSELY RESEMBLES AN ARMED CAMP THAN A PRIVATE RESIDENCE!

YES, SIR, MR. CORD, AS SOON AS WE GOT YOUR PHONE CALL WE TRIPLED SECURITY AND PUT EVERYONE ON ARMED ALERT. A *FLY* COULDN'T GET ONTO THE GROUNDS UNOBSERVED!

THAT'S FINE, GARFIELD.

TELL THE BOYS THEY'LL BE REMEMBERED AT BONUS TIME.

THOSE SECURITY TROOPS ARE THE BEST MONEY CAN RENT-- BUT IT'S WORTH EVERY PENNY TO FEEL SAFE, TO RELAX, TO KNOW THAT NO ONE COULD POSSIBLY GET TO ME WITHOUT--

HELLO, CORD. I BELIEVE YOU HAVE SOMETHING TO TELL ME?

WHAT THE--?!

DAREDEVIL! B-BUT, HOW DID YOU--I-I MEAN, I DIDN'T EXPECT SUCH AN ILLUSTRIOUS VISITOR!

PLEASE, FORGIVE MY POOR MANNERS. WOULD YOU LIKE SOMETHING TO DRINK?

I'LL JUST RING FOR THE BUTLER AND--

GET YOUR FINGER OFF THAT BUTTON, CORD-- IF YOU WANT TO *KEEP* IT ON YOUR HAND!

BUT, WH-WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME? *WHAT?*

BAK

INFORMATION, CORD, THERE WAS SOME RATHER SEVERE UNPLEASANT-NESS AT YOUR COUNTRY CLUB TODAY--

--AND YOU'RE GOING TO TELL ME WHY.

PAK

PAK

A-ALL RIGHT, THE GUY IN THE ARMOR IS *AARON SOAMES*. HE WAS DISMISSED FROM MY COMPANY FOR CLERICAL REASONS. HE DIDN'T LIKE IT SO HE SNUCK BACK AND STOLE THE PROTOTYPE FOR SOME ADVANCED BODY ARMOR WE'RE DEVELOPING--THE *MOBILE ARMORED UTILITY EMITTER, REVISED*, BETTER KNOWN AS "MAULER!"

OBVIOUSLY SOAMES IS TRYING TO GET REVENGE ON THE COMPANY.

I DON'T THINK YOU'RE TELLING ME EVERYTHING, CORD, BUT AT LEAST YOU'VE GIVEN ME SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT. NOW I'LL GIVE *YOU* SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT: IF I FIND YOU'VE LIED TO ME--

--I'LL BE BACK.

KLIK

BLAST IT, DAREDEVIL, YOU CAN'T THREATEN ME! YOU WON'T EVEN GET THREE FEET FROM THIS ROOM BEFORE MY GUARDS TEAR YOU TO--

--PIECES?

EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, AT THE STOREFRONT LAW OFFICES OF MURDOCK AND NELSON...

MATT? MATT?

HMM? OH, I'M SORRY, BECKY. I WAS JUST THINKING.

NO, YOU WERE WORRYING. YOU'VE BEEN IN A FOG ALL MORNING. CAN'T YOU AT LEAST TELL ME WHAT'S WRONG?

I'M AFRAID THAT'S THE KICKER, BECKY-- I'M NOT ENTIRELY SURE WHAT *IS* WRONG. BUT I WILL TELL YOU ONE THING--

--I'M GOING TO *FIND OUT!*

AND AS NIGHT ONCE MORE BLANKETS NEW YORK, MATT MURDOCK, TRUE TO HIS WORD, MAKES HIS WAY TO THE SPRAWLING LONG ISLAND CITY HEADQUARTERS OF THE CORD CONGLOMERATE, BEGINNING THAT JOURNEY AS A BLIND AND BRILLIANT ATTORNEY--

--AND ENDING IT AS THE CRIMSON-COWLED CHAMPION OF JUSTICE CALLED DAREDEVIL!

IT WAS EASY ENOUGH TO FIND OUT THAT CORD WOULD BE WORKING LATE AT HIS FACTORY TONIGHT-- SO IT'S SAFE TO ASSUME THAT *SOAMES* HAS THAT INFORMATION, TOO!

WHICH MEANS THAT IF MAULER IS GOING TO ATTACK AGAIN, IT WILL LIKELY BE *HERE!*

AND THUS THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR CROUCHES, MUSCLES AS LITHE AND LEAN AS THOSE OF SOME PREDATORY CAT, WILLING TO WAIT FOR THE PROPER PREY.

IT IS A VIGIL THAT IS SOON REWARDED, AS HEIGHTENED OLFACTORY NERVES SENSE--

--CARBONIZING STEEL! SOMEONE'S MELTING METAL, BREAKING IN!

ALMOST WITHOUT CONSCIOUS THOUGHT HE UNSHEATHES THE BILLY CLUB AT HIS SIDE, PRESSING A HIDDEN STUD TO SEND A HIGH-TENSILE GRAPPLING WIRE UNREELING--

...ALLOWING HIM TO ARC THROUGH THE NIGHT LIKE A SILENT, SOARING SHADOW!

I'M PICKING UP HEARTBEATS FROM SEVERAL MEN, TOO SLOW-- UNCONSCIOUS!

AND MORE FROM INSIDE THE BUILDING! ONE EXCITED, SCARED! THE OTHER MASKED BY SOME SORT OF ENERGY FIELD! IT'S GOT TO BE--

--MAULER! LEAVE HIM ALONE!

YOU?! STAY OUT OF THIS!

I'M ALREADY IN IT, MAULER! AND I'M GOING TO *STAY* IN--

FDAP

KTOK

PTAK

-- UNTIL I CAN TAKE YOU *OUT!*

CHRAK

WHROK

LET ME GO, YOU MEDDLER!

UHHHN. MAULER'S STRENGTH... BOOSTED BY THAT ARMOR... HITS LIKE A PILE DRIVER! GOT TO...SNAP OUT OF IT!

CORD IS A CRUEL MAN, AN EVIL MAN! AND HE MUST SUFFER FOR WHAT HE'S DONE!

NNNNNNNNNOOO!

SSSHHWWIP

HNH?!

MAYBE YOU *WEREN'T* TREATED FAIRLY, SOAMES! BUT BEING FIRED DOESN'T JUSTIFY *KILLING* A MAN!

K-CHASH

"FIRED"? IS THAT WHAT HE TOLD YOU?

THUB

"FIRED"?!

LOOK AT THIS FACE, MAN! DO I LOOK LIKE THE KIND OF PERSON WHO'D GET HIMSELF *FIRED*?

YOUR VOICE! WITHOUT THE MASK TO MUFFLE IT, IT SOUNDS--

--OLD? THAT'S BECAUSE I *AM* OLD! SIXTY-THREE YEARS OLD! THIRTY-FIVE OF THEM SPENT AS A FILE CLERK FOR EDWIN CORD--

--UNTIL HE BROUGHT IN A COMPUTER TO DO MY JOB QUICKER AND CHEAPER.

BUT THE BIG SURPRISE CAME WHEN I TRIED TO COLLECT MY PENSION. SEEMS THE YOUNG HOT-SHOT WHO PROGRAMMED THE NEW COMPUTER HIT THE WRONG KEY--AND WIPED OUT MY ENTIRE 35-YEAR WORK RECORD!

I WENT TO MR. CORD ABOUT IT, AND YOU KNOW WHAT HE DID?

HE SMILED. HE SAID, "SORRY, SOAMES--NO RECORD, NO PENSION."

AND HE SMILED.

I APPLIED FOR SOCIAL SECURITY--BUT THE INTERVIEWER DOZED OFF WHILE I WAS TRYING TO EXPLAIN!

SO I SPENT THE LAST OF MY SAVINGS ON A FANCY LAWYER, AND SURE ENOUGH, HE GOT ME A COURT DATE--

--A YEAR FROM NEXT THURSDAY!

THAT WAS WHEN I STOLE THIS ARMOR, FIGURING THAT IT WOULD GIVE ME THE STRENGTH I NEEDED TO MAKE CORD PAY!

THE ONLY THING YOU'RE GONNA BE MAKIN', OLD MAN, IS *LICENSE PLATES!*

WHA--?

DROP THE BILLY CLUB, DEVIL!

AND YOU, OLD MAN, RAISE YOUR HANDS!

MORE GUARDS!

OF COURSE...

...I'LL BE HAPPY TO OBLIGE!

SHRAZZASH

HE'S BLASTED THE OVERHEAD LIGHTS!

I-I CAN'T SEE!

JUST CLOSE IN AND GRAB, IDIOT! THEY'RE IN THE SAME BOAT WE'RE IN!

THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG, FRIEND. I *LIVE* IN DARKNESS -- IT'S MY HOME.

WHHUGH!

CHUHK

AND BY KICKING ONE GUARD, GIVING THE OTHERS A SOUND AS A REFERENCE POINT--

OOF!
OCH!
THUBUMB
-- I CAN MAKE THAT DARKNESS WORK *FOR* ME!

I GOT 'IM!
YA GOT ME, STUPID!
OUCH!
I SENSED MAULER SLIPPING AWAY RIGHT AFTER THE HEAT FROM THE LIGHTS STOPPED. I JUST HOPE I CAN FIND *HIM* BEFORE HE FINDS--
AW, GEEZ! I'M SORRY, CHET!

--CORD!
DAREDEVIL! Y-YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME--!
NO ONE CAN HELP YOU, CORD!

IT'S TIME FOR *JUSTICE* TO PREVAIL!
BLAST! THERE'S NO WAY I CAN CROSS THE GAP IN TIME! GOT TO TRY A BILLY CLUB THROW AND PRAY THAT--
HEY! WH-WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH MY WALLET?
I'M RE-MOVING YOUR *LIFE*, CORD!
I'M TAKING OUT YOUR CREDIT CARDS, BANK CARDS, DRIVER'S LICENSE--ALL THE PETTY PLASTIC NUMBERS THAT MAKE YOUR EXIST-ENCE OFFICIAL.
THE NUMBERS THAT YOU AND YOUR COMPUTER *DENIED* TO ME! I'M TAKING THEM OUT--
--AND I'M *KILLING* THEM!
ZZZ

AND I'VE NO FURTHER USE FOR--EH?

HE'S SPOTTED US, EARL! HIT 'IM WITH THE VIBRA-MACE, QUICK! THAT THING'LL STOP AN *ELEPHANT!*

NO! HE ISN'T GOING TO HURT ANYONE! DON'T--

"--SHOOT!"

PEK

PUK

POK

FRAKOOOOM

THANKS... ANY-WAY... DAREDEVIL. B-BUT I GUESS... IT DOESN'T REALLY MATTER... NOW, M-MAYBE...

...IT NEVER...

...Dllllle

THUD

CORD--!

J-J-JUST A MINUTE, DARE-DEVIL! *I-I* DIDN'T DO ANYTHING ILLEGAL! A-AND IF YOU'RE THINK-OF REPORTING THIS INCIDENT--

--THAT ARMOR WAS BEING DEVELOPED FOR THE *GOVERN-MENT!* TO EXPOSE IT TO THE PUBLIC WOULD BE A BREACH OF NATIONAL SECURITY!

I-IT'S THE LAW! YOU UNDERSTAND THAT, D-DON'T YOU?

YES, MR. CORD--

--I UNDER-STAND THE LAW, *AND* THE NEED FOR NATIONAL SECURITY. AND I RESPECT THEM BOTH.

WHO

MOST OF THE TIME...

EPILOGUE: THE DAY IS COLD FOR SUMMER, COLD AND GRAY. AND FEW MOURNERS HAVE COME TO ATTEND THE FUNERAL OF ONE AARON SOAMES.

A LANDLORD, A DISTANT COUSIN...

...AND A TALL, OVERCOATED MAN WHO HAD STOOD OFF TO ONE SIDE AS THE EULOGY HAD BEEN READ, AND WHO ONLY NOW APPROACHES THE FRESHLY-FILLED GRAVE.

HE KNEELS, PLACING FLOWERS BEFORE A STONE MARKER DONATED BY ATTORNEY MATTHEW MURDOCK, THEN RISES SILENTLY AND TURNS AWAY...

...WHILE IN THE GRASS NEARBY, THE WIND OF AN AUGUST AFTERNOON WHISPERS SADLY, AND DIES.

HE WAS... AND THAT IS ENOUGH

fin

EEEEEEEEEEEEE

BLAM BLAM

EEEEEEEEEEEEE

BLAM BLAM

EEEEEEEEEEEEE

HIS NAME IS MATTHEW MURDOCK AND HE IS **BLIND.**

TO THE WORLD AT LARGE HE IS RESPECTED AND ADMIRED AS A MAN WHO HAS OVERCOME HIS AWESOME HANDICAP TO BECOME ONE OF THE NATIONS FOREMOST ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. HE IS AN INSPIRATION TO MANY-- AN EXAMPLE OF HOW FAR ONE MAN CAN EXCEL.

BUT THEY DON'T KNOW THE **HALF** OF IT!

JOIN US NOW, AS WE EXPLORE THE HIDDEN SECRETS OF MATT MURDOCK--AS WE LEARN THE SECRETS OF THE MAN CALLED **DAREDEVIL.**

DARK SECRETS

MURDOCK'S UPPER-EAST-SIDE BROWNSTONE IS A VERITABLE CASTLE, REMODELLED TO ACCOMODATE HIS NEEDS AS A LAWYER-- AND AS THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR.

HE HAS A PERSONAL ART GALLERY, CONTAINING COUNTLESS SCULPTURES AND BAS-RELIEFS-- THINGS OF BEAUTY TO BE TOUCHED BUT NEVER SEEN...

...THE MOST EXTENSIVE BRAILLE LIBRARY IN THE WORLD...

...AND A HIDDEN, SOUNDPROOFED GYMNASIUM FOR COUNTLESS HOURS OF TRAINING TOWARD PHYSICAL PERFECTION.

CHIK

TO PROTECT HIS SECRET IDENTITY, DAREDEVIL LEAVES HIS BROWNSTONE THROUGH A DISGUISED **SKYLIGHT EXIT**, WHICH HE ACTIVATES BY STEPPING ON AN UNMARKED FLOORBOARD.

IN HIS DAY TO DAY LIFE, D.D.'S FAMOUS **BILLY CLUB** IS DISGUISED AS A BLIND MAN'S CANE, BUT WHENEVER IT'S NEEDED...

POK

...THE CANE CAN BE SWIFTLY SNAPPED INTO TWO SECTIONS, EACH HAVING A SPECIFIC FUNCTION IN RELATION TO HIS DUTIES.

TAK

THE FIRST SECTION CONTAINS A SPRING RELEASE MECHANISM WHICH INSTANTLY STRAIGHTENS. THE CURVED CANE HANDLE AT THE TOUCH OF A SINGLE STUD.

KDAK

A SECOND TAP OF THE STUD EXTENDS A LENGTH OF THE THIRTY-FOOT CABLE WITHIN THE DEVICE, TO FORM A RETRACTABLE, ROOF-CATCHING HOOK.

THIS HOOK-AND-CABLE DEVICE ENABLES D.D. TO SWING ACROSS DISTANCES TOO GREAT TO LEAP, INCREASING HIS SPEED AND MOBILITY THROUGH THE CITY.

THE STRAIGHTENED CANE HANDLE CAN REVERT TO ITS CURVED SHAPE WHEN DAREDEVIL NEEDS TO HOLD ONTO A LEDGE OR CARRY EXTRA WEIGHT.

THE REMAINING SECTION OF THE BILLY CLUB/CANE IS SIMPLER IN DESIGN...

IT IS A SUPERBLY BALANCED PIECE OF STEEL-REINFORCED WOOD, WHICH DAREDEVIL USES BOTH AS A TRUNCHEON--

--AND AS A PROJECTILE THAT HE THROWS WITH CONSUMMATE SKILL.

SO GREAT IS DAREDEVIL'S SKILL WITH HIS BILLY CLUB THAT IT OFTEN SEEMS TO BE ALIVE. HE NEVER HAS TO LOOK TO FIND IT, BUT THEN, HE **CAN'T** LOOK...

...HOWEVER, THE RADIO-ACTIVE CANNISTER THAT PERMANENTLY BLINDED YOUNG MATT MURDOCK LEFT HIM WITH SENSES FAR BEYOND THOSE OF NORMAL MEN.

HE CAN **TOUCH** A PRINTED PAGE AND READ IT BY FEELING THE VAGUE IMPRESSION OF THE INK...

...HE CAN **TASTE** THE EXACT NUMBER OF GRAINS OF SALT ON A PRETZEL... **SMELL** THE CORDITE TRAIL OF A RECENTLY FIRED PISTOL, THOUGH IT BE A BLOCK AWAY...

...HE CAN ACTUALLY **HEAR** A MAN'S HEARTBEAT AT A DISTANCE OF ONE HUNDRED FEET.

WHEN THESE HYPER-SENSES ARE FOCUSED ON A FLEETING ENEMY, NO MATTER HOW FAST OR FAR HIS PREY MAY RUN--

--DAREDEVIL CANNOT BE ELUDED.

THE DARKNESS IS NO HIDING PLACE. IT IS THERE THAT DAREDEVIL IS MOST DANGEROUS.

WHILE WE HAVE EYES THAT ARE TRICKED BY SHADOWS AND SEE NOTHING WITHOUT LIGHT--

DAREDEVIL HAS AN UNCANNY **RADAR-SENSE.** LIKE A BAT, HE EMITS PROBING, HIGH-FREQUENCY WAVES...

... WAVES WHICH BREAK AGAINST ANY SOLID OBJECT, AND BREAKING, SEND BACK SIGNALS AUDIBLE ONLY TO DAREDEVIL.

FROM THESE SIGNALS, HIS BRAIN INSTANTLY FORMS SILHOUETTE IMAGES OF EVERY-THING AROUND HIM. IN THIS MANNER, HE 'SEES' IN EVERY DIRECTION.'

BUT NONE OF HIS AMAZING HYPER-SENSES WOULD BE ENOUGH...

WITHOUT HIS CLARITY OF THOUGHT-- HIS FAULTLESS, NEARLY SUPERHUMAN SPEED AND CO-ORDINATION--

-- DAREDEVIL WOULD BE DEAD A HUNDRED TIMES OVER!

THIS IS D.D.'S GREATEST SECRET--HIS PASSION TO STRENGTHEN HIS MIND AND BODY--TO RELENTLESSLY HONE HIS SKILLS AND ABILITIES...

HIS PASSION TO BE THE VERY BEST.

End.

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DAREDEVIL®

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

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ONCE HE LOVED HER... NOW SHE IS HIS MOST DEADLY ENEMY!

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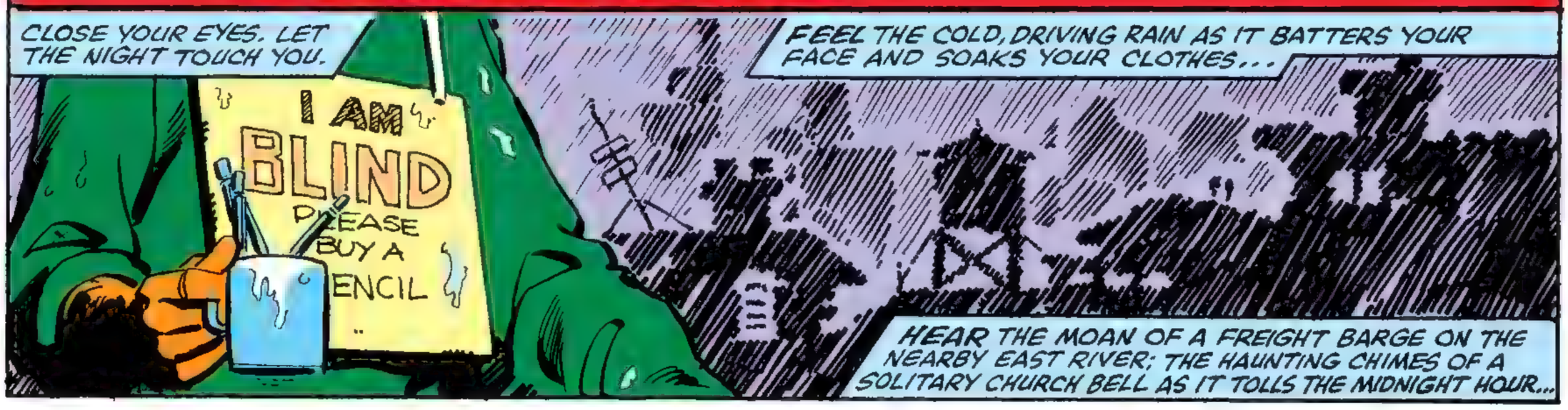
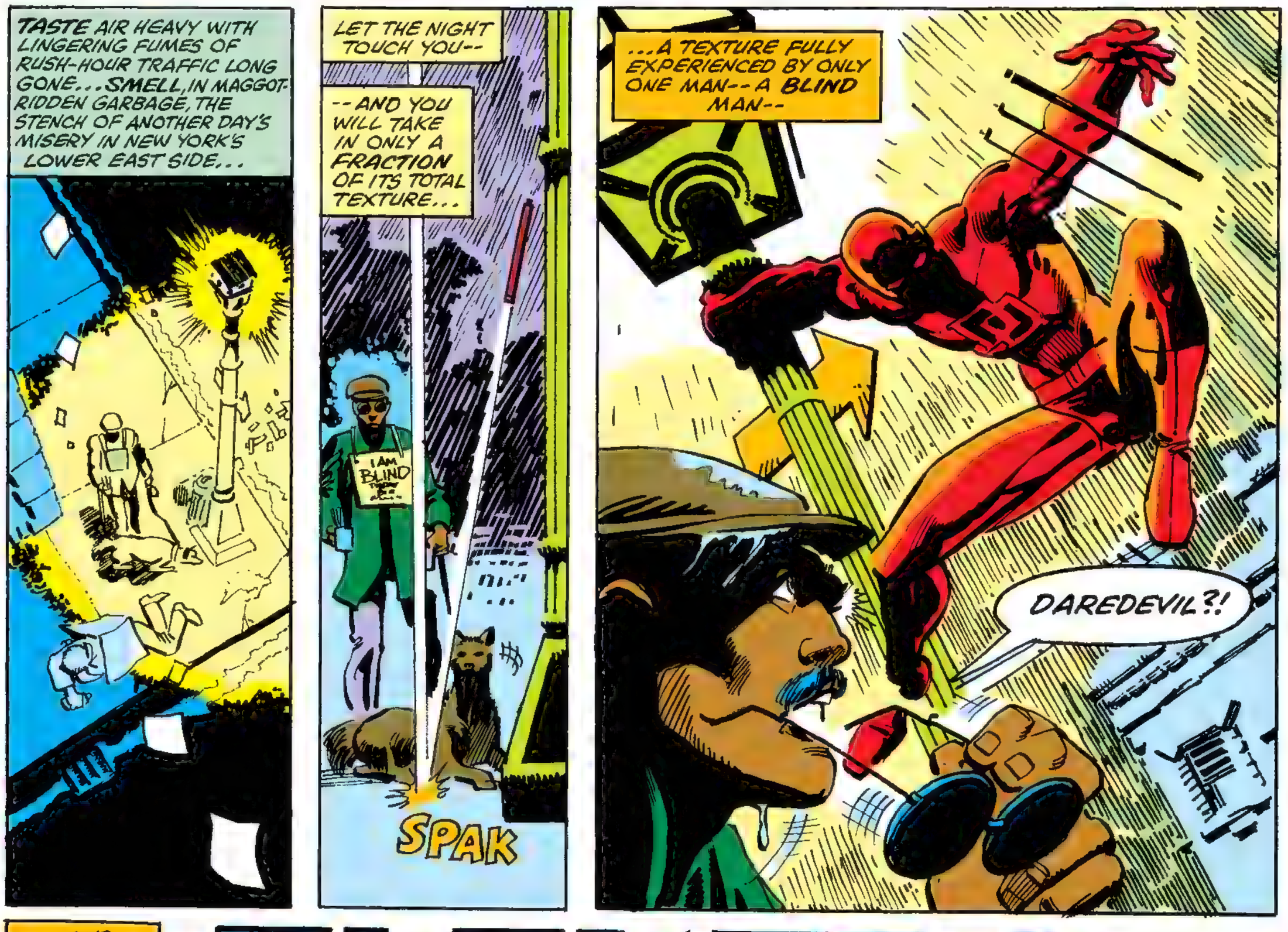

CLOSE YOUR EYES. LET THE NIGHT TOUCH YOU.
I AM BLIND PLEASE BUY A PENCIL
FEEL THE COLD, DRIVING RAIN AS IT BATTERS YOUR FACE AND SOAKS YOUR CLOTHES...
HEAR THE MOAN OF A FREIGHT BARGE ON THE NEARBY EAST RIVER; THE HAUNTING CHIMES OF A SOLITARY CHURCH BELL AS IT TOLLS THE MIDNIGHT HOUR...


TASTE AIR HEAVY WITH LINGERING FUMES OF RUSH-HOUR TRAFFIC LONG GONE... SMELL, IN MAGGOT-RIDDEN GARBAGE, THE STENCH OF ANOTHER DAY'S MISERY IN NEW YORK'S LOWER EAST SIDE...
LET THE NIGHT TOUCH YOU--
--AND YOU WILL TAKE IN ONLY A FRACTION OF ITS TOTAL TEXTURE...
I AM BLIND
SPAK
...A TEXTURE FULLY EXPERIENCED BY ONLY ONE MAN--A BLIND MAN--
DAREDEVIL?!
...AND TONIGHT, DAREDEVIL WILL MEET--AND BE TOUCHED BY--
ELEKTRA

FRANK MILLER / ARTIST *AND* WRITER | KLAUS JANSON / INKER / EMBELLISHER | DR. MARTIN / COLORIST | JOE ROSEN / LETTERER | DENNY O'NEIL / EDITOR | JIM SHOOTER / ED-IN-CHIEF

LOUSY DISGUISE.

TURK, I WANT *INFORMATION.* YOU'RE GOING TO GIVE IT TO ME.

I'M TELLIN' YOU NOTHIN'!

SIC 'EM, BRUTUS!

DAREDEVIL?!

I AM BLIND

AWWRRWWW

--A MURDER FOR WHICH ANOTHER MAN HAS BEEN FALSELY CHARGED.

UNLESS I CAN BRING WALLENQUIST TO COURT IN THE MORNING, THAT MAN WILL PAY FOR A CRIME HE NEVER COMMITTED!

AW, YER BREAKIN' MY *HEART!*

LET ME SPELL IT OUT FOR YOU, TURK...

I'M AFTER A THIEF NAMED ALARICH WALLENQUIST. HE HIRED YOUR BOSS, ERIC SLAUGHTER, TO PROTECT HIM -- FROM ME.

WALLENQUIST WITNESSED A RECENT *MURDER*--

HE'S *ON* TO US!

I BEEN LOOKING FOR THIS CHANCE, DEVIL.

MISTER SLAUGHTER'S GIVEN ME NOTHIN' BUT LOUSY STAKEOUT JOBS LIKE THIS EVER SINCE YOU MADE A *FOOL* OUTTA ME ON CONEY ISLAND.* BUT NOW I'LL--

WH-WHERE'D YOU GO?

*DD#161.- DENNY.

WOKK

THIS *STINKS!*

SLAUGHTER TOLD ME I'M S'POSED TO MAKE SURE TURK'S KEPT QUIET IF SOMETHING LIKE THIS HAPPENS.

LOOKS LIKE HE'S GONNA SING...

GUESS THAT SINKS IT...

I'LL TALK! I'LL TALK!

BUT... THAT WINO CIRCLING BEHIND ME... HE'S TRYING TO BE QUIET. HE DOESN'T KNOW THAT I CAN *HEAR* HIS HEARTBEAT-- OR THAT HE'S CLEARLY LIMNED BY MY *RADAR SENSE.*

IT'S A SURE THING HE'S ANOTHER OF SLAUGHTER'S MEN...

...AND THAT THE BOTTLE HE'S ABOUT TO THROW HAS MORE THAN BOOZE IN IT.

ONLY ONE THING TO DO...

GET TURK-- AND MYSELF-- OUT OF THE WAY!

HUH? HOW'D YOU KNOW...

THE NIGHT IS SHATTERED BY A NITROGLYCERINE EXPLOSION...

AND THEN...

GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE-- *FAST!* IF DD SURVIVED THAT, HE'LL TEAR ME APART!

BUT WHY AM I WORRYING? HE COULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN CLEAR OF THE BLAST IN TIME.

NAW...NOTHIN' HUMAN IS THAT FAST!

ULP! THE BARRIER! IT'S GIVING WAY!

OOF!

AW, NO!

END...OF THE LINE, PUNK. YOU'RE GOING...TO TELL ME WHERE WALLENQUIST IS... AND YOU'RE GOING TO TELL ME...NOW.

I'M NOT SO SURE ABOUT THAT, DEVIL. YOU DON'T LOOK SO HOT.

IN FACT, YOU LOOK *LOUSY.* THAT EXPLOSION MUST'VE REALLY KICKED YER GUTS IN.

SO I DON'T GOTTA LISTEN TO YOU, AND I DON'T GOTTA TALK TO YOU--

--WHEN ALL IT'LL TAKE IS A HUNK OF LEAD IN THE RIGHT PLACE TO GET RID OF YOU ONCE AND FER ALL!

BLAMM

YOU'RE OUT OF LUCK... AND I'M OUT OF... PATIENCE.

TALK!

≒URRGH!≒

DARE-DEVIL?!

WHAT IS *HE* DOING HERE?

HE COULD RUIN EVERYTHING!

I CANNOT LET THAT HAPPEN...

OKAY, OKAY! BUT YOU AIN'T THE ONE WE WAS STAKED OUT FER, DEVIL! WE ≒UNNH!≒

WALLENQUIST, SCUM. I WANT WALLENQUIST.

YEAH, SURE! HE'S HOLED UP IN A LOFT AT MERCER STREET AND...

DULLED BY PAIN, DAREDEVIL'S HYPER-SENSES FAIL TO DETECT THE MYSTERIOUS FIGURE PERCHED ON A GUYWIRE ABOVE HIM...

...UNTIL A STREAK OF SILVER LANCES THE AIR...

...AND AGONY EXPLODES BEHIND SIGHTLESS EYES.

HE REELS, DIMLY AWARE OF A WOMAN'S FORM--

--A MOMENT BEFORE SHE STRIKES HIM A BLOW THAT ROCKS HIS BRAIN AND STRETCHES THE CORDS IN HIS NECK.

HE FALLS. HE STRUGGLES TO REMAIN CONSCIOUS. SOMEHOW, HE HEARS FLEEING FOOTSTEPS...

...HEARS HIS ATTACKER WHIRL, AND THROW HER WEAPON...

...HEARS THE WEAPON STRIKE A WALL...

...HEARS THE SPLINTERING OF BONE AS IT SMASHES AN UNPROTECTED JAW.

THEN, HE HEARS HER SPEAK...

THERE IS A BOUNTY OUT IN EUROPE FOR ALARICH WALLENQUIST, BILGE--

-- A BOUNTY I INTEND TO COLLECT.

YOU ARE GOING TO HELP ME CAPTURE HIM, OR I AM GOING TO KILL YOU.

IT IS AS SIMPLE AS THAT.

THAT VOICE--

ELEKTRA?!

UNCONSCIOUS, DAREDEVIL LOSES THE OUTSIDE WORLD. FROM WITHIN, REMEMBERED SOUNDS AND SMELLS COME FORTH...

IT IS A TIME BEFORE THERE IS A DAREDEVIL. THERE IS ONLY A NINETEEN-YEAR-OLD **BOY** WHO HAS NOT YET FOUND A PURPOSE FOR HIS STRANGE POWERS--**MATT MURDOCK**, FRESHMAN, STUDYING PRE-LAW AT COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY...

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ALMA MATER

GOLLY, MATT! I MUST OWE A *FORTUNE* ON THESE BOOKS!

CAREFUL, BUDDY! STATUE AT TWELVE O'CLOCK!

FOGGY, I'VE TOLD YOU BEFORE-- YOU DON'T HAVE TO POINT OUT OBSTACLES TO ME.

SURE, PAL--

--I JUST WANNA MAKE SURE NOTHING HAPPENS TO MY NEW ROOMIE, NOT TO MENTION THE *SMARTEST*--

OOF!

FOGGY!

FOGGY? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

NOT TO WORRY, RED! I ALWAYS LAND BUTTER SIDE UP!

FRANKLIN NELSON, MATTHEW MURDOCK-- *WHAT* IS GOING ON HERE?

UM, Y'SEE, SIR...

I *SEE*, NELSON, THAT YOU ARE BLOCKING THE WAY. I *SEE* THAT I AM ESCORTING A NEW STUDENT-- AN IMPORTANT NEW STUDENT-- AROUND THE CAMPUS.

I *SEE* THAT THIS SORT OF NONSENSE...

MATT DOES **NOT** SEE, BUT HE **SMELLS** A DELICATE FRENCH PERFUME...

...AND HEARS A VOICE, SOFT AS VELVET.

YOU REALLY SHOULD TAKE BETTER CARE OF YOUR FRIEND.

MISS, I-- UFF!

BACK! YOU WILL NOT TOUCH HER!

ATHOS-- DON'T--

COME AWAY, ELEKTRA.

BUT I... VERY WELL, POPPA.

ELEKTRA!...

BOY, MATT, I THOUGHT SURE THE DEAN WAS GONNA TEAR MY HEAD OFF!

MATT, YOU OKAY?

MATT?

AND SO, A FEW DAYS LATER...

EH?

HEY-- BULLET-HEAD!

WHO DARES?

STAY HERE, LITTLE ONE. I WILL ATTEND TO THIS!

PSST! ELEKTRA! C'MERE!

C'MERE!

VERY WELL--

--BUT IF YOU ARE AN ENEMY OF MY BELOVED FATHER, BE *WARNED*--I AM WELL TRAINED IN MARTIAL ARTS.

WHATEVER YOU TRY, I WILL BE READY FOR--

--A ROSE?

UH...SORRY I STARTLED YOU...I SORT OF HAD A FRIEND DISTRACT YOUR BODYGUARD. I JUST WANTED TO...

UH, THIS IS FOR YOU...

YOU ARE THE ONE ON THE STEPS...

MATTHEW MURDOCK. MATT. I'M IN PRE-LAW...

ELEKTRA NATCHIOS, POLITICAL SCIENCE. I RARELY GET TO MEET OTHER STUDENTS, BECAUSE OF ATHOS.

SINCE WE LEFT GREECE, I HAVE NOT MADE A SINGLE FRIEND. OH, I AM SURE POPPA IS RIGHT IN PROTECTING ME, AN AMBASSADOR'S DAUGHTER IS A LIKELY TARGET FOR TERRORISTS.

STILL, IT DOES GET LONELY...

ELEKTRA, I HAVE TWO TICKETS TO THE GAME TONIGHT. I'D LIKE FOR YOU TO COME TO IT... WITH ME.

WITH YOU? BUT YOU...

I AM SORRY. I DID NOT MEAN...

I MEAN, I WOULD LIKE TO, BUT...

YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.

SURE. I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN.

YOU MEAN I'M *BLIND*--AND MY HANDICAP IS A WALL BETWEEN ME AND THE WORLD.

A GREAT STONE WALL THAT NOTHING I DO WILL MOVE...

OR IS IT?
POP ALWAYS SAYS YOU MAKE YOUR OWN CHANCES.
I CAN'T LET THIS CHANCE GO BY.
I WON'T!
HEY-- 'OLIVE OIL'!
IN THIS COUNTRY--
YOU CAN'T CONVICT A GUY--
WITHOUT A TRIAL!
HOW... HOW DID YOU DO THAT, MATT? I MEAN, YOU--
I'M BLIND. BUT I HAVE OTHER ABILITIES THAT MORE THAN COMPENSATE.
I DO NOT UNDERSTAND.
I'M NOT SURE I DO, EITHER.
I WAS FIFTEEN WHEN I SAVED AN OLD MAN'S LIFE BY SHOVING HIM OUT OF THE WAY OF A RUNAWAY TRUCK.
A RADIOACTIVE CANNISTER FROM THE TRUCK STRUCK ME ACROSS THE EYES, BLINDING ME.
HOW HORRIBLE!
YES, IT WAS. BUT I LATER FOUND MY REMAINING SENSES INCREDIBLY HEIGHTENED.
I CAN HEAR THE FAINTEST WHISPER-- EVEN A HEARTBEAT. I CAN SMELL A ROSE FROM A HUNDRED FEET AWAY.
I'VE EVEN GOT A KIND OF 'RADAR,' WHICH LETS ME FEEL OBJECTS AROUND ME. IT'S NOT LIKE SIGHT-- IT'S LIKE TOUCHING *EVERYTHING* AT ONCE!
FANTASTIC! WHY KEEP IT A SECRET?
I'M NOT SURE, I-I'VE NEVER TALKED TO ANYBODY ABOUT ALL THIS, ELEKTRA. NOT EVEN POP. I'D LIKE TO TALK AGAIN...
PLEASE?
COME FOR ME AT EIGHT...
...'FOUR EYES!
FAT LITTLE PIG CALLS ME 'BULLET HEAD'...
UH-OH! THERE'S ATHOS! I'D BETTER GO!
BYE!
LITTLE ONE! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
ELEKTRA?

THEY MEET THAT EVENING ...AND THE NEXT. VERY SOON, THEY FALL IN LOVE. IT IS A FIRST LOVE FOR BOTH...

...AND FOR A YEAR, THEY ARE EUPHORIC.

THEN... I'M NOT THE *ONLY* ONE THEY MADE WEAR THESE THINGS.

BUT, FOGGY-- MOOSE ANTLERS?

IT'S *INITIATION*, MATT.

I'M GONNA JOIN OMEGA DELTA IF IT KILLS ME. ANYBODY WHO'S EVERYBODY IS AT OMEGA DELTA!

GOSH, I'M HUNGRY AS A BEAR. WHAT SAY WE...

I CAN'T, FOGGY. TODAY'S ELEKTRA'S BIRTHDAY, AND WE'RE GOING TO...

WHAT'S THAT NOISE?

WHAT NO! -- OH, GOLLY! LOOK AT ALL THOSE COPS. WONDER WHAT'S GOING ON?

SOMETHING IS VERY WRONG HERE.

YOU COULD CUT THE TENSION IN THE AIR.

LIKE, THERE'S THIS RILLY INTENSE SCENE IN THERE, Y'KNOW? THERE'S THESE GUYS HOLDING HOSTAGES, LIKE IN THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING. INTENSE. RILLY INTENSE.

HEY-- I LIKE THE ANTLERS.

THANKS!

HOLD ON A SECOND... THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING? ISN'T THAT WHERE YOU'RE MEETING ELEKTRA, MATT?

MATT?

HE'S GONE!

IN THE SHADOW OF A NEARBY BUILDING...

I MEANT TO GIVE THIS SCARF TO ELEKTRA AS A BIRTHDAY GIFT.

BUT NOW IT'S MY ONLY MEANS OF DISGUISE.

HAVE TO GAIN ALTITUDE-- SCAN THE SITUATION.

NOW I'LL SEE IF ALL THOSE HOURS OF SECRET TRAINING COUNT FOR ANYTHING!

NOT BAD. I'M IN BETTER SHAPE THAN I THOUGHT.

BEFORE I DO ANYTHING, I HAVE TO UNDERSTAND EXACTLY WHAT IS GOING ON. I'VE GOT TO CONCENTRATE--USE MY HYPER SENSES AS NEVER BEFORE!

IF I TRY, I CAN HEAR EVERY WORD THAT'S SPOKEN...

YOU ARE SURROUNDED. IT'S HOPELESS, PLEASE... RELEASE THE AMBASSADOR AND HIS DAUGHTER...

JUST LET ONE OF THOSE WORMS SHOW HIMSELF... JUST FOR A SECOND...

GET BENT, PIG!

WE WANT A CAR--AND A PLANE OUTTA TOWN!

CRIPES, THERE MUST BE A THOUSAND COPS OUT THERE! WE'VE HAD IT, MAN!

"SHUT UP, JUST SHUT UP. LET ME THINK... YEAH...WE SNUFF THE CUTIE, THAT'LL SHOW 'EM WE MEAN BUSINESS!"

"MAN, WE CAN'T DO THAT! THEY'LL--"

"SHUT UP. IF I SAY WE KILL HER, WE KILL HER!"

THERE'S NO MORE TIME. SOMETHING HAS TO BE DONE *NOW*.

IT'S FIFTEEN FEET TO THE OTHER ROOF. I'VE NEVER JUMPED THAT FAR.

BUT I'VE GOT TO SAVE ELEKTRA.

I'VE *GOT* TO!

I *MISSED!*

THAT *FLAGPOLE!* MY CANE! IF I CAN JUST...

UFF!

POP SAYS...THERE'S ALWAYS A CHANCE. HE'S NEVER AFRAID. I WON'T BE, EITHER.

COULDA' SWORN I HEARD SOMETHING.

I MAY BE WRONG--

--BUT WE BETTER PLAY IT SAFE. GO UP TO THE ROOF. SEE HOW CARLOS IS DOING.

SURE.

THERE ARE SIX OF THEM...

THREE IN THE ROOM WITH ELEKTRA AND HER FATHER...

ONE ON THE LANDING BELOW...

AND THE TWO HERE. BETTER KEEP THIS QUIET.

HKKK--

WHAT IN...

WHILE, ON THE LANDING BELOW...

WHOK

EH? WHAT'S THAT? BETTER CHECK IT--

OOUUT

BLAMM

A SHOT! THEY'RE UP HERE, MAN! THEY--

SHUT UP! THIS IS CRAZY. THEY WOULDN'T DARE...

YOU CHECK IT OUT. LOUIE AND I WILL TAKE CARE OF THESE TWO.

THREE LEFT. ONE HAS A GUN ON ELEKTRA.

I'LL HAVE TO COUNT ON *HER* SKILL, AS WELL AS MY OWN.

THCK

HIT 'EM LOW, OLIVE OIL!

THEY BOTH STRIKE SWIFTLY, EFFICIENTLY.

BUT THEN--

OOH

I MISCALCULATED. HE'S FALLING BACKWARD...

...AND THROUGH THE WINDOW!

THEY'RE KILLING THE HOSTAGES!

THOSE SLIMY... ALL I NEED IS A CLEAR SHOT, THAT'S ALL...

"...JUST A CLEAR SHOT AT ONE OF THEM, JUST FOR A SECOND...

"WAIT...WHAT'S THAT? I CAN SEE SOMETHING..."

OH, NO...

STAY DOWN, SIR!

STAY DOWN!

BUT I...

URRGH!

FUP FUP FUP FUP

POPPA!
ELEKTRA... DON'T...
LET GO OF ME! POPPA! POPPA!
IT'S TOO LATE. HIS HEART...IT'S STOPPED.
ELEKTRA, I'M SORRY
NO... POPPA...
SHE DOESN'T CRY. NOT THEN.
NOT LATER.
SHE NEVER CRIES.
FINALLY...
I GOT YOUR MESSAGE, ELEKTRA. I RAN RIGHT OVER. WHAT'S HAPPENING?
I AM LEAVING, MATT. I AM RETURNING TO EUROPE.
LEAVING? BUT--
THERE IS NO OTHER WAY. I CANNOT CONTINUE TO STUDY LAWS IN WHICH I NO LONGER BELIEVE.
BUT WE CAN STILL...
WITHOUT THE DREAM?
YOU, TO BE YOUR COUNTRY'S FINEST LAWYER, AND I-- I WANTED TO CHANGE THE WORLD, MATT. I USED TO LOVE THE WORLD...
NOW I CAN'T LET IT TOUCH ME, EVER AGAIN.
YOU'RE A PART OF THAT WORLD. AND YOU LOVE IT. YOU LET IT HURT YOU AND YOU LOVE IT ALL THE MORE.
I'M NOT THAT STRONG.
I LOVE *YOU*. WE...
IT'S TOO LATE, MATT. I'M SORRY...
ELEKTRA... DON'T!...
PLEASE... DON'T GO...

DON'T GO...

PLEASE, DARLING... DON'T GO... KOFF KOFF

÷UHNNH÷

HAVEN'T THOUGHT OF HER FOR YEARS...

THAT EVENING... DON'T KNOW HOW I SURVIVED IT.

NEVER HEARD FROM HER AGAIN. NEVER IN ALL THE YEARS THAT FOLLOWED.

I KEPT BUSY. I HAD MY CAREER. AND, IN TIME, I HAD DAREDEVIL.

THE WOUND SHE LEFT HEALED... UNTIL TONIGHT IT WAS RIPPED WIDE OPEN...

...JUST LIKE THIS SHOULDER. SWEET OF HER TO BANDAGE IT.

ELEKTRA COULDN'T HAVE SURVIVED WITHOUT A PURPOSE...

...SO SHE WENT TO EUROPE, BECAME A ***BOUNTY HUNTER***, HER TALENTS AND FIGHTING SKILLS FOR SALE TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER.

SHE'S EVERYTHING I DESPISE.

BUT INSIDE THE RUTHLESS BOUNTY HUNTER IS A ***WOMAN***--A WOMAN WHO BANDAGED MY ARM AND PROBABLY SAVED MY LIFE.

SHE'S A BITTER, LONELY WOMAN WHO'S STRIKING BACK AT THE WORLD THAT ROBBED HER OF HER FATHER.

YET SHE'S STILL A WOMAN--THE FIRST WOMAN I EVER LOVED.

THAT'S A HARD THING TO FORGET.

BUT IT DOESN'T COUNT. NONE OF IT.

NO MATTER HOW MUCH IT PAINS ME, I MUST HUNT ELEKTRA DOWN...

...AND BRING HER TO JUSTICE!

A TENEMENT, SOMEWHERE BELOW HOUSTON STREET...

KRAKOWW

LIEBER GOTT!

THE STORM-- IT IS DRIVING ME MAD!

THAT IS BECAUSE YOU ARE A *COWARD*, WALLENQUIST.

A COWARD-- AND AN AMATEUR.

ONLY AN AMATEUR WOULD STUMBLE INTO THIS PREDICAMENT. NEEDED AS A MATERIAL WITNESS IN A LOCAL MURDER TRIAL--

--AND STALKED BY A BOUNTY HUNTER FOR CRIMES COMMITTED IN EUROPE.

SLOPPY, WALLEN-QUIST. VERY SLOPPY.

THAT IS A POOR WAY TO SPEAK TO YOUR EMPLOYER, *MEIN FREUND!*

I AM NOT YOUR FRIEND.

...AND PRESENTLY, MY ASSOCIATES AND I ARE ALL THAT IS KEEPING YOU FROM BEING ARRESTED-- OR KILLED.

KEEP THAT IN MIND.

'ASSOCIATES'... A BUNCH OF HIRED KILLERS...

GLUG

'SCUSE ME, MISTER SLAUGHTER--

"--BILGE FINALLY CALLED IN."

YES SIR, MISTER SLAUGHTER. I KNOW I'M LATE. I RAN INTO A LITTLE BIT OF TROUBLE...

DAREDEVIL SHOWED UP, AND TRIED TO MAKE ME AND TURK TELL HIM WHERE YOU GOT WALLENQUIST.

NO SIR. TURK ALMOST TALKED, BUT I SCRAGGED 'EM BOTH WITH A BOTTLE OF NITRO.

YES, SIR. IT'S ALL SET UP. THE SEA-PLANE WILL BE READY TO TAKE WALLENQUIST OUTTA TOWN AT FOUR O'CLOCK, JUST LIKE YO WANTED.

WHAT? NO SIR, NO SIGN OF NO BOUNTY HUNTER!

YES SIR, MISTER SLAUGHTER. I'LL STAY PUT. I PROMISE.

IT'S A TRAP. BILGE SAID TO MEET THE SEA-PLANE AT FOUR O'CLOCK--AN HOUR *LATER* THAN THE ARRANGED TIME.

THAT WAS OUR SIGNAL-- IT MEANS THE BOUNTY HUNTER HAS HIM.

ANGST UND UNHEIL! WHAT--WHAT CAN WE DO?

WE MEET THE SEAPLANE. OUR BOUNTY HUNTER HAS BEEN KIND ENOUGH TO PROVIDE US WITH AN OPPORTUNITY TO ELIMINATE HIM.

HMMM... MICKEY, I'VE RUN OUT OF CIGARS. FETCH ME SOME.

SHORTLY...

VILLAGE CIGARS

CIGARS

CIGARETTES

PIPES CIGARS

NOTIONS

"MICKEY, I'VE RUN OUT OF CIGARS. FETCH ME SOME."

CRIMENY, I'M A QUALIFIED HIT MAN! GOT FOUR KILLS TO MY CREDIT! AND WHAT DOES SLAUGHTER HAVE ME DO?...

PAYDIRT. AND I ONLY HAD TO WAIT AN HOUR.

GOOD OLD HYPER-SENSES. LAST TIME I LOCKED HORNS WITH SLAUGHTER, I SMELLED- AND IDENTIFIED- THE PECULIAR BRAND OF CIGAR HE SMOKES!

...ANSWER THE PHONE! FETCH CIGARS! I DON'T NEED THIS...

IT WASN'T VERY DIFFICULT TO FIND THE ONLY PLACE IN TOWN THAT STOCKS THAT BRAND.

I COULD FOLLOW MICKEY BACK TO SLAUGHTER, BUT THAT WOULDN'T HELP ME FIND ELEKTRA.

SO...

EVENING, MICKEY!

GAAAA!

STILL WASHING THE OLD MAN'S SOCKS?

I HAVEN'T THE TIME TO PLAY CAT-AND-MOUSE, MICKEY.

TELL ME HOW WALLENQUIST IS GETTING OUT OF TOWN, OR I'LL DROP YOU.

IT'S A LONG WAY DOWN, RAT. GET SMART.

I--I AIN'T *AFRAID* OF YOU, DEVIL!

YOU GOT A *REP*-- EVERY-BODY KNOWS YOU AIN'T NEVER KILLED NOBODY!

KOAK

THAT'S TRUE..

BUT I CAN KEEP THIS UP ALL NIGHT.

CAN YOU?

UFF!

N-NO... I-I'LL *TALK*...

BUT FIRST, I THINK I'M GONNA BE SICK...

FOUR A.M., ON AN ABANDONED STRETCH OF THE WEST SIDE WATERFRONT...

RIGHT ON TIME.

YES...

...BUT FOR YOU, MY DEAR, IT IS FAR TOO LATE.

TAKE HER!

SHE--SHE'S JUST A BROAD, MISTER SLAUGHTER!

YOU HEARD THE BOSS, GROTTO.

LET'S DO IT.

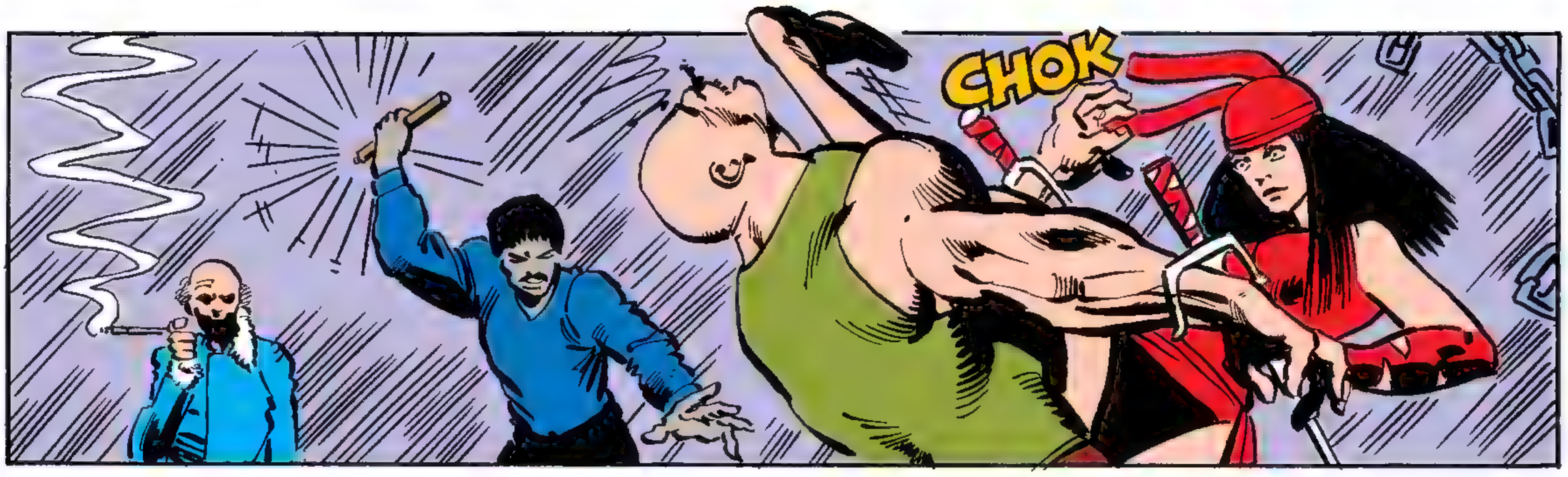
OKAY, OKAY...

BUT IT SURE IS SCREWY.

THIS BIG DEAL BOUNTY HUNTER BEIN' NOTHIN' BUT A BROAAAAGGHH!

SKRAK

BTAK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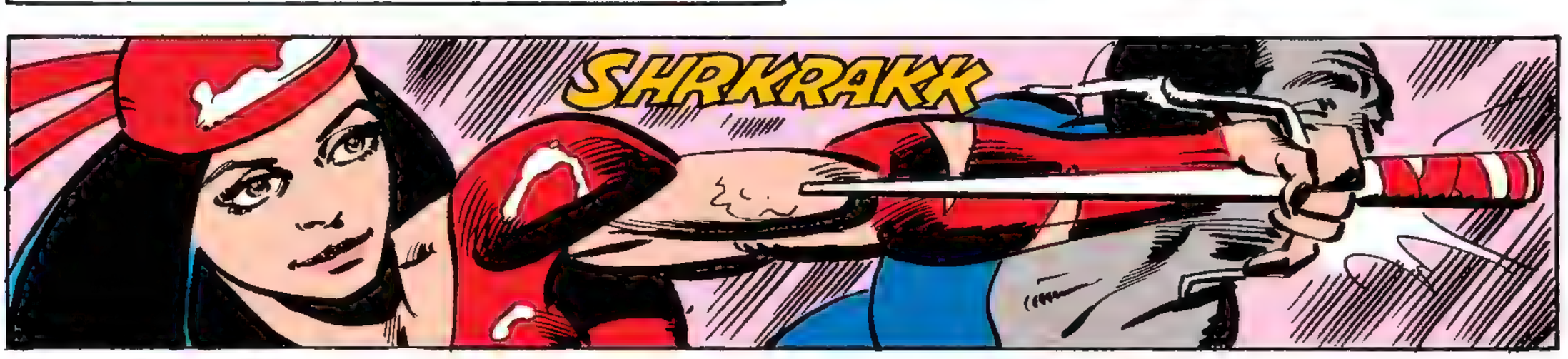
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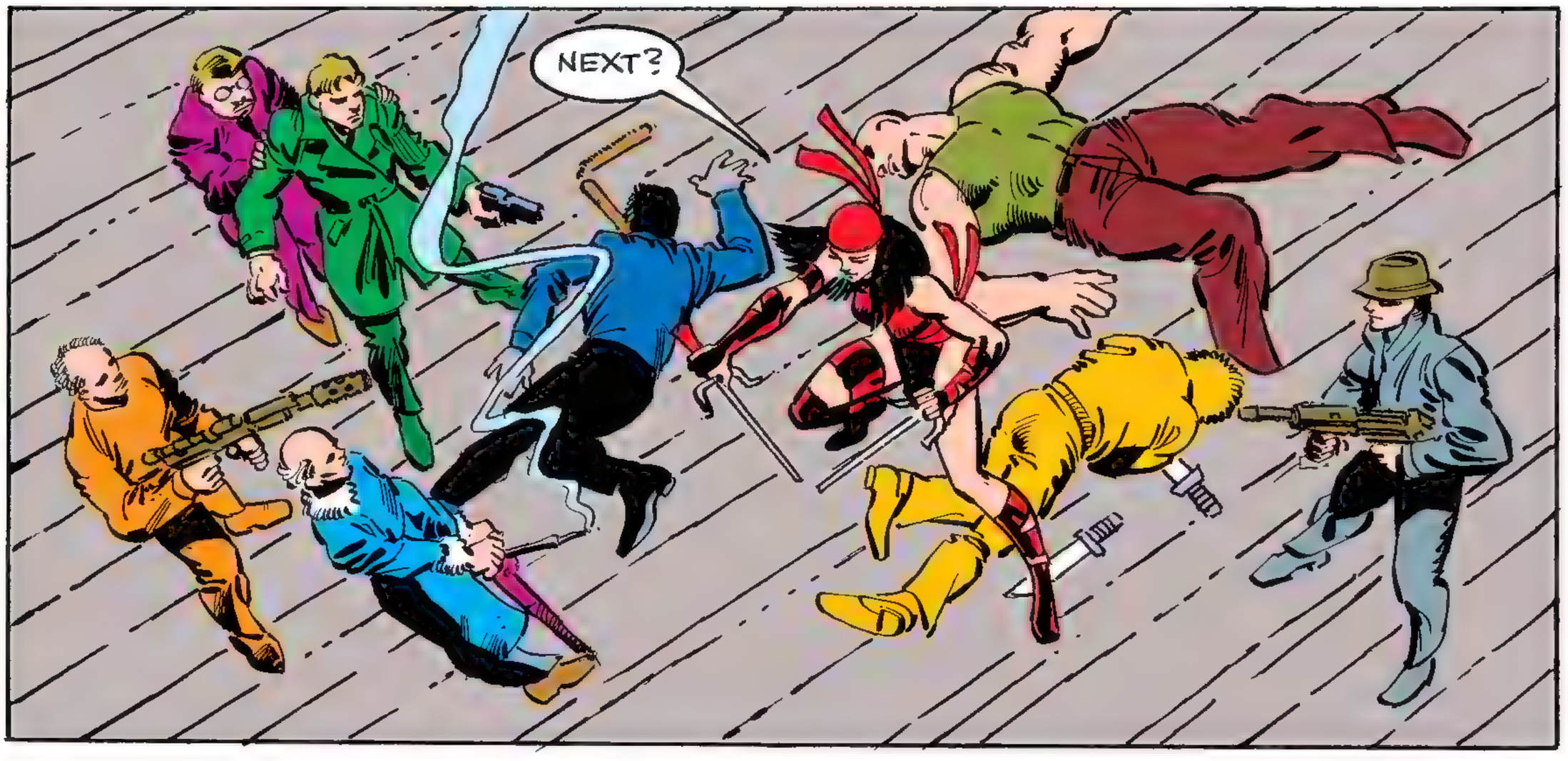
NEXT?

THERE'S NO NEED FOR YOU TO DIE. THAT WOULD BE A WASTE OF MY AMMUNITION-- AND OF YOUR REMARKABLE TALENTS.

COME TO WORK FOR ME. MY BUSINESS COULD MAKE GOOD USE OF YOU.

I SERVE NO CAUSE-- NO LAW-- AND NO MAN.

VERY WELL THEN, CHARLES?

A TRANQUILIZER DART. IT WILL KNOCK YOU OUT, BUT IT WON'T KILL YOU.

UHHNNH!

A DART!

THUNK

WE WILL.

TIE HER UP, AND FIND SOMETHING TO WEIGH HER DOWN. THEN THROW HER INTO THE RIVER.

HMMM... IN THE OLD DAYS WE WOULD'VE TAKEN THE CARE TO MAKE HER A PAIR OF CEMENT OVERSHOES.

WE HAD SO MUCH MORE STYLE IN THE OLD DAYS...

EH?

HEADLIGHTS GLARE. A ROTARY ENGINE COUGHS, THEN **ROARS.**

BLAM

BLAM

BLAM

LIKE AN ANGRY BIRD OF PREY, THE SEAPLANE THAT WAS TO TAKE ALARICH WALLENQUIST TO FREEDOM INSTEAD CHARGES THE AGED PIER!

ROTTED TIMBERS LURCH, RAMMED BY A THOUSAND POUNDS OF TEMPERED STEEL...

A MADLY SPINNING PROPELLER BITES DEEPLY INTO SOFT, MOIST PLANKS, THEN IT DIES AS ITS ENGINE BURSTS INTO FLAME...

...AND FROM THAT FLAME LEAPS--

DAREDEVIL? HERE?

CHAK

DON'T WANDER OFF ALONE, SLAUGHTER. I'LL BE RIGHT WITH YOU--

OOF!

--JUST AS SOON AS I THROW OUT THE *GARBAGE!*

OH, NO...

DO NOT *MOVE*, DAREDEVIL!

STAY *PRECISELY* WHERE YOU ARE!

LISTEN CLOSELY. IF YOU FAIL TO DO AS I INSTRUCT, I WILL SHOOT THE *FRAULEIN* IN THE HEAD AND MAKE HER DIE!

VERSTEHEN SIE?

YES, I UNDERSTAND. PLEASE... WHATEVER YOU SAY...

SEHR GUT! NOW TURN YOUR BACK-- AND SLOWLY WALK AWAY...

ANY SECOND NOW...

...HE'LL POINT THE GUN AT ME.

HE'S PLAYING IT SAFE, HE'S GOING TO SHOOT ME IN THE BACK, THEN KILL ELEKTRA.

HIS HEARTBEAT WILL JUMP JUST BEFORE HE FIRES. THAT'S WHEN I MAKE MY MOVE...

...WHATEVER *THAT* IS!

THINK, MURDOCK! THERE HAS TO BE A WAY OUT.

THERE ALWAYS IS.

EH? WHAT'S THAT SOUND?

IT'S ELEKTRA--

-- SHE'S COMING AROUND!

THIS IS IT... OUR ONLY CHANCE...

UHH...

I'LL HAVE TO COUNT ON HER SKILL, AS WELL AS MY OWN.

HER SKILL-- AND HER *MEMORY*...

HIS HEARTBEAT JUMPED!

HE'S ABOUT TO *FIRE*...

HIT 'EM LOW, OLIVE OIL!

THE WORDS ARE THE SAME. AND THOUGH THEY DO NOT COME FROM THE TURTLE-NECKED TWENTY-YEAR OLD WHO SCREAMED THEM, YEARS AGO...

...ELEKTRA UNDERSTANDS-- AND ACTS.

BLAM

THOK

SPAK

SPAK

MATT...

MATT, IT *IS* YOU...

ECHOING BENEATH THE WEST SIDE HIGHWAY, APPROACHING POLICE SIRENS WAIL, HOPELESSLY LATE...

...A DISTANT FOGHORN GIVES OUT A GREAT, LONG MOAN...

...FOR THE FIRST TIME, ELEKTRA *CRIES.*

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DAREDEVIL

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

HIS NAME IS BULLSEYE... AND HE'LL KEEP KILLING 'EM TILL THEY'RE ALL DEAD!

STAN LEE PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

BROADCAST *LIVE* FROM MIDTOWN MANHATTAN, IT'S *GOOD EVENING, NEW YORK!*

TOM'S FIRST GUEST TONIGHT IS BLIND ATTORNEY *MATT MURDOCK.*

good evening, new york

With Tom Snyde

GOOD EVENING, MATT. WELCOME TO THE SHOW.

THANK YOU, TOM. I...

OF COURSE, YOUR RECENT INVOLVEMENT IN THE CONTROVERSIAL *ANGEL DUST* MURDERS IS VERY MUCH ON EVERYONE'S MIND, MATT. WE'LL GET RIGHT TO THAT.

GOOD. TOM, I THINK IT'S VERY IMPORTANT THAT...

BUT DOGGONE IT, THERE'S A QUESTION I'M DYING TO ASK YOU FIRST!

I WON'T BEAT AROUND THE BUSH, MATT. YOU'RE *BLIND.*

WHAT I'D LIKE TO KNOW, MATT, IS HOW THE HECK CAN A BLIND LAWYER ADDRESS A JURY WHEN HE DOESN'T KNOW WHERE IT *IS?*

YOU COULD BE FACING THE WRONG SIDE OF THE ROOM, FOR PETE'S SAKE!

WELL, MURDOCK?...

WE INTERRUPT THIS PROGRAM TO BRING YOU A SPECIAL NEWS BULLETIN.

BULLSEYE, THE WORLD'S DEADLIEST ASSASSIN, HAS ESCAPED FROM A MIDTOWN HOSPITAL AS HE WAS ABOUT TO UNDERGO SURGERY.

IF YOU SEE THIS MAN, CALL THE POLICE. HE IS NOT ARMED, BUT IS EXTREMELY DANGEROUS.

IN HIS HANDS *ANYTHING* IS A DEADLY WEAPON!

WE NOW RETURN YOU TO *GOOD EVENING, NEW YORK!*

WASN'T THAT A THRILL.

NOW, MATT, YOU WERE ABOUT TO TELL ME HOW YOU...

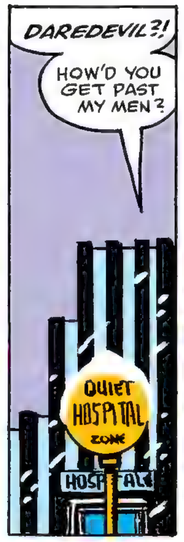
MATT?...

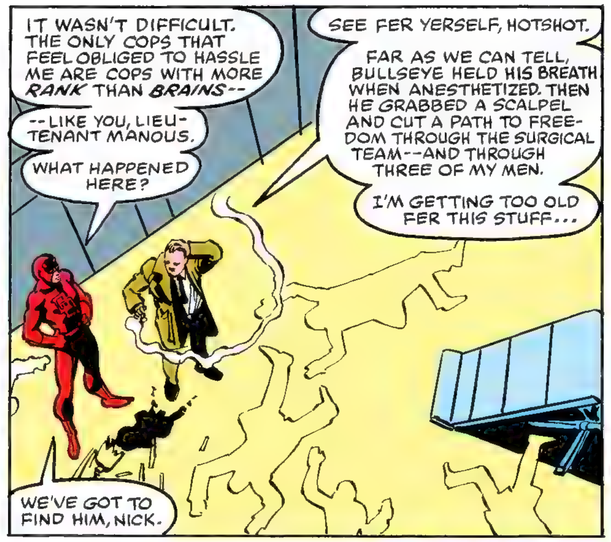
HE'S *GONE!*

GONE, TRANSFORMED.

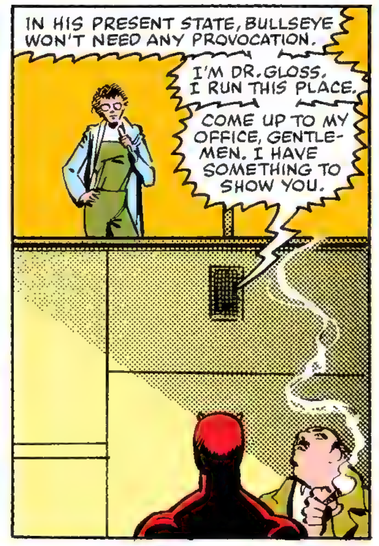
WHEN YOUNG MATT MURDOCK WAS STRUCK ACROSS THE EYES AND BLINDED BY A RADIOACTIVE CANNISTER, HIS REMAINING SENSES BECAME AMPLIFIED TO SUPERHUMAN LEVELS.

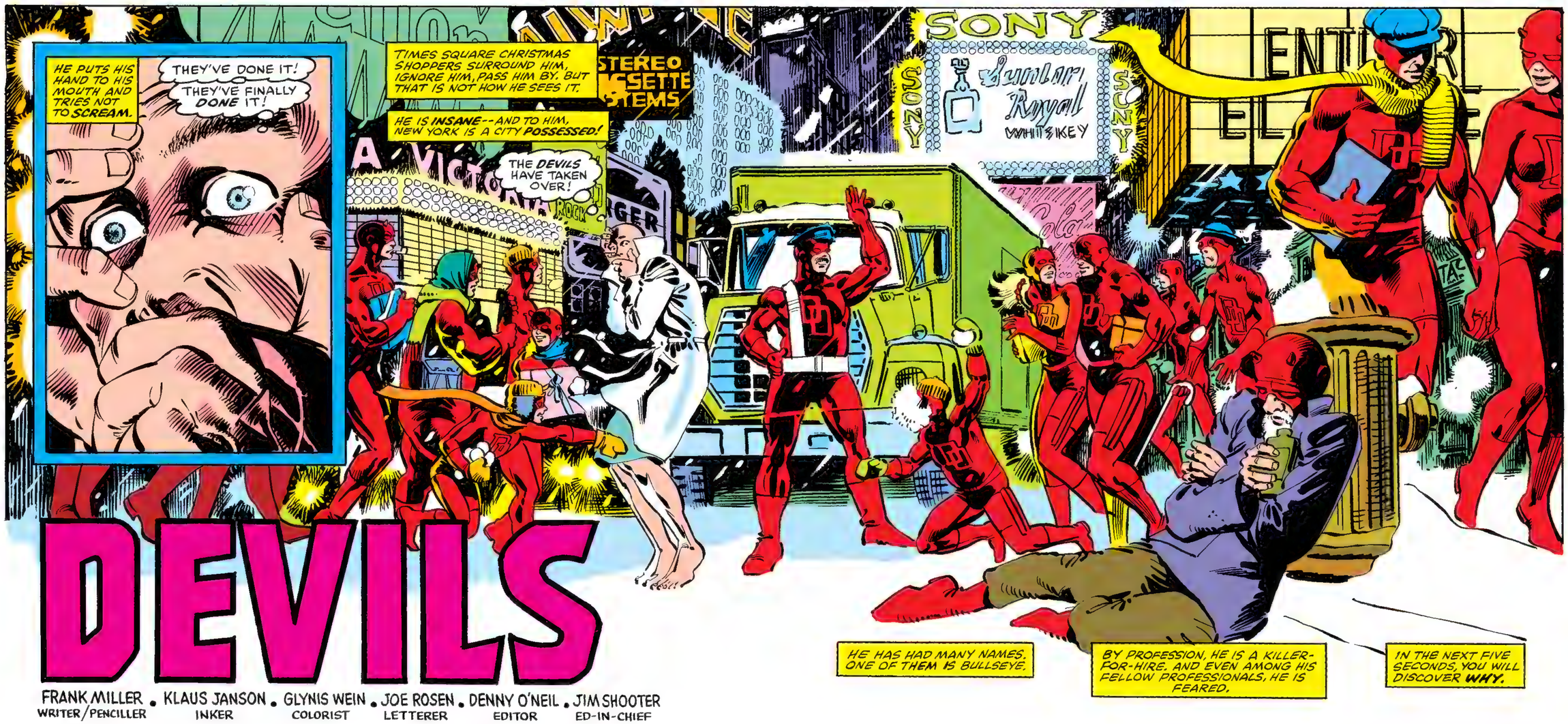
YEARS LATER, HIS FATHER'S DEATH AT THE HANDS OF GANGSTERS COMPELLED HIM TO BATTLE INJUSTICE AS...




IT WASN'T DIFFICULT. THE ONLY COPS THAT FEEL OBLIGED TO HASSLE ME ARE COPS WITH MORE RANK THAN BRAINS--
--LIKE YOU, LIEUTENANT MANOUS.
WHAT HAPPENED HERE?
SEE FER YERSELF, HOTSHOT.
FAR AS WE CAN TELL, BULLSEYE HELD HIS BREATH WHEN ANESTHETIZED. THEN HE GRABBED A SCALPEL AND CUT A PATH TO FREEDOM THROUGH THE SURGICAL TEAM--AND THROUGH THREE OF MY MEN.
I'M GETTING TOO OLD FER THIS STUFF...
WE'VE GOT TO FIND HIM, NICK.

IT'S WORSE THAN THAT. AND YOU KNOW IT.
BULLSEYE IS A HOMICIDAL MANIAC. IF ANYONE SHOULD CROSS HIM...
THAT'S ONLY PART OF IT, DAREDEVIL!


IN HIS PRESENT STATE, BULLSEYE WON'T NEED ANY PROVOCATION.
I'M DR. GLOSS. I RUN THIS PLACE.
COME UP TO MY OFFICE, GENTLEMEN. I HAVE SOMETHING TO SHOW YOU.


HE PUTS HIS HAND TO HIS MOUTH AND TRIES NOT TO SCREAM.
THEY'VE DONE IT!
THEY'VE FINALLY DONE IT!
TIMES SQUARE CHRISTMAS SHOPPERS SURROUND HIM, IGNORE HIM, PASS HIM BY. BUT THAT IS NOT HOW HE SEES IT.
HE IS INSANE--AND TO HIM, NEW YORK IS A CITY POSSESSED!
THE DEVILS HAVE TAKEN OVER!
SONY
Lunar Royal
WHITSKEY
HE HAS HAD MANY NAMES. ONE OF THEM IS BULLSEYE.
BY PROFESSION, HE IS A KILLER-FOR-HIRE. AND EVEN AMONG HIS FELLOW PROFESSIONALS, HE IS FEARED.
IN THE NEXT FIVE SECONDS, YOU WILL DISCOVER WHY.

DEVILS

FRANK MILLER • WRITER/PENCILLER
KLAUS JANSON • INKER
GLYNIS WEIN • COLORIST
JOE ROSEN • LETTERER
DENNY O'NEIL • EDITOR
JIM SHOOTER • ED-IN-CHIEF

FOUR SECONDS.

CAN'T LET THEM GET ME!

HAVE TO STRIKE FIRST!

CHECK IT OUT. GOT GREAT STUFF UP BACK, JACK!

SNAK

THREE.

IF THEY'D JUST STOP MAKING MY HEAD HURT...

NNGGG!

WHAT THE...

YESSIR, GREAT STUFF. CHECK IT OUT.

SNAK

TWO.

HKKK--!

CHECK IT OUT. GREAT STUFF UP BACK, JACK!

SNAK

ONE.

KLUGGN

BILL!

BILL!

YESSIR, GREAT STUFF. CHECK IT...

SNAK

ZERO.

SNAK

I'VE *KILLED* YOU, DEVIL!

AND I'LL *KEEP* KILLING YOU--

--UNTIL THERE AREN'T ANY MORE OF YOU *LEFT!*

RUD

I SCARED THEM OFF! THEY'RE CHANGING BACK INTO PEOPLE-- AND THEY'VE STOPPED MAKING MY HEAD HURT.

BUT THEY ALL HAVE COSTUMES! *I* DON'T!

IT ISN'T FAIR...

AND SO, A FEW MINUTES LATER...

TAILORS

"VELVET," I SEZ TO THE LADY, "YOU WANT VELVET."

SO SHE SEZ, "I BEEN WEARING CLOTHES FOR FORTY YEARS, AND I DON'T WANT VELVET, I WANT SILK."

AND I SEZ, "LADY, I BEEN *MAKING* CLOTHES FOR FORTY YEARS, AND TRUST ME YOU WANT VELVET."

TAILORS

I SEZ, "YOU MAKE A WINTER COAT OUTTA SILK AND YOU'LL FREEZE YOUR--"

TAILORS

Yes, We're OPEN

JUST A MINNIT, SOL. I GOT A CUSTOMER.

I NEED A COSTUME.

SURE, MISTER.

MEBBE SOMETHING IN VELVET?

TAILORS

Sorry, We're CLOSED

TWENTY MINUTES PASS.

"CLOSED"?! WHADDAYA MEAN "CLOSED"?!

YOU SAID NINE O'CLOCK, AN' IT'S NINE O'CLOCK, AN' I WANT MY SUIT!

TAP TAP

CAA-MON! I GOT A CAB WAITIN'-- WIT' THE METER RUNNIN'!

SO OPEN UP ALREADY!

TAP TAP

SKREKK

I HAVE RETURNED, DEVIL--

BULLSEYE IS BACK!

YOU CAN PRETEND TO BE OLD, FRAZZLED TAILORS--

--OR A FAT BUSINESSMAN DRESSED IN THE LATEST *LONDON FOG*--

BUT YOU WON'T ESCAPE MY... MY...

...MY BRAIN! IT'S ON *FIRE!*

AHH

WHAT ARE YOU *DOING* TO ME?

I HATE YOU, DEVIL! I *HATE* YOU!

MEANWHILE...

BULLSEYE BECAME MORE ERRATIC--AND VIOLENT--AFTER YOU LAST BROUGHT HIM IN, DAREDEVIL.

HE WAS MOVED HERE TO SEE IF WE COULD FIND A MEDICAL REASON FOR HIS BEHAVIOR. WE DID.

HOSPITAL

BULLSEYE HAS A CANCEROUS GROWTH--A TUMOR--IN HIS BRAIN, WHICH CAUSES HIM TO SUFFER AGONIZING HEADACHES, AS WELL AS HALLUCINATIONS.

THIS TUMOR WAS PROBABLY RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS EMOTIONAL COLLAPSE AT CONEY ISLAND.*

THAT DID SEEM ODD AT THE TIME... DOCTOR, YOU MENTIONED HALLUCINATIONS. WHAT KIND?

*DD #161--DENNY.

BULLSEYE IS OBSESSED WITH HIS DEFEAT AT YOUR HANDS, DAREDEVIL.

DURING HIS HEADACHES, HE PERCEIVES EVERYONE AROUND HIM TO BE ***YOU***. THREE WEEKS AGO, HE ATTACKED A NURSE AND ALMOST MURDERED THE POOR WOMAN.

HE WAS SCREAMING YOUR NAME AS HE WAS SEDATED.

HIS HEADACHES WERE BECOMING MORE FREQUENT WHEN WE DECIDED TO OPERATE,

IF THAT TUMOR IS NOT REMOVED, HE WILL DIE--AND SOON.

THAT'D BE A REAL LOSS TO SOCIETY.

ANY DEATH IS A LOSS, MANOLIS.

NUTS. KILLING IS LIKE BREATHING TO THAT SLIME. HE DOESN'T DESERVE TO LIVE.

THAT'S NOT FOR EITHER OF US TO DECIDE. WE HAVE TO SAVE HIM.

EXCUSE ME, LIEUTENANT.

IT'S BULLSEYE. HE'S ALREADY STARTED.

STRUCK DOWN THREE PEOPLE IN TIMES SQUARE.

WITNESSES SAY HE WAS YELLING SOMETHING ABOUT "DEVILS"...

TIMES SQUARE IS DOTTED WITH SMALL, SHOEBOX-SHAPED MOVIE THEATRES. IN ONE OF THEM...

DEVILS! THEY'RE ***EVERYWHERE!*** BUT THEY'RE HIDING...AND SO AM I...

OH BOY... THIS HAS GOTTA BE THE KEENEST MOVIE EVER!

CAN'T RELAX FOR AN INSTANT.

A SEMINAL WORK IN THE HISTORY OF THE CINEMA, FOR SURE.

THERE'S NO TELLING WHEN THEY'LL...

AAGH!!

NO... NOT AGAIN...

THAT BOGEY, HE SURE KNOWS HOW TO HANDLE THEM WIMMEN...

IT... IT'S WORSE EACH TIME!

DEVIL!-- I'LL MAKE YOU PAY FOR THIS!

HEY, JACK, DO YA MIND?

I'M TRYIN' TA WATCH THE MOVIE!

YOU!

...BOGART'S PERFORMANCE BRINGS TO THE SCREEN THE CYNICAL, YET VULNERABLE *SAM SPADE*-- TRULY, THE PROTOTYPICAL DETECTIVE HERO.

YOU WON'T GET ME, DEVIL!

HEY!

YA CRUMMY...

OOH! OOH! AND THE LADY, SHE'S... AW, GEE...

THE DEFINITIVE PORTRAYAL OF BRIDGID O'SHAUNESSY, FOR SURE.

HEY-- CREEPS! SIDDOWN!

LOUSY... I'LL CUT YOU IN HALF, SUCKER!

CRIPES! ANOTHER FIGHT...

...YA CAN'T WIN! I FINALLY GET TO SEE *MALTESE FALCON*...

AND WHAT HAPPENS?

I'LL SCOUR THE AREA UNTIL I FIND... *EH?*

SOME WEIRDO IN TIGHTS STARTS A FIGHT, AND I CAN'T SEE MY MOVIE!

YA CAN'T WIN!

YA JUST CAN'T W...

ULP!

WHICH THEATRE?

UH...THE BIZBO...IT'S RIGHT UP THE BLOCK...

THANKS!

PUFT

MEANWHILE, AT THE STOREFRONT LAW OFFICES OF NELSON AND MURDOCK...

...AND SHE SAYS, "YES, BUT THIS ONE'S EATING MY POPCORN!" HA HA... HEH...

AW, WHAT'S THE USE? WE CAN'T HAVE A CHRISTMAS PARTY WITHOUT MATT!

STOREFRONT FREE LEGAL CLINIC

HE WOULDN'T MISS IT WITHOUT A GOOD REASON, FOGGY.

SURE, BECKY. I KNOW THAT.

ME AND MATT, WE GO BACK A LONG WAY. HE'S THE BEST PARTNER...AND FRIEND...A GUY COULD HAVE.

IT'S JUST THAT HE *DISAPPEARS* SOMETIMES...LIKE HE'S LEADING SOME KIND OF SECRET LIFE...

OF COURSE HE'S GOT A SECRET LIFE, FOGGY. I THOUGHT EVERYBODY KNEW ABOUT MATT'S SECRET LIFE.

WHAT--WHAT DO YOU MEAN, HEATHER?

MATT'S SECRET LIFE.

HE MOONLIGHTS FOR *BARNUM AND BAILEY.* TAMES LIONS. WRESTLES BEARS.

HAW! GOLLY, I CAN JUST PICTURE THAT...

HEY, GUYS, IT'S BEEN FUN, BUT I HAVE TO SCOOT.

CAN'T MISS RENEE'S COCKTAIL PARTY. SHE'D NEVER FORGIVE ME.

IF MATT EVER SHOWS UP, TELL HIM I'LL GIVE HIM HIS CHRISTMAS PRESENT LATER, AT HIS PLACE. OKAY?

YOU BETCHA! SAY... WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO GIVE HIM?

NEVER MIND, FOGGY.

AND BACK AT THE THEATRE...

THAT'S THE LAST OF YOU, DEVIL!

YOU'RE DOWN...

...AND I'LL MAKE SURE NONE OF YOU EVER GET UP AGAIN!

FUNNY HOW THEY CHANGE BACK INTO PEOPLE...

BULLSEYE! PLEASE...THIS HAS TO STOP...

ANOTHER ONE!

THE ORIGINAL.

BULLSEYE, YOU'RE *SICK...*

PLEASE...LET ME HELP YOU...

NEVER!

I AM GOING TO SAVE YOUR LIFE, BULLSEYE--

--EVEN IF I HAVE TO BEAT YOU SENSE-LESS TO DO IT!

KRAK

KLUD

THOK

LISTEN TO ME. YOU HAVE A TUMOR IN YOUR BRAIN.

CAN'T YOU *FEEL* IT, BULLSEYE?

IT'S *KILLING* YOU!

...MARY ASTOR'S PERFORMANCE IS *DEFINITIVE*. EVEN BETTE DAVIS, IN THE 1934 VERSION FAILED TO CAPTURE WITH SUCH *ELAN* THE ESSENTIALLY TRAGIC NATURE OF THE CHARACTER.

=KOFF= =KOFF=

AW, GEE... HE'S GOT A BIG GUN... :KOFF: :KOFF:

FOR SURE...

THE FRIGHTENING, YET ATTRACTIVE NATURE OF VIOLENCE IS THE QUINTESSENTIAL ELEMENT OF THE DETECTIVE GENRE...

THAT DICHOTOMY PERMEATES THE FILM, IT...

IT...

HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, DEVIL! I THINK YOU CAN GUESS WHAT COMES NEXT.

DROP YOUR BILLY CLUB-- STAND STOCK STILL AND LET ME *KILL* YOU--

--OR I'LL *SKEWER* THIS LITTLE CREEP!

IT'S YOUR CHOICE, DEVIL!

HIS LIFE--OR YOURS!

THUNK

AT THAT VERY MOMENT, A SLENDER FORM DROPS LIGHTLY TO THE ROOFTOP OF MATT MURDOCK'S UPPER EAST SIDE BROWNSTONE.

THIS IS **ELEKTRA**-- A RUTHLESS, LAWLESS BOUNTY HUNTER.

SHE WONDERS WHY SHE HAS COME HERE.

IS IT BECAUSE MATT MURDOCK IS DAREDEVIL--AND DAREDEVIL RECENTLY DEPRIVED HER OF A VALUABLE BOUNTY?*

*LAST ISSUE.

NO. IT IS BECAUSE DAREDEVIL IS MATT MURDOCK--THE ONLY MAN SHE HAS EVER LOVED.

BUT THAT WAS YEARS AGO. THERE SHOULD BE NOTHING LEFT OF THAT.

TO MATT- ALL MY LOVE - HEATHER

NOTHING AT ALL.

KRESSHH

MATT?

≒YAWN≒

MATT, IS THAT YOU?

AT THE THEATRE...

WHAT'RE YOU USING FER BRAINS, DELANY? I ORDERED A *SILENT* APPROACH--

--BUT YOU CLOWNS RAN YER SIRENS LOUD ENOUGH TO WAKE THE DEAD!

EASE UP, MANOLIS...

IF YOUR SIRENS HADN'T SCARED BULLSEYE OFF, HE MIGHT HAVE INSPECTED THE JOB HE DID ON ME--

--AND FOUND THAT I BLOCKED THE KNIFE HE THREW WITH MY HAND... WELL, MOSTLY, ANYWAY...

UH...ANYBODY GOT A BAND-AID?

GET A MEDIC IN HERE TO PATCH UP THE HERO, DELANY.

HEY... WHAT'RE THESE?

EXIT

THROAT LOZENGES. BULLSEYE TOOK TWO HOSTAGES.

ONE OF THEM HAD A BAD COUGH.

TWO BLOCKS AWAY...

:KOFF: :KOFF:

QUIT THAT COUGHING. AND GET INSIDE.

AND THEN YOU CAN... WHAT KIND OF PLACE IS THIS?

RIT

IT- IT'S OUR APARTMENT, THAT'S ALL.

:KOFF: :KOFF:

I REMEMBER THESE GUYS, FROM BACK BEFORE THE DEVILS TOOK OVER. HUMPHREY BOGART...JAMES CAGNEY...

YEAH...THEY'RE FROM THE MOVIES I SAW WHEN I WAS A KID. I GOT A BIG KICK OUT OF THESE GUYS...

THAT WAS BEFORE I LEARNED THAT IT'S *ONLY* IN THE MOVIES THAT YOU WIN JUST BY BEING A GOOD BOY.

IN REAL LIFE, IF HE'S QUICK AND SMART AND NASTY ENOUGH--

--THE *BAD* GUY WINS!

THUNK

OUTSIDE THE THEATRE...

START AN APARTMENT-BY-APARTMENT SEARCH. BULLS IS PROBABLY HOLED UP IN THE AREA.

DON'T TAKE ANY CHANCES WITH HIM, MEN. HE'S A KILLER, AND HE'S CRAZY.

MY SUPER-SENSITIVE FINGERS CAN READ THE PRESCRIPTION ON THIS BOTTLE..."TAKE TWELVE TIMES DAILY"...

=WHEW= THE LOZENGES ARE MEDICATED--*HEAVILY!* THAT GUY MUST HAVE A SERIOUS THROAT CONDITION.

HMMM...BULLSEYE SMOKES CIGARETTES, AND HE'S HIDING WITH SOMEONE WHO HAS A BAD THROAT...A CONDITION THAT WOULD GET WORSE WITHOUT THE LOZENGES.

IT'S A SLIM LEAD, BUT IT'S ALL I HAVE.

...AND IT'S GONNA TAKE EVERYTHING WE'VE GOT TO CATCH THIS LOONIE. WE GOTTA BE ALERT--STAY ON OUR TOES.

WHAT'S SO FUNNY, DELANY?

SHORTLY...

OKAY, DD. SO YOU'RE A HOT SHOT SUPER HERO. SO YOU CAN TOUCH, TASTE, SMELL, AND HEAR, BETTER THAN ANYONE ELSE ON EARTH.

BUT CAN YOU DETECT A SINGLE *COUGH* IN THE OCEAN OF NOISE BELOW YOU?

DAREDEVIL RELAXES, AND CLEARS HIS MIND OF THOUGHT.

A WAVE OF SOUND ROARS UP FROM THE STREET, STRONG AND CLEAR.

SCREECH!!

HONK HONK

THUMP THUMP THUMP THUMP

HE SHUTS IT OUT.

HE CONCENTRATES. SOFTER SOUNDS MURMUR TO HIM FROM A THOUSAND SEPARATE SOURCES.

BUT SERIOUSLY, FOLKS...

WHINE

TICK TICK TICK BRINNGGG

HE SHUTS THEM OUT,

HE **STRAINS.** STILL SOFTER SOUNDS WHISPER FAINTLY.

HE SIFTS THROUGH THEM CAREFULLY, ISOLATING EACH.

PLINK PLINK PLINK PLINK PLINK

FLIP FLAP FLIP

FINALLY HE HEARS IT:

KOFF KOFF

HE SMILES.

KOFF KOFF

I TOLD YOU TO QUIT THAT COUGHING, YOU LITTLE WORM!

H-HE CAN'T HELP IT, HE'S GOT A BAD--

SHUT UP! YOU CAN'T FOOL ME! YOU'RE TRYING TO GIVE ME A...A...

OH, NO...

EEAAARRGGHHH

HE'S HELPLESS! THIS MAY BE OUR ONLY CHANCE...

THIS STATUE IS HEAVY. IT SHOULD CRUSH HIS SKULL.

BUT... IF IT DOESN'T, HE'LL...

...HE'LL...

YOU HAD ME, DEVIL! YOU HAD ME COLD!

AND YOU REALLY SHOULD HAVE KILLED ME...

YOU WON'T GET ANOTHER OPPORTUNITY.

SHOULD BE EASY ENOUGH, KILLING YOU TWO. PROBABLY WON'T EVEN WORK UP A SWEAT...

EH?

NO!

I WON'T LET YOU KILL AGAIN, BULLSEYE!

I WON'T!

KRASH

I'M NOT GIVING YOU A CH ≥URRGH!≤

SKRAK

AHHGG!

WHUDD

N-NO...THIS ONE IS TOO STRONG...

HAVE TO GET AWAY!

LUCKY MY JAW WASN'T BROKEN BY THAT KICK. JUST NEED A SECOND, TO CLEAR MY HEAD.

OH, NO! HE'S HEADED FOR THE SUBWAY!

I'VE ALMOST NO CHANCE OF WINNING--OR EVEN SURVIVING--IN COMBAT DOWN THERE. THE TRAINS ARE NOISY... FAR *TOO* NOISY--

I'D BE A *FOOL* TO FOLLOW HIM.

YET, FOLLOW HE DOES...

LEXINGTON AVE

*...INTO A MAN-MADE PURGATORY THAT **BRUTALIZES** HIS HYPER-SENSES.*

*ITS STENCH RISES TO MEET HIM, ON AIR DISPLACED BY A SEVENTY-FOOT, STEEL-AND-GLASS **MONSTER.***

*THE MONSTER CHARGES DEEP INTO THE EARTH, AND CHARGING, IT **SCREAMS**--*

--A SINGLE, SHATTERING HORN-BLAST THAT HAMMERS SUPERSENSITIVE EARDRUMS INTO NUMBNESS.

*BLIND, NOW **DEAFENED**--*

--DAREDEVIL CAN ONLY TASTE A SICKENING MIXTURE OF BLOOD AND DIRT--

--AND FEEL HIS RIBS FLEX INWARD AS A BOOT SMASHES INTO HIS CHEST.

EVEN HIS RADAR SENSE FAILS HIM.

AS EVER, THE WAVES FLOW FROM HIS BRAIN, PROBING THE WORLD ABOUT HIM. BUT THE DESCRIPTIVE SIGNALS RETURN TO A BRAIN THAT IS STUNNED, CONFUSED...

HIS FOE ELUDES HIM.

DESPERATE NOW, DAREDEVIL SWINGS WILDLY, HOPING FATE WILL GUIDE HIS BLOW.

IT DOESN'T. FLESH AND BONE COLLIDE WITH UNYIELDING IRON AND THE IMPACT SHUDDERS UP HIS ARM--

--TO BE MET, BETWEEN HIS SHOULDER BLADES, BY A STILL MORE BRUTAL SHOCK.

THEN, HE IS AWARE OF HIS BODY ONLY IN PATCHES, EACH LIT BY A SIGNAL FLARE OF PAIN...

AT HIS BACK, LINKED VERTEBRAE STRETCH ACROSS A SHARPLY THRUST KNEE...

WHILE, AT HIS NECK, MUSCLE AND TENDON STRAIN AGAINST HANDS THAT TWIST HIS HEAD SLOWLY, INEXORABLY.

FROM THE GRINDING OF BONE AT THE BASE OF HIS SKULL, HE KNOWS THAT HE IS NEAR DEATH.

N...NO...

NO...

AS LONG AS I CAN HOLD ON TO YOU...

I CAN FIND YOU, BULLSEYE...

FIND YOU... AND HIT YOU...

AGAIN...

AND AGAIN...

AND AGAIN...

I TOLD YOU ONCE, BULLSEYE...A LONG TIME AGO...

I NEVER GIVE UP...

THAT'S WHY...I'LL ALWAYS BEAT YOU...

HIS PULSE... SLOWING...

HE'S UNCONSCIOUS...

I DID IT...

I WON...

MY HANDS... SHAKING...
NO... NOT MY HANDS...
IT'S THE TRACKS... YES... THE TRACKS ARE *VIBRATING*...
CAN ONLY MEAN... THERE'S ANOTHER TRAIN...
ANOTHER TRAIN... COMING THIS WAY...
STILL CAN'T HEAR... RADAR GONE...
CAN'T TELL HOW CLOSE TRAIN IS...
BULLSEYE... HE'S STILL OUT... STILL ON THE TRACKS...
HE'LL BE KILLED...
NOTHING I CAN DO...
TOO WEAK... I'M TOO WEAK TO LIFT HIM...
TOO WEAK...
YOU DESERVE TO DIE, BULLSEYE...
YOU'D JUST KILL AGAIN...
I HATE YOU...

DAWN.

WHY'D YOU DO IT, DAREDEVIL?

YOU SHOULD HAVE LET HIM DIE!

METRO HOSPITAL ZONE

STOP YELLING, MANOLIS. I HAVE AN EAR ACHE.

DO YOU KNOW WHAT'S GONNA HAPPEN NOW? DO YOU?

IF THAT OPERATION DOWN THERE IS SUCCESSFUL, BULLSEYE WILL LIVE--AND HE'LL HIRE HIMSELF SOME SLICK, HIGH-PRICED LAWYER--

--WHO'LL CONVINCE SOME PANTY-WAIST JUDGE THAT THE TUMOR WAS WHAT MADE BULLSEYE A KILLER IN THE FIRST PLACE.

AND SINCE WE DON'T IMPRISON LOONIES ONCE THEY'RE CURED, BULLSEYE WILL GO FREE!

PERHAPS THE TUMOR *WAS* RESPONSIBLE.

YOU DON'T BELIEVE THAT.

NO.

NICK, MEN LIKE BULLSEYE WOULD RULE THE WORLD--

--WERE IT NOT FOR A STRUCTURE OF *LAWS* THAT SOCIETY HAS CREATED TO KEEP SUCH MEN IN CHECK.

THE MOMENT ONE MAN TAKES ANOTHER MAN'S LIFE IN HIS OWN HANDS, HE IS REJECTING THE LAW--AND WORKING TO DESTROY THAT STRUCTURE.

IF BULLSEYE IS A MENACE TO SOCIETY, IT IS SOCIETY THAT MUST MAKE HIM PAY THE PRICE. NOT YOU. AND NOT ME.

I--I WANTED HIM TO DIE, NICK. I DETEST WHAT HE DOES... WHAT HE *IS*.

BUT I'M NOT GOD--I'M NOT THE LAW--

--AND I'M NOT A MURDERER.

HE'S GONNA GO FREE. HE'S GONNA KILL AGAIN.

AND NEXT TIME IT'LL BE YOUR FAULT.

DAREDEVIL DOES NOT ANSWER. HE TURNS AND SLOWLY WALKS OFF, PRAYING THAT TONIGHT HE HAS DONE THE RIGHT THING...

...AS FROM BEHIND HIM, HE HEARS THE SURGEON'S VOICE:

SKRIKK

GENTLEMEN, THE OPERATION IS A SUCCESS.

THE PATIENT WILL LIVE.

END.

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DAREDEVIL®

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

TM

THE KINGPIN MUST DIE!

STAN LEE PRESENTS
THE KINGPIN MUST DIE
STARRING
DAREDEVIL
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
ON THIS ABANDONED STRETCH OF THE WEST SIDE ELEVATED HIGHWAY, HEALTH CONSCIOUS NEW YORKERS ENJOY AN UNOBSTRUCTED FORTY-FIVE BLOCK RUN.
FROM TIME TO TIME, THEY ARE JOINED BY ONE OF THE CIT'S MOST FAMOUS NATIVE SONS...
FRANK MILLER WRITER/ PENCILLER
KLAUS JANSON INKER
GLYNIS WEIN COLORS
JOE ROSEN LETTERS
DENNY O'NEI
EDIT

HEY, DAREDEVIL! Y'WANNA RACE?

LOVE TO, POP, BUT I'VE GOT PLACES TO BE.

SOME OTHER TIME, OKAY?

JIM SHOOTER ED-IN CHIEF

WHATSAMATTER? THINK I CAN'T KEEP UP?

I MAKE THIS RUN EVERY NIGHT... DOWN TO THE WORLD TRADE CENTER AND BACK...FIVE WHOLE MILES...

...AND SONNY, IF THAT AIN'T BEIN' IN SHAPE, I DON'T KNOW WHAT...

...IS...

WELL, I'LL BE...

HE IS ABOVE THEM NOW, GLIDING EFFORTLESSLY UP THE SPAN OF THE CANAL STREET BRIDGE, FEELING THE SHARP FEBRUARY BREEZE AGAINST HIS FACE, RELISHING THE ENDLESS SMELLS AND SOUNDS OF THE NIGHT AS NO OTHER MAN CAN...

FOR THESE SENSES WERE AMPLIFIED IN HIM, YEARS AGO, BY A RADIOACTIVE CANNISTER THAT FOREVER CHANGED HIS BIOCHEMISTRY...

...LEAVING HIM MORE THAN JUST A MAN...

AT THE HIGHEST POINT OF THE SPAN, HE LEAPS WILDLY, RECKLESSLY INTO SPACE.

FOR ANOTHER, THE SPRAWING CITY BELOW WOULD PROMISE CERTAIN DEATH.

BUT HE HAS NO VIEW TO TROUBLE HIM. HE IS **BLIND.**

WITH PRACTICED EASE, HE UNSHEATHES THE HOOK-AND-CABLE SECTION OF HIS BILLY CLUB.

HE TAPS A HIDDEN STUD ON THE SHAFT, FIRING A THIRTY FOOT LENGTH OF NYLON CORD.

KOAK

AS ALWAYS, HIS AIM IS INFALLIBLE. THE CABLE WRAPS TIGHTLY AROUND A BILLBOARD'S IRON SUPPORT BEAM--

THAPP

-- AND ONCE AGAIN, HE IS AIRBORNE.

I CAN'T MATCH THAT ACT, HORNHEAD!

YOU'RE DOING FINE, POP!

SHOWY ONE, THAT BOY. LIABLE TO HURT HIMSELF WITH A CRAZY STUNT LIKE THAT.

STILL, HE MAKES AN OLD GUY LIKE MYSELF FEEL A WHOLE LOT SAFER. CITY CAN BE A ROUGH PLACE.

A GRIMY SALOON, JUST OFF SOUTH STREET...

JOSIE'S

THAT CRUMMY... HE AIN'T SO TOUGH, Y'KNOW... JUS' LUCKY...

YOU KIDDIN', TURK? THAT'S *DAREDEVIL* YER TALKIN' ABOUT! HE'S PLENTY TOUGH!

SHADDUP, GROTTO. THAT BUM COST ME MY JOB.

OLD MAN SLAUGHTER KICKED ME OUTTA THE GANG WHEN DD MADE ME LOOK STOOPID ON THAT WALLENQUIST CAPER.

HE JUS' CAUGHT ME OFF GUARD, THAT'S ALL.

UH, TURK...

SHADDUP, GROTTO. HE SHOWS UP AGAIN, AND I'LL KICK HIM FROM HERE TO JERSEY. I'LL--

ULP!

HI, TURK. LET'S TALK.

N-NO!

STAY AWAY FROM ME, DEVIL!

STAY AWAY!

KKRESSHH

GOTTA GET AWAY!

GOTTA RUN AWAY

WHAT'S HE WANT THIS TIME?

HEY--JERK! YER BLOCKIN' THE ROAD!

GEDOUTTA THE WAY!

YOU HEAR ME, JERK? I SAID-- HEY!

THE NERVE OF THIS GUY! HE'S SWIPIN' MY HACK!

HEY-- JERK!

DAREDEVIL! YOU SAW THAT, DIDN'TCHA?

KOAK

WHATTAYA WAITIN' FOR? YER A SOOPERHERO, AIN'TCHA?

YOU'D BETTER GET THAT MUFFLER FIXED.

THERE ARE LAWS AGAINST NOISE POLLUTION.

I SHOULDN'T COMPLAIN. THAT NOISE IS MAKING IT EASY TO FOLLOW THE CAB.

--AND COME RIGHT DOWN ON TOP OF HIM!

HE'S TURNING A CORNER...WHICH MEANS I CAN CUT DIAGONALLY ACROSS THE BLOCK--

SPRAKK

KLUD

WOOSH

TURK, I REALLY DON'T WANT TO GET ROUGH...

...BUT I'VE HEARD RUMORS OF SOME HEAVY CRIMINAL ACTION GOING DOWN... SOME VERY DIRTY MONEY BEING PUT IN SOME VERY DIRTY HANDS...

...AND YOU KNOW I LIKE TO KEEP ABREAST OF THINGS.

SURE! SURE! I-I'LL TELL YOU EVERYTHING I KNOW.

SHOOT.

IT--IT'S A CONTRACT WHAT'S BEEN HANDED DOWN, STRAIGHT FROM THE CITY'S TOP CRIME BOSSES. A ***FIVE MILLION DOLLAR*** CONTRACT!

BUT IT AIN'T THE MONEY WHAT MAKES IT SUCH A BIG DEAL. IT'S THE HIT-- THE ***TARGET.***

THE BIG BOYS ARE LININ' UP EVERY FREELANCE GUN AROUND TO KILL ONE GUY-- THE GUY WHAT USED TO RUN THIS TOWN-- THE ***KINGPIN!***

THE ***KINGPIN!?***

BUT HE'S RETIRED! THAT'S WHY THOSE CRIMELORDS ARE IN CHARGE NOW!

HE'S NOT EVEN IN THE CITY!

THE CITY? DEVIL, HE AIN'T EVEN IN THE COUNTRY--

"--HE'S IN JAPAN. WHEN HE SKIPPED OUT, THE KINGPIN TOOK ENOUGH MONEY WITH HIM TO BUY HIMSELF A MANSION...

"...AND ENOUGH MEN AND GUNS TO TURN THAT MANSION INTO A FORTRESS. AIN'T NO WAY NOBODY'S GONNA GET TO HIM THERE.

"SO THE CRIME BOSSES, THEY WANNA DRAW HIM BACK TO NEW YORK. BUT I DON'T KNOW HOW, AND I DON'T KNOW WHY."

YOU HAVE YOUR INSTRUCTIONS.

ATTACK.

THWOK

KLUNK

WHUD

THKKKK

KRAK

THUDD

SPOK

SPAK

TIME?

SEVENTEEN SECONDS.

THAT WAS EASY, LYNCH. TOO EASY. NEXT TIME I WANT A REAL WORKOUT. DOUBLE THE TEAM, AND GIVE MORE OF THEM WEAPONS.

SURE, BOSS. WHATEVER YOU SAY.

EIGHT OF US, FROM THE FINEST MARTIAL ARTS SCHOOLS IN THE WORLD--AND WE COULDN'T HIT HIM, NOT ONCE! THAT MAN IS AN AWESOME FIGHTER!

I HEAR HE GOT LOTS OF PRACTICE...

...BACK WHEN HE WAS THE *KINGPIN!*

UH-OH, PAL.

LOOKS LIKE YOU SAID THE WRONG THING...

WRONG THING INDEED.

YOU CHURLISH, CHATTERING CLOD!

HKKKKK--!

YOU VIOLATED THE ONE STANDING ORDER IN THIS HOUSE!

YOU CALLED ME THE *KINGPIN!*

THERE IS NO KINGPIN, LOUT! NOT ANY MORE. THERE IS ONLY *WILSON FISK*, HUMBLE DEALER OF SPICES.

AN HONEST MAN...

WHOOM

A QUIET, *GENTLE* MAN...

URRGH!

HUSBAND! WHAT IS GOING ON HERE?

UH, 'SCUSE US, MA'AM. THE BOSS, HE WAS JUST... UH, Y'SEE...

...JUST TENDING TO ONE OF MY MEN, BELOVED. HE SEEMS TO HAVE DISLOCATED HIS SHOULDER DURING OUR WORKOUT.

I SEE. FORGIVE ME, HUSBAND. IT LOOKED AS THOUGH YOU WERE HURTING HIM.

MY VIOLENT DAYS ARE OVER, DEAREST VANESSA.

THROUGH OUR LOVE, I HAVE BEEN REDEEMED.

I HAVE BROUGHT A GUEST.

YES, I KNOW WHO THIS MAN IS.

HE IS MR. HARRISON OF THE UNITED STATES ATTORNEY GENERAL'S OFFICE. I HAVE BEEN EXPECTING HIM.

IT'S A PLEASURE TO MEET YOU, MR.... ER, FISK.

MR. HARRISON IS HERE TO NEGOTIATE FOR CERTAIN FILES THAT I COMPILED AS INSURANCE AGAINST MUTINY WHEN I RULED THE MOBS--

--FILES WHICH CONTAIN EVIDENCE THAT WOULD INCRIMINATE THE ENTIRE UPPER ECHELON OF THE EAST COAST UNDERWORLD.

MR. HARRISON INTENDS TO OFFER NOT ONLY TO CLEAR MY NAME, BUT TO GIVE ME SEVEN MILLION DOLLARS IN CASH.

AND ALL I HAVE TO DO IS PLAY INFORMER...STOOL PIGEON...BETRAY MY FORMER LIEUTENANTS...

THOSE MEN ARE CRIMINALS, HUSBAND. YOU ARE NOT.

OF COURSE, VANESSA. I... FORGET MYSELF.

WE WILL NEED LEGAL REPRESENTATION IN THESE NEGOTIATIONS. I AM FLYING TO NEW YORK IMMEDIATELY TO ACQUIRE THE SERVICES OF *NELSON AND MURDOCK.*

NO! NEW YORK IS DANGEROUS FOR US, VANESSA. YOU MUST NOT BE JEOPARDIZED.

"YOU MUST NOT BE JEOPARDIZED." NUTS. THAT BROAD HAS GOT THE BOSS WRAPPED AROUND HER LITTLE FINGER.

BUT ME, I REMEMBER BACK WHEN NOBODY TOLD THE KINGPIN WHAT FOR.

YEAH... I REMEMBER WHEN...

DAY TURNS TO NIGHT IN TOKYO...

...WHILE, TWELVE TIME ZONES TO THE WEST, IN NEW YORK, NIGHT TURNS INTO DAY.

AND DAREDEVIL, MAN WITHOUT FEAR, BECOMES MATT MURDOCK, BLIND ATTORNEY.

7:30 A.M.-- A LITTLE EARLY TO START WORK, EVEN FOR ME.

...BUT THE DEPOSITION ON THE MELVIN POTTER CASE WON'T PREPARE ITSELF.

I'VE FALLEN A BIT BEHIND ON MY PAPERWORK LATELY. THIS'LL BE A GOOD CHANCE TO--

EH? THAT SNORING...

IT'S *FOGGY!*

HE MUST HAVE WORKED LATE, AND FALLEN ASLEEP AT HIS DESK. BUT WE'VE BEEN PARTNERS FOR YEARS--

--AND FOGGY HAS *NEVER* WORKED LATE!

=YAWN=

HUH? WHAT? OH... HI, BUDDY...

GOLLY, I MUST'VE DOZED OFF...

FOGGY-- IS SOMETHING WRONG?

WRONG? YOU KIDDING? NOT WITH THIS COOKIE!

MY SUPER-SENSITIVE HEARING DETECTED A SLIGHT JUMP IN HIS HEARTBEAT. HE'S LYING.

ANYTHING YOU WANT TO TALK ABOUT, FOG?

BREAKFAST, PAL! I WANNA TALK ABOUT BREAKFAST!

THERE'S A DINER DOWN THE STREET THAT I'VE BEEN JUST DYING TO--

WHA'?

SKREK!

NOBODY MOVE!

JOCKO! HYMIE! CHECK OUT THE BACK ROOMS!

THAT DISTINCTIVE SMELL OF CORDITE AND BLUING... WE'RE BEING HELD AT GUNPOINT!

WE'RE BEING HELD AT GUNPOINT, MATT.

STAND PAT. I'LL HANDLE THIS.

ER... AHEM... UH, ANYTHING WE CAN DO TO HELP YOU FELLOWS?

YOU KIN SHADDUP.

OKAY.

GENTLEMEN, PLEASE -- PUT AWAY YOUR WEAPONS. THIS IS A LAW FIRM, NOT A BATTLEFIELD.

YES, MA'AM.

MR. MURDOCK, MR. NELSON, PLEASE ACCEPT MY APOLOGIES. THESE MEN ARE BODYGUARDS, ASSIGNED TO ME BY MY HUSBAND. HE TENDS TO BE OVERPROTECTIVE.

I AM VANESSA. I HAVE COME TO REQUEST YOUR AID.

SHORTLY...

...AND SO, MY HUSBAND REQUIRES THE FINEST LEGAL REPRESENTATION AVAILABLE. WE ARE PREPARED TO PAY YOU TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS.

TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS...

WHA--WHAT DO YOU SAY, MATT?

THIS EXPLAINS WHY THE CRIMELORDS WANT THE KINGPIN KILLED. THE EVIDENCE IN THOSE FILES COULD PUT THEM OUT OF BUSINESS.

I'VE BEEN ACHING TO SINK MY TEETH INTO A CASE LIKE THIS.

MR. MURDOCK?

MA'AM, I THINK WE CAN...

YEARS OF LIVING WITH DANGER HAVE TRAINED THIS MAN TO **HEAR** WITHOUT LISTENING--

--TO RESPOND REFLEXIVELY TO CERTAIN SOUNDS--

--THE SOUND OF A STEEL MAGAZINE SLIDING INTO PLACE--

--A HAMMER, SHARPLY COCKED--

--A BULLET, SLIDING INTO ITS CHAMBER...

LOOK OUT!

BRAKARRAKARRAK

KABRAKABR

FOR AN INSTANT, EVERYTHING SEEMS TO FREEZE- SHARDS OF PLASTER AND GLASS HANG SUSPENDED IN MID-AIR. A DOZEN MINDS REEL, TOO STUNNED TO REACT.

IN THAT INSTANT...

MACHINE GUN FIRE! LUCKY NO ONE WAS KILLED!

NOW TO MAKE SURE NO ONE IS.

OUTSIDE...

HEH HEH...THAT OUGHTTA SHAKE THEM UP A BIT.

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT, BRUNO. YOU'VE STILL GOT THE OLD ZIP!

NOW FOR THE FUN PART. WHILE THEYRE STILL CONFUSED, I'LL SWITCH 'HANDS,' AND FLUSH THEM OUT!

I GOTTA ADMIT, THIS FLAME-THROWER ATTACHMENT IS A STROKE OF GENIUS.

SHOULD BE EASY AS FALLING OFF A...

THAPP

NAW... IT CAN'T BE...

DAREDEVIL!

I THOUGHT FOUR YEARS IN DANNEMORA HAD TAUGHT YOU THE ERROR OF YOUR WAYS, BRUNO.

WHAT HAPPENED?

NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS, DEVIL! I'LL ≥UURRGH!≤

NO YOU WON'T, BRUNO. YOU'RE GETTING OLD--

--AND A LITTLE FLABBY--

--WHILE I'M JUST BURSTING WITH HEALTH!

I CAN STILL ≥UHHNN!≤

UH-OH. HE'S STUMBLING BACKWARD, OFF THE ROOF!

NO PROBLEM, THOUGH...

GOT YOU! NOW JUST RELAX, BRUNO...I'LL REEL YOU IN...

F-FALLING! N-NOOO!

HIS HEARTBEAT --RACING! HE'S TERRIFIED!

OH, NO! HE'S REACHING FOR THE CABLE! THE FLAME-THROWER! HE DOESN'T REALIZE...

BRUNO! *DON'T!*

HE DIDN'T REALIZE HE WAS BURNING THROUGH HIS LIFELINE.

NO HEARTBEAT. HE'S DEAD.

WAS IT WORTH IT, BRUNO? WHATEVER THEY OFFERED YOU, HOW CAN IT PAY FOR THIS?

THE CRIMELORDS MUST BE DESPERATE, IF THEY'D PULL IN A RETIRED KILLER LIKE BRUNO. THEY MUST BE SNAPPING UP EVERY... WAIT A MINUTE... OH, NO...

I'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO THE STOREFRONT, CHECK MY DATEBOOK.

UNLESS I'M WRONG, A CERTAIN ASSASSIN IS BEING RELEASED FROM JAIL TODAY...

AN ASSASSIN THE CRIMELORDS WOULD WANT... MY SINGLE MOST DANGEROUS ENEMY--

THE MAN CALLED *BULLSEYE!*

GRIMLY, IMPATIENTLY, HE SNAPS TOGETHER THE TWO SECTIONS OF HIS BILLY CLUB.

TWICE, HE TAPS A HIDDEN STUD...

TAK

...AND THE UPPER SECTION OF THE SHAFT CURVES TO FORM THE HANDLE OF A BLIND MAN'S CANE.

SECONDS LATER...

FOGGY? IS EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT NOW?

WELL WELL WELL... IF IT AIN'T THE STAR OF OUR SHOW. WHERE YOU BEEN, MURDOCK?

MANOLIS! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

WHAT DO YOU THINK I'M DOING HERE, SHYSTER? I'M A POLICE LIEUTENANT--

--AND THERE'S BEEN A *KIDNAPPING!*

A KIDNAP-PING? BUT WHO... WHY?

LET'S GET THIS STRAIGHT, MURDOCK. I ASK THE QUESTIONS, YOU GIVE THE ANSWERS.

THE KINGPIN'S WIFE HAS BEEN ABDUCTED, AND THESE STOOGES AIN'T TALKING...

ARE YA, STOOGE?

SO THAT LEAVES YOU AND YOUR PUDGY PARTNER. WE'RE TAKING A LITTLE RIDE DOWN TO THE STATION AND YER GONNA TELL ME EVERYTHING YOU KNOW.

NO MATTER HOW LONG IT TAKES.

THIS IS THE CITY'S JAIL, A HALF-WAY HOUSE BETWEEN STATE PRISON AND THE REST OF THE WORLD. THEY CALL IT 'THE TOMBS'.

TODAY, A KILLER IS RELEASED.

HIS TRIAL WAS A JOKE. HE HAD THE BEST LAWYERS MONEY COULD BUY, WHO BROUGHT FORTH THE MOST REPUTABLE MEDI-CAL EXPERTS TO TESTIFY IN HIS BEHALF.

THEY TESTIFIED THAT HIS CRIMES **COULD HAVE** BEEN THE RESULT OF A PREVIOUSLY UNDISCOVERED TUMOR IN HIS BRAIN...THAT THE TUMOR **MIGHT HAVE** INDUCED TEMPORARY INSANITY...THAT NOW, WITH THE THE TUMOR REMOVED, IT WAS **POSSIBLE** THAT HE WAS CURED.

HE WAS CLEARED. NOW, HE IS FREE.

HE HAS NO FRIENDS, THIS BULLSEYE. NO RELATIVES, NO LOVED ONES.

BUT HE HAS A REPUTATION. HE IS THE WORLD'S DEADLIEST ASSASSIN.

AND, AS LONG AS HE HAS A REPUTATION, HE WILL ALWAYS HAVE CLIENTS.

TOO LATE! I'M TOO LATE.

MANOLIS DELAYED ME JUST LONG ENOUGH. I PROBABLY SHOULDN'T HAVE STOPPED OFF AT MY BROWN-STONE TO PICK UP A SPARE BILLY CLUB.

BUT I HAD TO BE READY FOR ANYTHING.

NOW, ALL I CAN DO IS FOLLOW THEM...

...AND PRAY FOR A CHANCE TO STOP THIS MADNESS!

THE SKY-SCRAPER STANDS PROUDLY, FIFTY STORIES OF STONE AND GLASS BATHED IN THE GLOW OF A SETTING SUN.

BUT ITS UPPERMOST OFFICE IS A DARK PLACE...

NOT BAD. NOT BAD AT ALL. YOU MADE THIS COSTUME EXACTLY TO MY SPECIFICATIONS.

WE TREAT OUR EMPLOYEES WELL, BULLSEYE.

IS THERE ANYTHING ELSE WE MAY PROVIDE YOU? FOOD? A DRINK, PERHAPS?

NO. LET'S GET DOWN TO BRASS TACKS.

YOU'VE KIDNAPPED THE KINGPIN'S WIFE. YOU EXPECT THAT TO DRAW HIM TO NEW YORK. YOU WANT ME TO KILL HIM. YOU WANT TO PAY ME FIVE MILLION DOLLARS. THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT.

WHAT I WANT--

--IS *TEN* MILLION!

TEN MILLION!? MAYBE YOU REALLY *ARE* STILL CRAZY! OUR RESOURCES--

--ARE NEARLY UNLIMITED. AND WE HAVE NO TIME TO QUIBBLE, TEN MILLION, THEN. BUT DON'T TRY TO...

BULLSEYE, I CAN'T LET YOU DO THIS.

I WON'T.

EH?

BULLSEYE, JUST A FEW WEEKS AGO I SAVED YOUR LIFE.

I CAN'T HELP BUT FEEL RESPONSIBLE FOR WHAT YOU DO WITH IT.

OH, WELL...

...I SUPPOSE SOMEBODY HAS TO!

THUNK THUNK THUNK THUNK THUNK THUNK

THROWING STARS-- A NEW GIMMICK, EH?

...THEY WON'T HELP YOU, BULLSEYE.

I'M BRINGING YOU IN, JUST LIKE BEFORE.

BEFORE, I WAS SICK.

OWWW!

I'M BETTER NOW. BETTER THAN YOU. FASTER...

BLAMM

FASTER? I DOUBT IT.

NO, YOU'VE JUST GOT A LOT OF TRICKS--

--A LOT OF FANCY WEAPONS--

BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM

--AND WHEN YOU RUN OUT OF WEAPONS--

--YOU'RE A SITTING DUCK!

BLAMMM

TRAK

BUT I NEVER RUN OUT OF WEAPONS, DEVIL!

I'LL USE THE WALLS, THE FLOOR...AND IF THEY DON'T DO THE JOB...

OMP

...I'LL USE THE WHOLE *CITY* TO KILL YOU!

UH OH...

ONCE AGAIN, SURE HANDS DRAW A LIFE-SAVING SHAFT FROM ITS SHEATH.

KOAK

THAPP

ONCE AGAIN, A NYLON CABLE IS FIRED, AND FINDS ITS TARGET.

BUT THIS TIME, THERE IS A COMPLICATION...

I WON'T LET YOU OFF THAT EASY.

HAPPY LANDINGS!

BLAMMM

CABLE'S USELESS... IT'S THIRTY STORIES, STRAIGHT DOWN... I'VE HAD IT, UNLESS...

THE WIND, WHIPPING AROUND A FLAGPOLE. IF I CAN JUST...

NO! IT'S TOO FAR!... HAVE TO GRAB THE FLAG... HOPE IT'S STRONG ENOUGH TO...

...TO...

MY RADAR SENSE...I CAN FEEL A SHAPE, JUTTING FROM THE WALL... SOME KIND OF GARGOYLE...

GOT TO REACH OUT WITH THE FLAG...GET HOLD OF THE STATUE'S HEAD...

GOT IT! I'M SAFE! NOW TO...

OH, NO...

NOTHING LEFT TO GRAB...

HAVE TO RELAX...

BELOW ME! A TRUCK!

IT COULD BE SOFT ENOUGH...

IF I CAN JUST...

CLUMP

YOU HEAR SOMETHIN', MARTY?

WHAT'S TA HEAR?

I TELL YA, WHEN THEY NAMED IT FUN CITY, THEY WEREN'T LOOKIN' AT THIS NEIGHBORHOOD. NUTHIN' EVER HAPPENS HERE!

AS DAREDEVIL LIES BATTERED, UNCONSCIOUS, SOMEWHERE BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH--

--EVENTS TRANSPIRE WHICH WILL PLACE IN DEADLY PERIL THE CITY HE HAS SWORN TO PROTECT...

THEY START WITH A RUMOR ON THE LOWER EAST SIDE.

IT SPREADS QUICKLY, WHISPERED BENEATH LAMPPOSTS, MURMURED OVER A HUNDRED GLASSES OF BEER IN A DOZEN SLEAZY BARS, COUGHED OUT BETWEEN LUNGFULLS OF CIGARETTE SMOKE IN MUSTY POOL HALLS...

SOON, THE WORD IS OUT: THE KINGPIN IS COMING.

IT ISN'T DIFFICULT TO HUNT DOWN HIS LOCAL OPERATORS--THERE AREN'T MANY LEFT. IN THE HOURS BETWEEN MIDNIGHT AND DAWN THEY ARE THREATENED, BEATEN, TORTURED...

...UNTIL SOMEONE SOMEWHERE FINGERS **LOUIE THE STRING** AS THE MAN THE KINGPIN ENTRUSTED TO SECURE FOR HIM A NEW HIDEOUT.

LOUIE IS TOUGH. HE HOLDS OUT FOR NEARLY THREE HOURS. BEFORE HE DIES, HE REVEALS THE PRECISE TIME AND LOCATION OF THE KINGPIN'S ARRIVAL...

N...NO MORE... ≥KOFF≤... HE'S COMIN' TOMORROW MORNIN'... BY PLANE... TO A ≥KOFF≤... A FARM ON STATEN ISLAND...

AND SO...

RRRRRRRRR

KACHUNG

CHIK

SCHORCH

SCHORCH

IT--IT'S EMPTY!

HOLY-- GET BACK! IT'S A--

BOOM

RRRRRRR RRRRR RRRRRR

RRRRRRRRRRR

SCHORCH SCHORCH

IT WORKED, BOSS! LOUIE TALKED JUST LIKE YOU SAID HE WOULD, AND SET 'EM UP FOR THE KILL!

YOU STILL GOT IT, BOSS!

YES.

I HAD FORESWORN ALL THIS. I HAD REFORMED...OUT OF MY LOVE FOR VANESSA.

BUT NOW, THOUGH IT SICKENS ME, I MUST USE THE OLD SKILLS AGAIN...I MUST KILL AGAIN...OUT OF THAT SAME LOVE.

THEY HAVE THE MEN, THE GUNS, THE MONEY. BUT I AM THE KINGPIN. I CREATED THE CRIMINAL EMPIRE THAT THEY PRESUME TO RULE. I CAN BRING IT DOWN, PIECE BY PIECE.

AND IF VANESSA IS HARMED, I WILL. THE CITY WILL SUFFER A GANG WAR BLOODIER THAN ANY IT HAS EVER SEEN.

AND MY ENEMIES WILL DIE...EACH AND EVERY ONE.

TO BE CONTINUED!

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DAREDEVIL®

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

AT LAST... MONTHLY!

ONE MINUTE FROM NOW... DD WILL WISH HE'D STAYED IN HIDING!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

WH...WHERE AM I?...

LAST THING I REMEMBER... BULLSEYE WAS KICKING ME OUT A WINDOW...

WHEW! THAT *SMELL*...ORANGE RINDS...COFFEE GROUNDS... ROTTEN FRUIT...AND... AND DIESEL FUMES...

I'M LYING IN THE BACK OF A GARBAGE TRUCK!

IN THE KINGPIN'S CLUTCHES

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*WHEN HE WAS BUT A YOUNG BOY, **MATT MURDOCK** WAS STRUCK ACROSS THE EYES AND **BLINDED** BY A UNIQUE RADIOACTIVE ISOTOPE. THE ISOTOPE MUTATED HIS NERVE CENTERS, AMPLIFYING HIS REMAINING SENSES TO SUPERHUMAN LEVELS!*

*AND THEN WHEN GANGSTERS MURDERED HIS FATHER, MATT ASSUMED THE IDENTITY OF **DARE-DEVIL**, MAN WITHOUT FEAR, TO BRING JUSTICE TO MANHATTAN'S SHADOWED STREETS.*

TONIGHT, HE FOUGHT HIS DEADLIEST ENEMY. AND HE LOST.

...THAT WAS THE BLUES BROTHERS, WITH THEIR 1980 REMAKE OF SPENCER DAVIS' "GIMME SOME LOVIN'"...

...AND THIS IS BAYONNE BUTCH, ASKING THE MUSICAL QUESTION, "IS ANYONE STILL AWAKE OUT THERE?"

IF THE CHILL IN THE AIR ISN'T ENOUGH, THAT LATE NIGHT DISC JOCKEY JUST GAVE ME A GOOD IDEA OF WHAT TIME IT IS.

I CAN STILL GET A COUPLE OF HOURS OF SLEEP BEFORE MEETING HEATHER IN THE MORNING.

LATER...

IT'S ME-- QUIN. YEAH, SURE, WE SET UP EVERYTHING JUST LIKE YOU SAID.

BUT, MAN, HE TRICKED US!

Phone

WHATTAYA MEAN WHO DO I MEAN? I MEAN THE KINGPIN, DUMMY!

WE WAS ALL SET UP TO BLAST HIS PLANE TO PIECES WHEN IT LANDED-- BUT HE SENT A DECOY PLANE WHAT BLEW UP IN OUR FACES!

SO HE'S IN TOWN, AND HE'S...

...HE'S...

Phone

BRAKABRAKABRA

HE'S STILL ALIVE, BOSS. YOU WANT I SHOULD LEAN ON HIM?

LET'S NOT BE STUPID, LYNCH. WE HAVEN'T THE TIME.

HIS EMPLOYERS ARE INTELLIGENT ENOUGH TO KEEP IMPORTANT SECRETS FROM SMALL TIME MUSCLE LIKE HIM...

...EVEN IF THEY WERE SO FOOLHARDY AS TO ABDUCT MY WIFE.

TELL THEM I WANT HER BACK, QUIN. TELL THEM THAT THE KINGPIN IS WILLING TO DEAL.

CENTRAL PARK...

I DON'T UNDERSTAND, MATT. JUST WHAT IS IT THAT THOSE CRIMELORDS WANT?

YOU SAY THEY'VE KIDNAPPED THE KINGPIN'S WIFE, AND DRAWN HIM BACK TO THE CITY. WHY?

THEY WANT HIS FILES, HEATHER.

BACK WHEN HE RULED THE MOBS, THE KINGPIN GATHERED IRREFUTABLE EVIDENCE OF VARIOUS CRIMES COMMITTED BY HIS TOP MEN, AS INSURANCE AGAINST MUTINY.

THE KINGPIN IS--OR WAS--NEGOTIATING WITH THE ATTORNEY GENERAL'S OFFICE TO TURN OVER THOSE FILES. IF HE HAD DONE THAT, THE PRESENT LEADERS OF THE EAST COAST UNDERWORLD WOULD NOW BE FACING PRISON SENTENCES.

THE CRIMELORDS ARE DESPERATE FOR THOSE FILES. BUT THAT'S JUST IT--

--SO AM I. THIS IS A CHANCE TO STRIKE A CRIPPLING BLOW TO ORGANIZED CRIME. I MUST PLAN CAREFULLY...

...PREPARE A STRATEGY THAT WILL--UFF!--

SHOP TALK! NOTHING BUT SHOP TALK!

SOME 'SWASHBUCKLER' YOU TURNED OUT TO BE!

MILADY, YOU MISJUDGE ME!

PURE OF HEART, VIRTUOUS IN BOTH THOUGHT AND DEED, I LIVE ONLY TO SERVE THY WILL...

MY HERO!

AFTERNOON...

NOW WHAT DO WE DO?

YOU GOT A LOT OF NERVE ASKING THAT, LOU! IT WAS YOUR STUPID TRAP THAT THE KINGPIN ESCAPED!

GOT A BETTER IDEA, SMART GUY? I'M ALL EARS!

BOYS, BOYS, BOYS...WE'RE IN *NO DANGER*... NO DANGER AT ALL...

LISTEN TO THEM...YOU'D THINK THE KINGPIN WAS STILL RUNNING THE MOBS, INSTEAD OF THEM!

ME, I'M BEGINNING TO WONDER IF I'VE SIGNED UP WITH THE WRONG TEAM...

OUR ENEMY DEPENDS ON A MERE HANDFUL OF MEN--WHILE WE COMMAND THE ENTIRE MANHATTAN UNDERWORLD! AND, MORE IMPORTANTLY...

...WE HAVE *VANESSA.*

YE-AHHH... AND AS LONG AS WE GOT THE MISSUS...

AS LONG AS I AM YOUR PRISONER, YOU AND THE ENTIRE CITY ARE IN DEADLY PERIL!

KLIK

I-I BEG YOU...RELEASE ME...RETURN ME TO MY HUSBAND BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE. BEFORE HE--

KLIK

I PROPOSE A SIMPLE TRADE--VANESSA IN EXCHANGE FOR THE KINGPIN'S FILES. OF COURSE, AS SOON AS WE HAVE THEM...

OF COURSE, AGREED.

SOUNDS GOOD TO ME.

AGREED. AND CARRIED.

BULLSEYE, GET WORD TO THE KINGPIN, ANY WAY YOU SEE FIT. ARRANGE A MEETING.

SURE, SURE...

TERRIFIC! JUST TERRIFIC! THESE CLOWNS HAVE THE WORLD'S DEADLIEST ASSASSIN ON A STRING, AND WHAT DO THEY HAVE ME DO? PLAY ERRAND BOY!

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THESE GUYS...

EVENING...

QUIET. IT'S AS QUIET AS A TOMB. I WON'T FIND OUT ANYTHING FROM MY USUAL CONTACTS.

HAVE TO TRY A LESS FLAMBOYANT APPROACH.

SO I'M TENDIN' BAR LAST NIGHT, AND ALL OF A SUDDEN, THERE'S THAT *DAREDEVIL* CREEP, SITTIN', PRETTY-AS-YOU-PLEASE, RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE JOINT!

CAN YOU BELIEVE THE NERVE OF THAT BUM?

BAR JOSIE'S GRILL

ANYWAY, TURK, HE JUST UP AND JUMPS THROUGH THE WINDOW! HEAD FIRST, STRAIGHT THROUGH IT!

I COULDA' KILLED HIM. YOU KNOW HOW MUCH THOSE THINGS COST? WELL, LET ME TELL YOU, THEY AIN'T CHEAP!

WHAT'LL IT BE, MISTER?

I'M NOT THIRSTY.

NOT THIRSTY? THEN WHY YA HERE? YOU LOOKIN' FER A LADY?...

I'M LOOKING FOR A MAN.

TAKES ALL KINDS.

I'M LOOKING FOR A MAN WHO'S LOOKING FOR A LADY...

...A LADY NAMED *VANESSA*.

YER LOOKIN' TA GET KILT IS WHAT YER DOIN', JACK.

NO... I JUST WANT TO SEE THE KINGPIN.

THAT AIN'T A GOOD NAME TA THROW AROUND HERE.

UH, TURK, YOU THINK MAYBE WE OUGHTTA JUST LEAVE? I MEAN, THE BOSS, MAYBE HE WON'T LIKE THIS...

SHADDUP, GROTTO.

WHUKK

THIS'LL JUST SHOW HIM HOW TOUGH WE—UURRFFF!

HEY! YA CRUMMY...

SKRAK

AW, MISTER... PLEASE... NOT THE...

...WINDOW...

HEY--THAT WAS HYMIE HE BELTED!
SO WHAT? HYMIE'S A JERK!
=UFFNNHH!=
WHO YOU CALLIN' JERK, JERK?
YA LOUSY...
PUT CHER FACE IN MY BEER, WILL YA?
GETCHER FINGER OUTTA MY EYE!
=AAAGGHHH!=
HEY--WATCH IT, BUTTHEAD!
YOU CALLIN' ME BUTTHEAD?
YEAH! I-- OOF!
I STILL SAY HYMIE'S A =NNNGGG=
AND SO IT GOES...
UNTIL, FINALLY...
MISTER, WE'RE TAKIN' YOU TO THE KINGPIN... LIKE IT OR NOT.
BUT, TURK-- THAT'S WHAT HE...
SHADDUP, GROTTO.

SHORTLY...

TURK, I DON'T LIKE THIS. I MEAN, THIS BEIN' OUR FIRST DAY ON THE JOB AND ALL...

SHADDUP, GROTTO.

YOU AIN'T NO LOCAL I EVER SEEN, MISTER. WHERE YOU FROM--PHILLY?

AKRON, OHIO,

AKRON, OHIO?

UH, TURK...THIS GUY GIVES ME THE CREEPS. I MEAN HE'S BLINDFOLDED, BUT LOOKIT HIM! HE'S MOVIN' THROUGH THE SEWER EASIER THAN ME!

SHADDUP, GROTTO.

MISTER, YOU MUST NOT LIKE LIVIN' A WHOLE LOT, PULLIN' A STUNT LIKE YOU JUST DID. WHAT DO YOU WANT, ANYWAY?

I WANT TO TALK TO THE KINGPIN ...NOT TO HIS SHOESHINE BOYS.

LYNCH! HEY, LYNCH! OPEN UP! IT'S ME--TURK!

NOK NOK

IF YER THINKIN' OF MAKIN' A RUN FER IT, MISTER--DON'T.

GET LOST, TURK. YOU'RE NOT DUE IN FOR AN HOUR.

I GOT SOME-BODY WHAT WANTS TO SEE THE BOSS... SOMEBODY WHAT CLEANED OUT THE CROWD AT *JOSIE'S* LIKE IT WAS A GIRL SCOUT CAMP!

JOSIE'S? HE CLEANED OUT *JOSIE'S*? ON A SATURDAY NIGHT?

FORTY SECONDS LATER...

OKAY, HE'LL SEE YOU. BUT MAKE IT QUICK.

AND, MISTER--IT BETTER BE GOOD.

THAT HEARTBEAT UP AHEAD --IT'S LIKE A BASS DRUM. MUST BE HIM.

YES, THERE HE IS... CLEARLY DESCRIBED BY MY *RADAR SENSE.*

THE *KINGPIN!*

I'VE HEARD TALES OF THIS MAN... THIS NEAR-LEGEND IN THE HISTORY OF CRIME...

...OF HOW HE GATHERED THE HUNDREDS OF DISORGANIZED, DIS-TRUSTFUL GANGLEADERS... OF HOW HE ENDED THEIR TERRITORIAL BATTLES, AND TAUGHT THEM TO WORK IN TANDEM...

...OF HOW HE FORGED A STRUCTURED, MULTI-BILLION DOLLAR CRIMINAL EMPIRE--AN EMPIRE HE RULED WITH A TYRANT'S DISCIPLINE, AND A BOOK-KEEPER'S PRECISION.

I'VE HEARD THE TALES OF HIS GENIUS... HIS POWER...

...BUT NO ONE EVER TOLD ME JUST HOW *BIG* HE IS!

WHAT FREAK OF NATURE PRODUCED THIS CREATURE ...PUT SUCH MASS AND STRENGTH AT THE DISPOSAL OF A CRIMINAL GENIUS?

HIS PRESENCE SEEMS TO CHARGE THE AIR AROUND HIM, COMMANDING ATTENTION-- AND OBEDIENCE. IT'S ALMOST HYPNOTIC...

YOU HAVE ONE MINUTE TO PERSUADE ME NOT TO HAVE YOU SHOT.

MAKE USE OF IT.

CALL ME 'SHADES.' I'M A HIT MAN. LEARNED FROM ERIC SLAUGHTER. I WANT TO WORK FOR YOU.

WHY?

THERE'S A GANG WAR BREWING BETWEEN YOU AND THE GOONS WHO'VE BEEN RUNNING THINGS SINCE YOU LEFT. PRETTY SOON, EVERY-BODY'S GONNA HAVE TO CHOOSE UP SIDES.

I CAN SMELL A WINNER--AND YOU'RE IT.

HMMM...I EXPECTED YOU TO BE A MESSENGER, NOT A RECRUIT, NO MATTER. I STILL DON'T LIKE IT.

LYNCH--SHOOT HIM.

LOOKS TO ME LIKE YOU NEED CONVINC-ING. MIND IF I BORROW YOUR PEN?

WHERE YOU'RE GOING, PAL, YOU WON'T NEED IT. I PROMISE.

THUNK

WELL?

YOU'RE HIRED.

LORD... NEVER SAW ANYONE MOVE THAT FAST... NEVER...

EH?

IT...IT WAS *BULLSEYE*, BOSS. HE CAUGHT UP WITH ME AND THE BOYS OUTSIDE OF SWEENEY'S...

SAID...SAID HE HAD A MESSAGE... FOR YOU, BOSS...

WHAT IS IT, DUKE? QUICKLY.

HE SAYS IF...IF YOU WANT YOUR WIFE BACK...YOU GOTTA...

YOU GOTTA MEET HIS BOSSES ALONE...UN ...UNARMED...

...AT A CON...CONSTRUCTION SITE ON NINTH AVENUE AND ...AND FORTIETH... TOMORROW NIGHT... MIDNIGH...

HKKK--!

HE'S CROAKED.

SLOW ACTING POISON, NO DOUBT.

YEAH, BOSS?

THERE'S A BODY IN MY OFFICE. COME FETCH IT, AND POST ANOTHER GUARD AT THE VAULT TONIGHT.

BULLSEYE. YOU STRUCK AGAIN.

I SAVED YOUR LIFE, BULLSEYE, JUST A FEW WEEKS AGO. I'VE BEEN WONDERING EVER SINCE HOW I WOULD FEEL IF YOU KILLED AGAIN!

NOW I KNOW.

YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS, BULLSEYE.

THIS IS IT, BOSS -- OUR BIG CHANCE! IF WE PLAY OUR CARDS RIGHT, YOU CAN ELIMINATE THE CRIMELORDS TONIGHT--AND COME BACK AS THE KINGPIN OF CRIME!

WITLESS DOLT! YOU OVERSTEP YOUR BOUNDS!

I'VE TOLD YOU BEFORE, LYNCH -- I DON'T WANT TO RULE THE MOBS AGAIN! I DON'T WANT ANYTHING... EXCEPT *VANESSA!*

B-BUT, BOSS... SINCE YOU LEFT, THE ORGANIZATION'S BEEN A MESS. THE MOBS ARE ACHIN' TO HAVE YOU RUN THINGS! YOU KNOW THEY ARE!

THEY CAN HAVE THEIR STINKING MOBS! THEY CAN ROT IN HELL FOR ALL I CARE! VANESSA IS ALL THAT MATTERS--AND SHE WILL NOT BE ENDANGERED. NOT FOR A SECOND.

DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME, LYNCH?

S-SURE, BOSS. I GET IT.

YEAH, SURE, I GET IT-- BUT I DON'T LIKE IT.

I DON'T LIKE IT BECAUSE I REMEMBER THE KINGPIN BACK BEFORE HE STARTED ACTIN' LIKE A LOVESICK KID.

AND I'M THINKING MAYBE HE COULD GET SET STRAIGHT AGAIN... WITH A LITTLE SHOCK TREATMENT...

THE NEXT DAY, AT THE STOREFRONT LAW OFFICES OF NELSON AND MURDOCK...

YES SIR, MISTER TOWER. I MEAN, NO SIR, MISTER TOWER, MISTER MURDOCK ISN'T IN TODAY.

NO SIR, I DON'T KNOW WHERE HE IS...

STOREFRONT

FREE LEGAL CLINIC

READ THE ADVEN

ELDER

EVERY MO

DAILY B

NO SIR, MISTER NELSON ISN'T IN EITHER. YES SIR, I REALIZE THAT... YES SIR, I...

OH, EXCUSE ME, SIR.

RING RING

HELLO, NELSON AND MURDOCK. NO, HE ISN'T IN, MS. LAVENDER... NO, I DON'T KNOW WHEN... ME? I'M BECKY BLAKE ...THEIR SECRETARY...

YES, YES, I UNDERSTAND, MA'AM, BUT HE...

RING RING

OH, DEAR...

HELLO, NELSON AND MUR... FOGGY! YOU'RE HERE!

THE PHONE'S BEEN RINGING OFF THE HOOK...MAX LAVENDER WANTS TO SPEAK TO YOU ABOUT THE MELVIN POTTER CASE...

...AND DISTRICT ATTORNEY TOWER NEEDS TO KNOW IF...

...FOGGY?...

NO USE... IT'S JUST NO USE...

BACK AT THE KINGPIN'S SUBTERRANEAN HEADQUARTERS...

IT'S NO USE!

THIS VAULT MUST BE WHERE THE KINGPIN IS STORING HIS FILES. BUT NO MATTER HOW CLOSELY I INSPECT THIS DOOR...

...I CAN'T FIND THE LOCK! IT'S CRAZY!

OR IS IT?

MAYBE THE VAULT'S ONLY PROTECTION IS THE WEIGHT OF THAT MASSIVE DOOR... MAYBE THE KINGPIN THINKS HE'S THE ONLY GUY WHO'S STRONG ENOUGH TO PULL IT OPEN.

HE'S PROBABLY RIGHT.

=UHHNHH!=

DIDN'T EVEN BUDGE...

IT'S JUST TOO HEAVY...

BUT THERE'S SO MUCH AT STAKE... I CAN'T GIVE UP...

...AND I WON'T.

IT IS HOPELESS, HE KNOWS. SO HE DOESN'T HOPE.

HE SIMPLY PULLS--

--UNTIL HIS SHOULDER BLADES BULGE AGAINST THE KNOTTED MUSCLES OF HIS BACK--

--UNTIL HIS BREATH HISSES HOTLY THROUGH CLENCHED TEETH--

--UNTIL CORDED SINEW STRETCHES, NEAR BREAKING--

--UNTIL HIS ARMS SHAKE, AND THREATEN TO YANK FREE OF THEIR SOCKETS...

...AND SOMEHOW, SOMEWHERE BEYOND THE PAIN...

...HE FINDS THE STRENGTH HE NEEDS.

HANDS FEEL BIG AS BASKETBALLS. CAN BARELY MOVE MY ARMS. BUT THERE'S NO TIME TO RELAX.

NOW IT'S JUST A MATTER OF TAKING THESE FILES, AND GETTING OUT OF THIS PLACE ALIVE.

I WISH I WASN'T BLIND, JUST FOR AN HOUR--SO I COULD SEE DISTRICT ATTORNEY TOWER'S FACE WHEN I HAND HIM THIS!

UH-OH...STEPS, ECHOING DOWN THE HALLWAY...

BIG STEPS.

YOU PATHETIC FOOL.

YOU HAVE MADE THE SAME, FATAL MISTAKE THAT MY EVERY ENEMY MAKES, EVENTUALLY.

YOU UNDER-ESTIMATED ME.

'SHADES'--OR WHOEVER YOU ARE-- DID YOU TRULY THINK YOUR SPURIOUS TALE WOULD DECEIVE ME?

WHY SO QUIET? HAVE YOU NOT YET REALIZED THAT YOU ARE BEYOND ALL HOPE?

I SHALL CRUSH THE LIFE FROM YOU AS EASILY AS I FLING WIDE THIS DOOR!

BUT BEFORE I DO, YOU WILL REVEAL TO ME IF YOU ARE AN AGENT OF THE GOVERNMENT-- OR IF YOU WERE SENT BY MY ACCURSED FORMER LIEUTENANTS.

NOT THAT IT MATTERS. NEITHER SHALL RE-CEIVE MY FILES, NOW.

MY PLANS HAVE CHANGED.

WHERE ARE YOU, WRETCH?

VERY WELL, THEN. YOU MAY HIDE, IF YOU WISH.

I BLOCK THIS CHAMBER'S ONLY EXIT...

...AND MY PROBING FLASHLIGHT WILL REVEAL YOU, SOON ENOUGH.

EH?

YOUR CLOTHES...?

WHAT... WHAT WAS THAT...

WHAT THE...

SPAKK

OWW! MY FLASHLIGHT--

THAT STICK--

HOLD ON A SECOND, FATS.

THAT'S NOT JUST A STICK!

IT'S A *BILLY CLUB*...

...A TRIED-AND-TRUE TRADEMARK...

KLUDD

...OF EVERYBODY'S FAVORITE *MAN WITHOUT FEAR!*

SURREPTITIOUS SNIPE! YOU'LL PAY FOR THAT INDIGNITY.

DEARLY.

YOU'LL HAVE TO SWING FASTER THAN THAT, BIG GUY!

BUT THEN, WITH ALL THAT LARD YOU'RE CARRYING, IT'S A WONDER YOU CAN EVEN WALK!

YOUR TAUNTS WILL NOT =UFF!=

UH-OH... WHATEVER THAT WAS I JUST KICKED, IT WASN'T FAT.

MORE LIKE ROCK.

STAND STILL, BLAST YOU!

THAT LAST SHOT TO HIS SIDE WOULD HAVE CRIPPLED A NORMAL MAN. HE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE DAZED.

THIS MANEUVER MAY NOT BE LISTED IN "THE SUPER-HERO GUIDE TO FAIR PLAY"...

...BUT HE'S NOT WHAT YOU'D CALL AN ORDINARY OPPONENT.

I'M NOT EVEN SURE HE'S HUMAN.

WHUDD

AHGGHH! MY LEGS...

THKKK

KRAK

SWAPPP

LEGS SHAKY... ARMS USELESS.

I'M BEATING MYSELF TO DEATH AGAINST THIS MONSTER!

IF THAT LAST BLOW DIDN'T FINISH HIM...

WHUDD

I BELIEVE I HAVE HEARD OF YOU, DAREDEVIL. FROM TIME TO TIME, I CAME ACROSS YOUR NAME IN MY SECRETARY'S REPORTS.

AS I RECALL, YOU WERE A MINOR INTERFERENCE IN SEVERAL OF MY LESSER ENTERPRISES, NEVER WORTHY OF MY PERSONAL ATTENTION.

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN SO FAR OUT OF YOUR DEPTH.

FOR MY PLANS REQUIRE A CAREFUL UNDERSTANDING OF EVERY ELEMENT IN THIS STRUGGLE, AND I CANNOT ALLOW A MONKEY WRENCH TO REMAIN IN SUCH DELICATE MACHINERY.

I CANNOT AFFORD TO LET YOU LIVE.

SEVERAL HOURS LATER, AT A MIDTOWN CONSTRUCTION SITE...

WELL, HERE WE ARE. WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO?

SIT. HAVE A SMOKE. THIS WON'T TAKE LONG.

I WILL TELL YOU THIS MUCH, LYNCH...

FOR YOUR OWN SAKE, DO NOT LEAVE THE CAR.

GENTLEMEN.

DELIGHTED YOU COULD MAKE IT, KINGPIN. YOUR STAY IN NEW YORK HAS BEEN A COMFORTABLE ONE, I TRUST.

AS YOU CAN SEE, WE ARE UP TO NO TRICKS.

ALL WE WANT ARE THOSE... RECORDS... OF YOURS.

WHERE IS SHE?

YOU MUST MEAN YOUR LOVING WIFE...

STAY RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE, FATSO.

IT'LL ONLY HURT FOR A SECOND.

I DON'T LIKE THIS, BOSS. YOU COMIN' HERE, UNGUARDED, NOT EVEN HAVIN' A PLAN...

YOU ARE WRONG, LYNCH. I HAVE A STRATEGY THAT WILL GAIN ME EVERYTHING I DESIRE.

I SIMPLY HAVE NOT CHOSEN TO DISCUSS IT WITH YOU.

...THE LADY *VANESSA.*

WHY, SHE'S RIGHT OVER THERE. AND SHE'S ALL YOURS, JUST AS SOON AS WE CHECK OUT YOUR BRIEFCASE.

YOU WANT HER VERY BADLY, DON'T YOU?

YES.

HOWEVER, AS THE TENSE NEGOTIATIONS CONTINUE, A NEW ELEMENT ENTERS THE SCENE.

A MYSTERIOUS FIGURE, CLOAKED IN DARKNESS, DELIBERATELY, METHODICALLY CARRIES OUT PLANS OF HIS OWN...

THESE ARE THE FILES.

INSPECT THEM, IF YOU WISH.

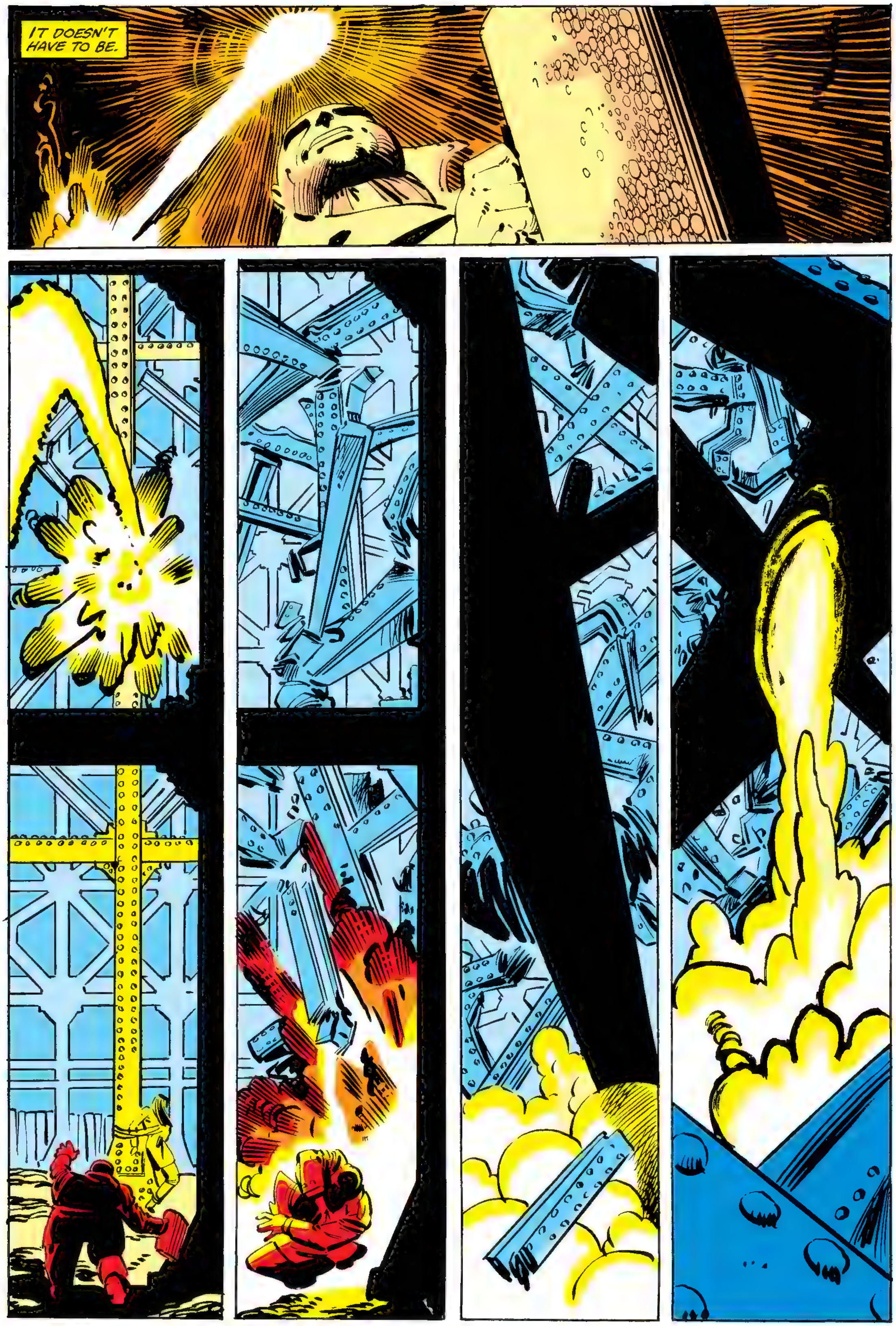
WE WISH.

HMPH. WHAT KIND OF BRIEFCASE IS THIS? CAN'T SEEM TO OPEN IT...

OH, HERE'S THE LATCH...

AAAGGHH!

EEEE


IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE.

VANESSA...

...VANESSA...

BOSS! BOSS! WE GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE!

BULLSEYE, THE CRIMELORDS-- THEY'VE ALL ESCAPED!

BOSS, PLEASE-- THE COPS'LL BE HERE SOON! WE CAN'T LET THEM FIND US!

THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO FOR HER NOW...EXCEPT FIND THE MEN WHAT DID THIS...AND MAKE THEM PAY!

YES... MAKE THEM PAY...

YEAH, BOSS, THAT'S RIGHT...YOU GOTTA TAKE OVER THE MOBS AGAIN...

YES. YES. I MUST TAKE OVER...MAKE THEM PAY...

THE KINGPIN MUST MAKE THEM PAY...

FAR BELOW THE STREETS, AT A MAIN JUNCTION POINT IN NEW YORK CITY'S WATER DRAINAGE SYSTEM...

GEE, TURK, I DUNNO ABOUT THIS...

THE KINGPIN, HE SAID WE WAS S'POSED TO SHOOT DAREDEVIL, AND THROW HIM INNA RIVER.

SHADDUP, GROTTO.

YER PROBLEM IS, YOU AIN'T *CREATIVE.* SHOOTIN'S GOT NO *STYLE.*

BESIDES, HE'LL BE JUST AS DEAD FIVE MINUTES AFTER HE'S IN THE WATER MAIN--AND I'LL KNOW HE DIED CHOKIN'--AND SQUIRMIN'...

I STILL THINK WE OUGHTTA

≥UFF≤

CREEP! EVEN TRUSSED UP, HE'S FIGHTIN' ME!

STRONG GUY... REAL STRONG... BUT ALL I GOTTA DO IS SHOVE HIM DOWN...

...AND KEEP HIM DOWN...

...AND CLOSE THE LID...

...AND HE'S FINISHED!

NEXT ISSUE: THE STARTLING **CONCLUSION!** YOU DARE NOT MISS...

GANGWAR!

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DAREDEVIL

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

THE KINGPIN...THE ENTIRE NEW YORK MOB...AND NOW

BULLSEYE...

Stan Lee
presents

DAREDEVIL

STARRING
DAREDEVIL
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

I'M TIED UP...

I'M UNDER WATER...

I CAN HEAR STREET SOUNDS, FAR ABOVE...

...SENSE A LONG, CYLINDRICAL TUBE, IMMEDIATELY SURROUNDING ME...

IT'S A PIPE... A WATER MAIN.

I WAKE UP IN THE STRANGEST PLACES...

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THREE MINUTES MORE OF THIS, MAYBE FOUR--

--AND I'M FINISHED.

HAVE TO MOVE SWIFTLY. CAN'T LET THE WORLD BE DEPRIVED OF ITS ONE AND ONLY BLIND SUPERHERO!

OF COURSE, IF THE RADIATION THAT ROBBED MY SIGHT HADN'T HEIGHTENED MY REMAINING SENSES, I'D NEVER FIND MY WAY OUT OF HERE.

BUT THEN, I PROBABLY WOULDN'T MAKE A HABIT OF GETTING MYSELF INTO SITUATIONS LIKE THIS ONE, EITHER.

GOOD THING TURK HASN'T GOTTEN ANY BETTER AT TYING KNOTS. THERE THEY GO.

THAT TOOK ONE MINUTE.

LEAVING TWO.

MY ***RADAR SENSE*** IS DULLED, DOWN HERE, BUT IT CAN STILL DETECT THIS JUNCTION WITH ANOTHER PIPE--

--AND I CAN FEEL THE CURRENT, PULLING ME TOWARD IT.

THIS COULD BE A WAY OUT.

TIGHT SQUEEZE...

IF I WEREN'T BLIND, I MIGHT SEE A LIGHT AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL.

BUT I CAN'T. SO I JUST DON'T KNOW...

I--I'M LOSING IT... BLACKING OUT...

I'LL NEVER MAKE IT...

IT'S TOO LATE...

≥GASP!≤

I ≥KOFF≤ ≥KOFF≤ I DID IT!

I CAN ***BREATHE...***

≥WHEW!≤ BUT THAT ***SMELL...*** WHAT THE...

WHO-- WHO ARE THESE PEOPLE?

MONEY FOR FOOD...

MONEY FOR FOOD...

MONEY FOR FOOD...

THEY'RE VAGABONDS... LIVING HERE, BELOW THE CITY.

PLEASE-- STAY AWAY. I CAN'T HELP YOU.

I'M ***SORRY...***

MONEY FOR FOOD...

LATER...

I'M *SORRY*, JOSIE. I'LL PAY THE TAB NEXT WEEK, I SWEAR!

JUS' GIMME ANOTHER BREW.

JOSIE'S BAR

THAT'S WHAT YOU SAID LAST WEEK, TURK.

AND THE WEEK BEFORE.

THIS TIME I MEAN IT, JOSIE. HONEST.

I JUS' FINISHED A BIG JOB...

...AN' SOON AS I GET PAID, I'M GONNA BE ROLLIN' IN DOUGH!

YEAH. I'D CALL SNUFFIN' *DAREDEVIL* A BIG JOB, ALL RIGHT.

AN' IT'S GONNA MAKE ME A BIG MAN WITH THE KINGPIN, YES SIR...

AFTER THIS, NOBODY'S GONNA DARE MESS WITH ME. NOBODY WHO'S FOND OF LIVIN', ANYW-

HUH?

NAW...

THAT AIN'T...

HE COULDN'T...

JOSIE'S BAR

DIDJA HAFTA, DD? DIDJA?

AW JEEZ-- HE'S HEADIN' FER THE WINDOW!

DD, PLEASE--THAT'S THREE THIS WEEK! YOU KNOW HOW MUCH THEM THINGS COST?

DON'T WORRY, JOSIE.

US DAREDEVILS COME WELL-EQUIPPED.

NOTE THE ALL-PURPOSE *BILLY CLUB*, COMPLETE WITH A THIRTY FOOT NYLON CORD.

KOAK

IT'S GOOD FOR SNAGGING LEDGES--OR FLAGPOLES--

--OR CROOKS.

THAPP

I KILLED HIM.

I *KILLED* HIM.

HOW'D HE GET AWAY THIS TIME?

HOW?

RELAX, TURK. I'M NOT ANGRY.

JUST CURIOUS.

WELL, MAYBE A *LITTLE* ANGRY.

THIS TOWN HAS BEEN BUZZING WITH CRIMINAL ACTIVITY LATELY, AND I'VE BEEN KEEPING JUST TWO STEPS BEHIND THE ACTION.

YOU'RE GOING TO BRING ME UP TO DATE.

AREN'T YOU, TURK?

SURE! SURE! MY PLEASURE!

REMEMBER THE KINGPIN OF CRIME? HE USED TO RUN THE MOBS.

WELL, HE'S GOT THIS WIFE, ***VANESSA***, WHAT CONVINCED HIM TO RETIRE AND MOVE TO JAPAN. AN' EVERYTHING WOULDA' BEEN OKAY IF THAT'S ALL HE DID. BUT IT AIN'T.

VANESSA, SHE NAGGED HIM INTA AGREEING TO TURN OVER STATE'S EVIDENCE AGAINST HIS TOP MEN--THE MEN WHAT RUN THINGS NOW THAT HE'S GONE.

THING IS, THE NEW CRIMELORDS GOT WIND OF WHAT HE WAS UP TO. SO THEY ***KIDNAPPED*** THE BROAD WHEN SHE CAME HERE TO HIRE A SHYSTER FER THE KINGPIN.

Y'SEE, THEY WANTED THE KINGPIN TO COME BACK, JUST SO'S THEY COULD HAVE HIM KILLED.

TO DO THAT, THEY HIRED ***BULLSEYE***, CUZ WHEN IT COMES TO KILLIN', HE'S THE BEST.

ANYWAY, THE KINGPIN CAME TO NEW YORK FER HIS LADY. AN' HE BROUGHT HIS FILES.

THAT'S WHEN ***YOU*** DECIDED TO GET CLEVER.

YOU DISGUISED YERSELF AND GOT HIRED BY THE KINGPIN. THEN YOU TRIED TO STEAL THAT STATE'S EVIDENCE.

BUT HE WAS SMARTER THAN YOU--SMARTER AND TOUGHER. HE DECKED YOU BUT GOOD AN' HAD ME DROP YOU INNA WATER MAIN.

THEN HE WENT TO MEET THE CRIME-LORDS AN' TRADE THE EVIDENCE FER HIS LADY.

THING IS, JUST WHEN HE'D CLOBBERED THEM AND WAS GONNA FREE THE BIM, SOMEBODY UP AND DROPPED A BUILDING ON HER.

NOW, THE KINGPIN'S OUT FER BLOOD. HE'S TAKIN' OVER THE MOBS AGAIN--AN' AIN'T NOTHIN' GONNA STOP HIM.

WE'LL SEE.

MEANWHILE, I'M GOING TO GET MY HANDS ON THOSE FILES. AND, TURK, YOU'RE NOT WORKING FOR THE KINGPIN. NOT ANY MORE.

YOU'RE WORKING FOR ME.

Yeah, that's right, this is New York City. But if you're thinking it's all bright lights and big money and all that glittery junk you seen in the movies, well, you're in for a shock.

Cause it isn't a playground. It's a battlefield.

And there's a war on.

SUB-BASEMENT NO. TWELVE

AT THE MOMENT, GENTLEMEN, WE ARE SAFE FROM ATTACK. OUR ENEMIES ARE UNLIKELY TO LOCATE THIS SUBTERRANEAN STRONGHOLD QUICKLY.

THEY ARE FRIGHTENED, CONFUSED, INCAPABLE OF SWIFT, DECISIVE ACTION.

I KNOW THEM WELL. THEY USED TO BE MY LIEUTENANTS.

I MENTIONED THAT WE ARE SAFE FROM ATTACK. THEY, HOWEVER, ARE NOT.

BUT WE HAVE INSUFFICIENT MANPOWER TO STRIKE A DIRECT BLOW AT THEIR LEADERS. INSTEAD, WE SHALL DISRUPT THE MACHINERY OF THEIR OPERATIONS--

--MACHINERY I DESIGNED, AND CAN THEREFORE DISMANTLE.

TONIGHT-- IMMEDIATELY-- WE WILL DISPATCH OUR MEN TO ASSAULT THE ORGANIZATION'S MAJOR DELIVERY POINTS, THEREBY SEVERING THE ARTERIES OF THE EAST COAST NARCOTICS TRAFFIC.

WE SHALL HARASS THEIR VARIOUS NUMBERS RUNNERS, MAKING IT APPEAR TO EACH THAT ANOTHER GANG IS RESPONSIBLE.

AND, BY ELIMINATING ITS KEY LINKS, WE SHALL SHATTER THEIR CHAIN OF INFORMATION.

BY TOMORROW NIGHT, OUR ENEMIES SHALL BE IN TERROR OF DISPLEASED OUT-OF-TOWN MOBS-- OF EACH OTHER-- AND OF ME.

See that building over there? Pretty, huh? Pretty and proud as Mount Olympus.

But they aren't gods, living in there. Nah—they aren't even men.

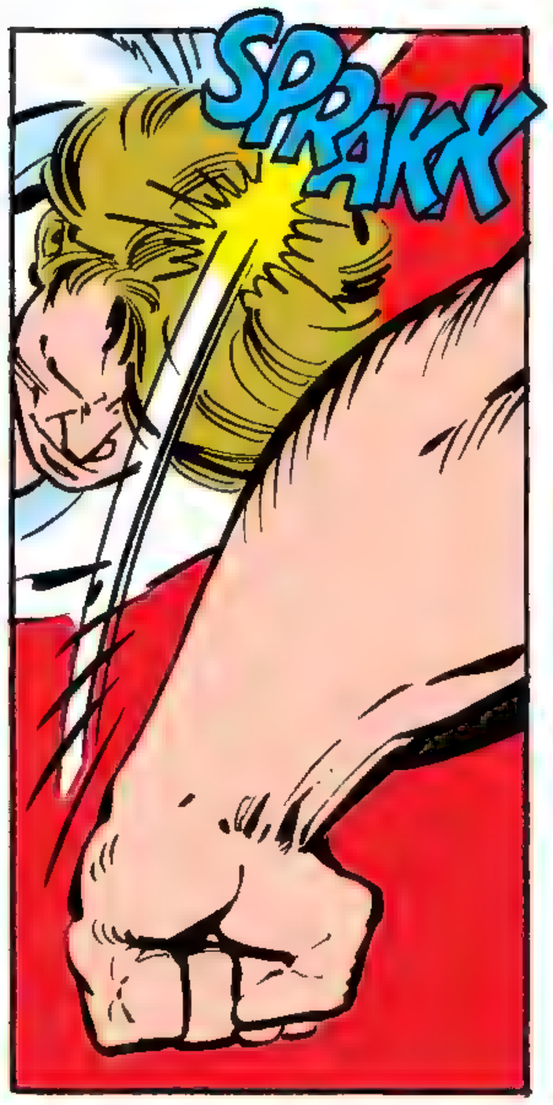
They're rats. Rats in business suits.

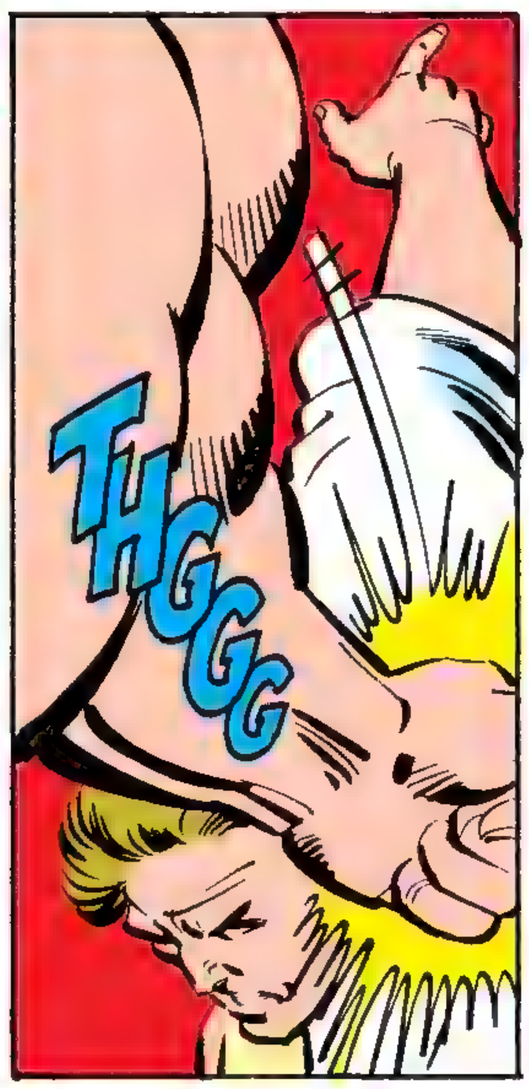
BBBZZZ

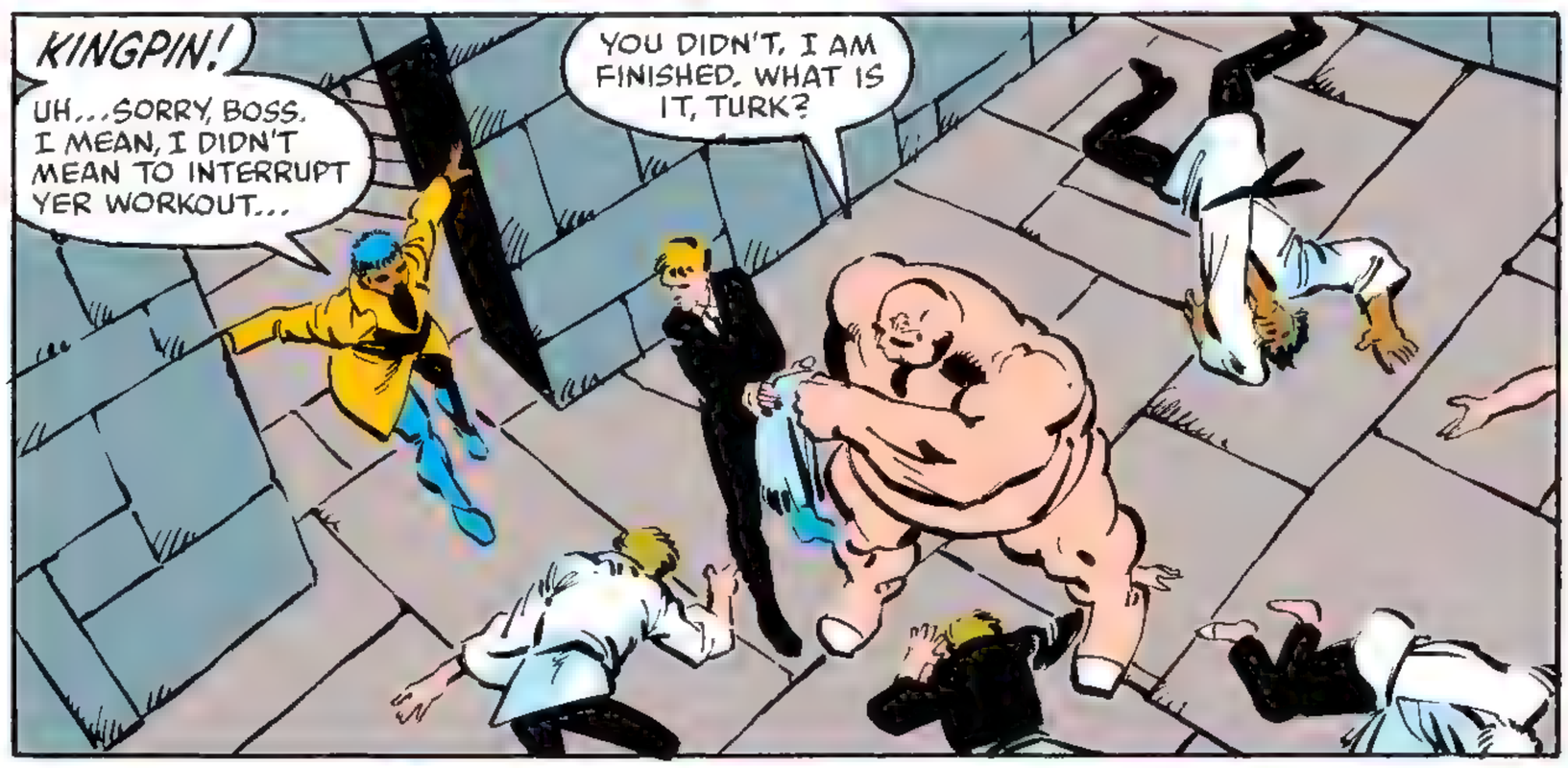
Sure, sure... you're flying in a plane, and you look down, and the city looks like the biggest carnival you ever seen.

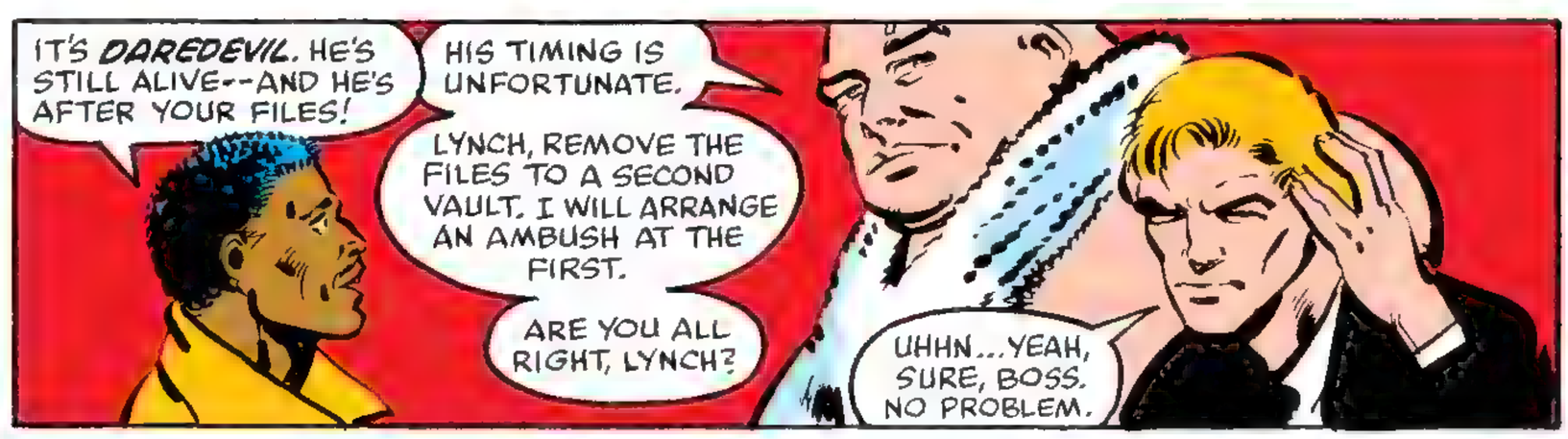
But come in a little closer. Wipe the stardust out of you eyes and check out what's really happening down here.

And keep your guard up. You could get hurt.








IT'S DAREDEVIL. HE'S STILL ALIVE--AND HE'S AFTER YOUR FILES!
HIS TIMING IS UNFORTUNATE.
LYNCH, REMOVE THE FILES TO A SECOND VAULT. I WILL ARRANGE AN AMBUSH AT THE FIRST.
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, LYNCH?
UHHN...YEAH, SURE, BOSS. NO PROBLEM.

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE LIGHTS?

I HAPPENED TO THE LIGHTS!

KRAK

DAREDEVIL?!

UURRGH!

HE'S GOT 'EM! HE'S GOT THE FILES!

SHOOT HIM!

HOW? I CAN'T EVEN SEE HIM!

THERE! THERE HE IS!

C'MON! UP THE STAIRS! WE'VE GOT HIM!

HEY-- WHAT'S DIS?

AW, NO...

OUTTA THE WAY, YA STOOPID...

MONEY FOR FOOD...

MONEY FOR FOOD...

MONEY FOR FOOD...

MONEY FOR FOOD...

MONEY FOR FOOD...

SOON...

...AND BY THE TIME WE WADED THROUGH THEM BEGGARS, HE'D SKIPPED.

BOSS, I THOUGHT I'D FOOLED HIM. I DIDN'T THINK HE KNEW...

THAT IS BECAUSE YOU ARE VERY STUPID, TURK.

DAREDEVIL, ON THE OTHER HAND, HAS PROVEN HIMSELF TO BE QUITE CANNY.

HOWEVER, HE SHOULD NEVER SEEK TO OUTWIT THE KINGPIN.

HE WILL LEARN THIS, VERY SOON.

WHAT'S THE JOKE, HORNHEAD?

POLICE PRECINCT NO. 23

JOKE? LIEUTENANT, I'VE JUST GIVEN YOU EVIDENCE THAT WILL--

NEWSPAPERS! YOU'VE GIVEN ME NEWSPAPERS! CAN'T YOU *SEE* THAT?

WHAT'RE YOU-- *BLIND?*

But the bottom line is that it's still the greatest town there ever was. Anywhere.

Once you're here it'll change you– it'll make you one of its people. You'll grow to love it.

Thing is, to love New York, you gotta know it. And to know it, you gotta take the bad with the good.

And sometimes, there's an awful lot of bad...

CRIPES. IS THIS THING HEAVY OR WHAT?

QUIET BACK THERE!

WE'RE RIGHT OUTSIDE THE KINGPIN'S SUB-CELLAR. LET'S NOT ADVERTISE THAT, OKAY?

LET'S SEE IF YOUR BOSS'S BATTLE PLAN HOLDS ANY WATER.

CA-*MON!* MOVE IT, WILLYA? SET UP THAT GUN WHILE YOU'RE STILL YOUNG ENOUGH TO FIRE IT.

OKAY, OKAY. IT'S READY.

THEN SHOOT IT, FER--

WHOOM

NOBODY HOME.

GOTTA GIVE FATSO CREDIT. HE'S SHARP AS A--

TAK

HEY!

WHAT THE...

THE CEILING!

IT'S COMING *DOWN!*

Yes, sir. it's a lively town, all right. And it's got a lot to offer. May be the only place in the whole world that's got just what you want.

But it's up to you to get it. And if you screw up? Well, somebody's sure gonna let you know...

CLOWNS! THAT'S WHAT YOU ARE!

EASY, BULLSEYE. TAKE IT EASY.

REMEMBER WHICH SIDE YOUR BREAD IS BUTTERED ON.

THE KINGPIN PLAYED YOU FOR *SUCKERS!*

HE PLANTED THE LOCATION OF HIS HIDEOUT IN THE HEAD OF A VERY *TALKATIVE* HOOD--

--THEN RIGGED THE JOINT TO COLLAPSE ON THE FIRST PERSON TO ENTER IT!

AND ME, I WAS JUST STUPID ENOUGH TO GO ALONG WITH YOU SAPS!

OKAY! OKAY! WE MISCALCULATED. IT HAPPENS.

BUT DON'T WORRY. AS SOON AS OUR COLLEAGUES ARRIVE, WE WILL HOLD AN EMERGENCY CONFERENCE--

--AND APPOINT A COMMITTEE THAT WILL...

THEY WILL NOT ARRIVE.

EACH OF YOUR COLLEAGUES HAS BEEN APPROACHED TONIGHT. SOME OF THEM NOW WORK FOR ME.

THE REST ARE DEAD.

THE *KINGPIN*?! HERE?

YOUR WEAKNESS LIES IN YOUR NUMBERS. WHILE YOU FORMED COMMITTEES, AND DRAFTED RESOLUTIONS, I WAS FREE TO ACT WITH FAR GREATER DISPATCH.

THE MOBS ARE DISSATISFIED WITH YOUR PERFORMANCE, GENTLEMEN.

THEY ARE READY FOR MY RETURN.

SURE, KINGPIN. SURE. LET'S TALK ABOUT THAT, SHALL WE?

HAVE A SEAT...

THIS IS WAY TOO EASY.

WHAT'S HE UP TO?

WE AIN'T OUTTA STEAM YET, KINGPIN.

RIGHT. THAT'S RIGHT. WE STILL GOT--

YOU STILL HAVE BULLSEYE, THAT IS WHY I AM HERE.

YOU HIRED HIM TO KILL ME. RIGHT NOW, HE WOULD NOT FIND THAT DIFFICULT.

HOWEVER, BULLSEYE'S INTELLIGENCE FAR OUT-WEIGHS HIS LOYALTY--

--AND BY NOW, HE MUST REALIZE THAT YOUR INEPTITUDE SHALL INEVITABLY DESTROY YOU.

IT IS HIS CHOICE. HE CAN FIRE A BULLET INTO MY BRAIN--

--OR CONSIDER WHICH OF US SHALL BE ABLE TO GUARANTEE HIS FUTURE EMPLOYMENT.

AT PREMIUM RATES, OF COURSE.

BULLSEYE... PLEASE... KILL HIM...

WE'LL GIVE YOU ANYTHING, BULLSEYE... ANYTHING AT ALL...

YOU HAVE NOTHING LEFT TO OFFER HIM.

BULLSEYE, IF YOU PLEASE-- MY CIGARETTE?

HAPPY TO OBLIGE... *BOSS.*

YOU WANT ME TO START WORK RIGHT AWAY? I'LL GIVE YOU A GROUP RATE ON THE THREE OF THEM.

NO.

THIS ENTERPRISE HAS RESULTED IN A NUMBER OF DEATHS. THE AUTHORITIES SHALL REQUIRE SCAPEGOATS.

WRITTEN CONFESSIONS ARE BEING PREPARED, GENTLEMEN. YOU SHALL SIGN THEM.

YOU HEARD THE MAN, LET'S GO.

WE...WE HAD IT *ALL*, HOW'D HE DO IT? HOW?

LYNCH, COME IN HERE.

RIGHT, BOSS. ON MY WAY.

WHAT A KNOCKOVER, BOSS! YOU SEE THE LOOK ON THEIR FACES?

BOSS?

BOSS?

WHY DON'T YOU ANSWER?

AHHGGG!

SCUDD

YOU SHOULD NEVER HAVE DONE IT, LYNCH.

YOU SHOULD NEVER HAVE KILLED MY WIFE.

I--I DON'T GET IT, BOSS! WHAT DO YOU *URRGGH!*

WHAM

FOUR DAYS AGO I GAMBLED FOR VANESSA'S LIFE. I USED A SONIC DEVICE TO DISABLE THE CRIME-LORDS WHO HELD HER CAPTIVE.

THEY WERE HELPLESS. AND THEY HAD NOTHING TO GAIN BY HER DEATH.

BUT YOU -- YOU WANTED ME TO BE-COME THE KINGPIN OF CRIME AGAIN. YOU KNEW THAT AS LONG AS SHE WAS ALIVE THAT WOULD NOT HAPPEN.

SO YOU KILLED HER.

NO! I STAYED IN THE CAR! I DID!

IF YOU HAD, YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN UNAFFECTED BY THE SONIC DEVICE. YOU WOULD NOT HAVE SUFFERED THE HEADACHE YOU HAVE RECENTLY DEMONSTRATED.

BUT TRUST ME, LYNCH...

...YOUR TORMENT HAS ONLY BEGUN.

S--STAY BACK, BOSS!

BLAMM BLAMM

I WARNED YA...

MY LIFE WAS NOTHING BUT A LONELY STRUGGLE FOR POWER.

AAAHHGGGNN

VANESSA WARMED ME.

SHOWED ME LOVE...

AND YOU TOOK HER FROM ME.

MY ONE MOMENT OF JOY.

CHAK KK

MY ONE BRIEF INSTANT OF HUMANITY.

N...NO...

...NO...

EVERYTHING OKAY IN THERE, BOSS?

BOSS?

THERE IS SOME GARBAGE IN MY OFFICE. CLEAN IT UP.

THEN GET ME A DOCTOR.

"The city is like a woman," they'll tell you. And they're right.

But there are lots of kinds of women.

Take that one, over there...

LOUSY CRUMMY SKINFLINT UNRELIABLE GARBAGE-EATIN' ROACH-BAIT...

SUCH LANGUAGE.

DAREDEVIL?! WHATTA *YOU* WANT?

NAW...FERGET IT. I DON'T WANNA KNOW.

COME ON, JOANIE. YOU CAN TALK TO ME.

UH-UH, HERO.

YOU WANNA KNOW ABOUT MY BOYFRIENDS. AND NOTHIN' WILL MAKE ME TALK ABOUT THEM.

NUTHIN'!

WELL, MAYBE *MONEY*...

NOT LIKE YOU TO BE OUT ALONE THIS LATE AT NIGHT, JOANIE.

DON'T I KNOW IT. I GOT ME LOTS OF BOYFRIENDS, AND THEY TREAT ME REAL WELL...MOSTLY, ANYWAY.

BUT TONIGHT, ALL OF A SUDDEN THEY ALL CANCEL OUR DATES, JUST LIKE THAT. AND WHEN I AKS THEM WHY THEY JUST TELLS ME TA SHADDUP.

LIKE IT'S REAL IMPORTANT, Y'KNOW?

UH...YA DIDN'T HEAR IT FROM ME, RIGHT?

JOANIE! YOU'VE GOT TO LEARN TO TRUST PEOPLE!

JOANIE'S BOYFRIENDS INCLUDE SOME OF THE CITY'S BIGGEST GANGLEADERS.

THERE MUST BE A MAJOR CONFERENCE IN THE WORKS--

--THE KIND THE KINGPIN HELD THE LAST TIME HE TOOK POWER.

NOT A SMART PLACE FOR A SUPERHERO TO SHOW UP.

AND IF I HAD HALF A BRAIN, I WOULDN'T.

OKAY, OKAY, WE'RE ALL HERE

SO WHAT'RE WE WAITIN' FOR?

THAT OUTBURST WAS ILL-ADVISED, SHIV.

IT IS OBVIOUS THAT DISCIPLINE HAS SLIPPED SINCE I TOOK MY...LEAVE OF ABSENCE.

NOW LISTEN CLOSELY.

I SHALL RESTORE THE ORGANIZATION TO ITS FORMER EFFICIENCY, REBUILD ITS DECAYING MACHINERY.

WHAT I REQUIRE FROM YOU IS UNCONDITIONAL, UNQUESTIONING OBEDIENCE.

WE HEAR YA, KINGPIN. WE HEAR YA.

GOOD. THEN WE SHALL--

EH?

THE LIGHTS!

IT'S A BLACKOUT!

NAW, IT AIN'T! LOOKIT THE OTHER BUILDINGS! THEY GOT LIGHTS!

IT'S JUST THIS ONE!

THERE'S JUST ONE GUY WITH THE NERVE TO ASSAULT THIS GROUP. ONE GUY...

DAREDEVIL.

HE AIN'T AFTER YOU GUYS, ANY OF YOU. HE'S AFTER ME. WE GOT A BIG HATE GOING, SINCE WAY BACK.

I WANT DIBS ON HIM, KINGPIN. THIS KILL WON'T COST YOU A CENT.

THE GENERATOR IS IN THE BASEMENT, BULLSEYE.

YOU WILL FIND HIM THERE.

SHORTLY...

YOU'RE DOWN HERE SOMEWHERE, DAREDEVIL...

AND YOU'RE WAITING FOR ME...

YOU KNEW I'D COME ALONE, DIDN'T YOU, YOU LOUSY...

GOTTA BE QUIET...

KREEK

BLAM

READY FOR ANYTH--

MMEEOWRR

A CAT! JUST A CRUMMY CAT.

YOU DON'T SCARE ME, DEVIL, YOU DON'T.

MAYBE YOU *CAN* SEE IN THE DARK...

I KNOW YOU CAN...

BUT...WHY AIN'T YOU ATTACKED ME YET?

UNLESS...

YOU WON'T ATTACK ME YET...

I SHOULDA' FIGURED...

SURE... THAT'S IT...

I WANT YOU TO SEE, BULLSEYE.

I WANT YOU TO UNDERSTAND EXACTLY WHAT I'M DOING HERE.

DO YOU REMEMBER THE SUBWAY, BULLSEYE? DO YOU REMEMBER HOW I STOOD OVER YOU, BLEEDING, BARELY CONSCIOUS?

I HAD BEATEN YOU.

YOU WERE HELPLESS, ON THE TRACKS, WHEN A TRAIN APPROACHED. IT WAS GOING TO HIT YOU.

I WANTED IT TO.

I WANTED TO HEAR YOUR BONES SPLINTER BENEATH ITS WHEELS. I WANTED TO HEAR YOU SCREAM--AND DIE.

BUT I PULLED YOU FROM THE TRACKS. I SAVED YOUR LIFE. AND YOU WENT FREE.

AND YOU KILLED--AGAIN.

I'VE BEEN CARRYING THAT AROUND INSIDE ME EVER SINCE, BULLSEYE. IT HURTS. IT HURTS A LOT.

NOW, I'M GOING TO SHARE THAT HURT WITH YOU.

YOU DON'T SCARE ME ANYMORE, DEVIL.

I'M BETTER THAN YOU--AND I'LL PROVE IT.

THUNK

THUNK

THUNK

THUNK

YOUR THROWING STARS WON'T HELP YOU.

YOUR PISTOL WON'T HELP YOU.

THWAK

WE'LL SETTLE THIS, HERE AND NOW--

--WEAPONLESS--

--MAN TO MAN.

CHUDD

HE'S DAZED...

HIS CLUB...

IF I CAN JUST...

SWAKK

URRRGH!

NO WONDER YOU DO SO WELL WITH THIS BILLY CLUB.

IT'S WONDERFUL!

THE BALANCE IS EXTRAORDINARY. IT'S A *FAULTLESS* WEAPON.

ONLY PROPER THAT I USE IT TO KILL YOU.

HE'S GOT ME.

ONE MORE SHOT AND I'M...

WAIT... HIS GUN...

BLAMM

I SAID *NO WEAPONS*, BULLSEYE.

OWWW!

FAPp

I MEANT IT.

HNGGG

SKRKKK

GHAK

THEY... THEY ALL THINK YOU'RE BETTER...

...BETTER THAN ME...

I'LL SHOW 'EM...

THIS BRICK...

MASH YOUR FACE...

KRAKK

DOESN'T... DOESN'T MATTER...

I'M BETTER THAN YOU...

STRONGER...

AND... I'LL CHOKE THE LIFE OUTTA...

MAYBE... BUT I'M TAKING YOU WITH ME...

N... NO...

HHHKKK--!

DON'T TWITCH A MUSCLE.

SO FOCUSSED ON BULLSEYE... DIDN'T NOTICE THEM.

BUT THERE'S STILL A CHANCE. IF I CAN STALL THEM, JUST LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO CATCH MY BREATH...

BULLSEYE IS STILL BREATHING. YOU MAY FINISH HIM.

NO? I DIDN'T THINK YOU WOULD.

DAREDEVIL, YOU HAVE PROVEN YOURSELF AN OBSTACLE TO ME. I WOULD HAVE YOU SHOT--

--BUT FOR THE FACT THAT I STILL HAVE USE FOR YOU.

THESE ARE MY FILES, THE STATE'S EVIDENCE YOU HAVE SO DESPERATELY SOUGHT.

THEY ARE YOURS, TO DELIVER TO DISTRICT ATTORNEY TOWER.

MINUTES AFTER HE RECEIVES THEM, HE WILL ISSUE WARRANTS TO ARREST THE ENTIRE UPPER ECHELON OF THE EAST COAST UNDERWORLD.

SOON, THEY WILL BE IMPRISONED--

--AND I SHALL REPLACE THEM WITH MY MEN.

YOU SHALL ELIMINATE MY COMPETITION FOR ME.

I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING, DAREDEVIL.

YOU'RE PLANNING SOME DESPERATE, FUTILE ATTACK-- YOU SEEK TO BRING ME IN, AS WELL. YOU ARE A VERY PASSIONATE MAN.

BUT IT IS NOT YOUR PASSION THAT I NOW ADDRESS. IT IS YOUR INTELLECT.

CONSIDER YOUR POSITION. YOU HAVE BULLSEYE -- I'LL THROW HIM IN AS A COURTESY--

--AND I SHALL BE LEFT WITH A SHATTERED ORGANIZATION TO REBUILD. FOR A TIME, YOUR SIDE WILL BE THAT MUCH STRONGER.

CONSIDER THE GREATER GOOD TO SOCIETY...

...AND YOU SHALL SEE THAT YOU REALLY HAVE NO CHOICE, AFTER ALL.

YOU WIN, KINGPIN.

THIS TIME.

EPILOGUE

IT IS COLD HERE, AS MOON-CAST SHADOWS WRITHE ACROSS THE REMNANTS OF A SKYSCRAPER'S SHATTERED SUPERSTRUCTURE.

COLD, AND QUIET AS A GRAVE.

IT IS HERE THAT A DREAM WAS MURDERED.

AT DAWN, THE WORKERS WILL BEGIN ANEW THE SEARCH FOR A BODY THAT WAS LOST, SOMEWHERE BENEATH THE RUBBLE.

BY DAY'S END, THEY WILL FIND THAT THE TREMENDOUS TONNAGE CAUSED A WEAKENED SECTION OF AN ABANDONED SEWER TO COLLAPSE.

THEY WILL NOT FIND A BODY, AND WILL ASSUME THAT IT WAS CARRIED OUT TO SEA.

THEY WILL BE WRONG.

VANESSA LIVES.

KOFF KOFF

ONCE, SHE WAS A FINELY-BRED LADY OF CULTURE. ONCE, SHE WAS WIFE AND LOVER TO THE MAN CALLED THE KINGPIN, AND SHE SOOTHED HIS FURIOUS NATURE.

BUT THE EYES THAT NOW STARE NUMBLY, BLEAKLY, AT THE DARKNESS AROUND HER, ARE EYES EMPTY OF LOVE--OR THOUGHT.

THERE IS NOTHING LEFT OF HER NOW.

NOTHING BUT A SINGLE NEED...

HUNGRY...

FOOD...

PLEASE ...FOOD...

MONEY FOR FOOD...

SPECIAL BONUS: *Bizarre Adventures* #25 (March 1981)
The Black Widow accepts a covert mission to assassinate one of her Soviet mentors.

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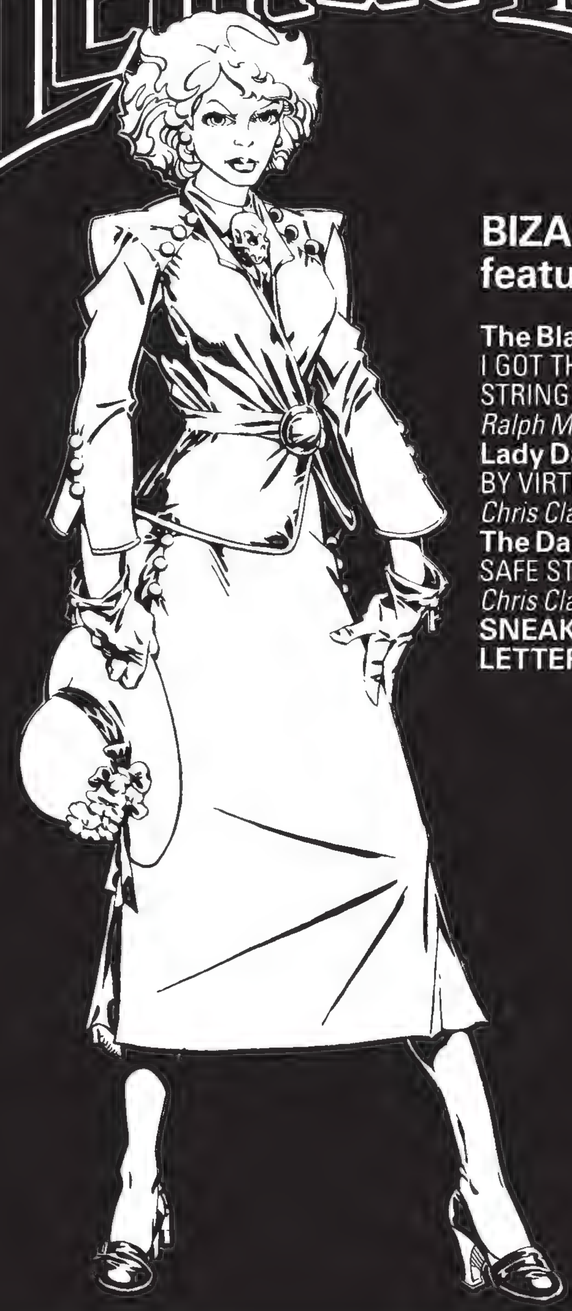
STAN LEE presents:

Lethal Ladies



BIZARRE ADVENTURES featuring

The Black Widow in:
I GOT THE YO YO, YOU GOT THE STRING 4
Ralph Macchio & Paul Gulacy
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BY VIRTUE OF BLOOD 26
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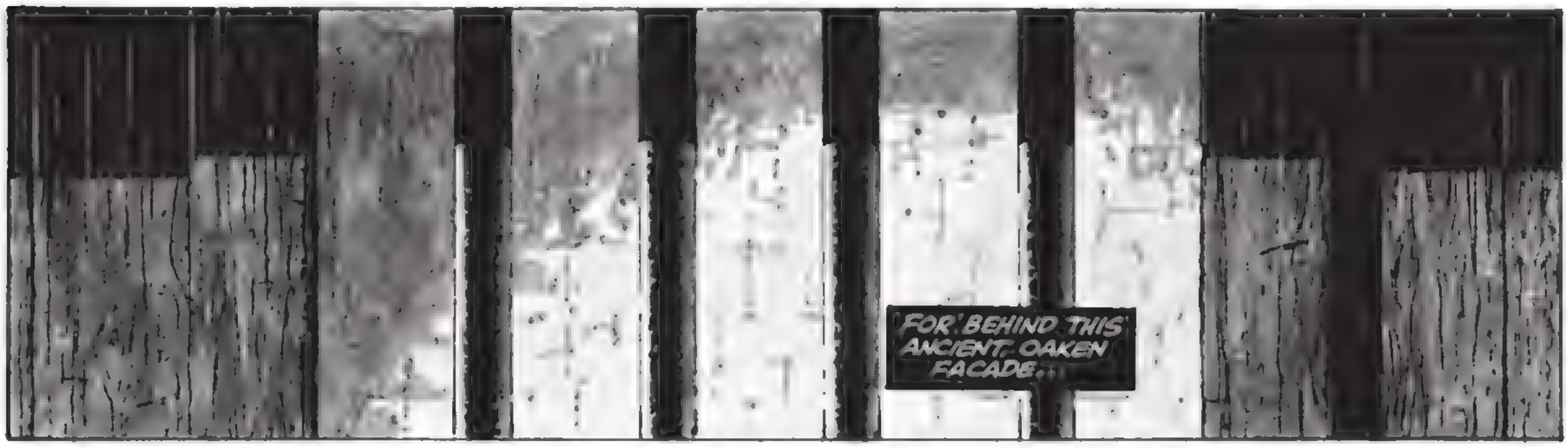
SOMEWHERE IN A STEAMY SOUTH AFRICAN JUNGLE...

...A FORTRESS IMPENETRABLE GREETS THE EYE.
BUT THE EYE IS DECEIVED, AS SO OFTEN.


FOR BEHIND THIS ANCIENT, OAKEN FACADE...

...THE FORTRESS IS BREACHED.
--MUCH MORE TO TELL YOU, STERILE DUCK: BLUE DRAKE HAS COMPLETED INFILTRATION.
AND THE PIGEON HAS BEEN BAGGED. REPEAT: THE PIGEON HAS BEEN BAGGED.

THE TRANSMISSION'S BEGINNING TO BREAK UP. SOME OTHER FREQUENCY IS STARTING TO JAM IT. I HAVE TO RELAY THIS HASTILY.
ALSO, BLUE DRAKE HAS RECEIVED CONFIRMATION THAT THE BISHOP IS SINGING. I SAID --

SNAP!

DAMN IT ALL!

HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, YA LIME-SUCKIN' SKUNK! DON'T MAKE A MOVE!

BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA

UGH!

AAGHH!

ROT IN HELL, YOU BLOODY BASTARDS!

TWO OF THE BLIGHTERS ARE STILL FIRING. I CAN'T STAY PINNED DOWN LIKE THIS. HAVE TO GAUGE THEIR POSITION BY THE SOUND...

SHRAK! SPAK!! SPAK!

...AND HOPE I'M RIGHT.

SORRY THIS AIN'T IN THE *MANUAL*, MATE.

BRRAPPT!

BUT I'M BLOODY WELL SURE YOU'LL KNOW HOW TO REACT, ANYWAY.

NNGH!

MAYBE YOU SHOULD'A *STUCK* WITH THE BOOK--

--"MATE."

BAARRUPPT!

BAARRUPPT!

OHH!

I GOTTA GIVE THE BUM CREDIT. IT TOOK *FIVE* OF US TO NAIL 'IM.

BLUE DRAKE-- THIS IS STERILE DUCK. WHAT IN BLAZES IS GOING ON?

SURE IS GETTIN' NOISY IN HERE WITH THAT THING SQUAWKIN' AWAY.

BLUE DRAKE! BLUE DRAKE! WHAT IS HAPPENING.

SHUT UP! AIN'T YA GOT NO RESPECT FER THE DEAD.

BLUE DRAKE-- PLEASE REPEAT YOUR LAST TRANSMISSION. OUR RECEPTION IS--

KLIK!

the BLACK WIDOW in I GOT THE YO-YO... YOU GOT THE STRING

SHAFTS OF SUNLIGHT PASS THROUGH THE PENTHOUSE WINDOWS...
...BUT THE APARTMENT'S LONE OCCUPANT IS BLISSFULLY UNAWARE OF DAWN'S GOLDEN RAYS--
--UNTIL THE INCESSANT SOUND OF AN UNANSWERED BUZZER...
...RETURNS NATASHA ROMANOFF TO UNWANTED AWARENESS.
Royal
RUSSOFF VODKA

WRITING: RALPH MACCHIO

ART: PAUL GULACY

MMMMM...THAT NOISE...

...JUST WHAT I *DON'T* NEED THE MORNING AFTER.

A NOTE?

WELL...YOU WEREN'T BAD YOURSELF LAST NIGHT, MR. LANGELY.

WE'LL HAVE TO DO THAT AGAIN SOME TIME--WHEN WE CAN BOTH SEE STRAIGHT. BESIDES, YOU ALWAYS WERE GOOD FOR A LAUGH.

WHAT A MESS.

IT'LL TAKE UNTIL NEXT *NEW YEARS* TO CLEAN IT UP.

I'LL WORRY ABOUT THAT LATER. RIGHT NOW, I HAVE TO ATTEND TO THAT BUZZING.

SHE MOVES QUICKLY TO A WALL-MOUNTED CONSOLE. LONG, SLENDER FINGERS PLAY EXPERTLY OVER THE MULTI-COLORED CONTROLS...

...PUNCHING A CODED SEQUENCE OF KEY NUMBERS--BRINGING TO LIFE A HUGE VIEWING SCREEN.

SHIELD OPERATIVE NATASHA ROMANOFF--CODENAME: *BLACK WIDOW*. LINK-UP WITH NEW YORK COMMAND CENTER ACHIEVED. NATURE OF CURRENT ASSIGNMENT FOLLOWS.

*SUPREME HEADQUARTERS INTERNATIONAL ESPIONAGE LAW ENFORCEMENT DIVISION. A GLOBE-GIRDLING ESPIONAGE OUTFIT AT THE APEX OF THE WESTERN INTELLIGENCE COMMUNITY. --LYNN

MI-6 REPORTS BRITISH INTELLIGENCE AGENT PRESCOTT KILLED IN SOUTH AFRICA. WAS ABLE TO RELAY LOCATION OF SOVIET ARMAMENTS DEPOT THERE. WEAPONS BEING USED TO AID REGIONAL PRO-MARXIST REVOLUTIONS.

SOVIETS HAVE PLACED OPERATIVE *IRMA KLAUSVICHNOVA* IN CHARGE OF COMPLEX.

IRMA! BEFORE I DEFECTED FROM RUSSIA, MYSELF, SEVERAL YEARS AGO, SHE WAS MY INSTRUCTRESS IN A HALF-DOZEN ADVANCED AREAS.

SHE WAS THE BEST THEY HAD-- AND SHE MOLDED ME INTO THE BEST. I OWE THAT WOMAN MORE THAN I CAN EVER REPAY.

WHAT I LEARNED FROM HER SAVED MY LIFE ON COUNTLESS OCCASIONS. WE WERE CLOSE.

SUCCESS OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN OPERATION TIED LARGELY TO KLAUSVICHNOVA'S CONTINUED PRESENCE.

VISUAL OF SUBJECT APPEARS ON SCREEN.

ASSIGNMENT IS TO INFILTRATE WEAPONS COMPOUND AND TERMINATE IRMA KLAUSVICHNOVA BY ANY AND ALL MEANS.

SO THE PUPIL WILL FACE HER TEACHER. I'M NOT LOOKING FORWARD TO THIS, IRMA, BUT BUSINESS IS BUSINESS.

PRIME DIRECTIVE: ELIMINATE KLAUSVICHNOVA.

INFORMATION ON CONTACT AND RENDEZVOUS POINT FOLLOWS IMMEDIATELY.

AB-977-00B5

TWELVE HOURS LATER: A REMOTE MOUNTAIN FORTRESS IN THE FOOTHILLS OF AFRICA'S MT. KENYA...

WE HAVE NEWS THAT THE LATEST ARMAMENTS SHIPMENT IS DUE BY RAIL IN LESS THAN SIX HOURS. IT'LL BE ARRIVING FROM NAIROBI.

EXCELLENT. I'LL NOTIFY THE KREMLIN IMMEDIATELY. MAKE ALL THE NECESSARY PREPARATIONS HERE IN THE MEANTIME.

I'LL DO SO AT ONCE. ALL THE UNLOADING FACILITIES WILL BE READY. UNTIL THEN, COMMANDER KLAUSVICHNOVA.

COLONEL.

THIS IS WORKING EXACTLY AS WE HOPED. NO ONE HERE SUSPECTS THAT THE *REAL* IRMA KLAUSVICHNOVA WAS *KILLED* BY PRESCOTT, SO A *SHIELD* LOOK-ALIKE COULD BE SUBSTITUTED IN HER PLACE.

NOW I CAN RELAY THE PERTINENT DATA ON UPCOMING SHIPMENTS DIRECTLY TO HEADQUARTERS, WHILE I'M OVERSEEING THE COMPLEX.

STRANGE...NORMAL PROCEDURE IN SUCH AN OPERATION WOULD BE TO *OVERRUN* THE FORTRESS--NOT PUSSYFOOT AROUND LIKE THIS.

THE FRONT OFFICE MUST HAVE ITS REASONS, THOUGH. AND MINE IS NOT TO REASON WHY...

...JUST BE IRMA.

THE FOLLOWING MORNING. A TRAIN STATION IN NAIROBI...

IT IS NOT MY CONCERN IF THEY EXPLODE THE ENTIRE CONTINENT... SO LONG AS I'M PAID.

THEN YOUR LOYALTIES--

STOP TALKING YOU TWO, AND START LOADING BOXES.

JUST LIKE CLOCKWORK...

...THERE HE IS. AND HE'S SPOTTED HER FOR CERTAIN.

NOT A BAD DISGUISE. I FIGURE YOU'LL EVEN GET AWAY WITH IT.

BUT YA CAN'T FOOL ME, BABY. I'D KNOW THOSE EYES ANYWHERE... EVEN BEHIND A MUSLIM MASK.

ALL RIGHT. EVERYTHING'S BEEN LOADED. WE'RE READY TO MOVE OUT. ALERT EVERYONE-- WE'RE LEAVING.

YES...ALL OF YOUR PAPERS ARE MOST THOROUGH AND IN ORDER. THERE WILL BE NO FURTHER DELAY IN ALLOWING YOU TO BOARD, MR. BISHOP.

THANK YOU. I'LL RIDE IN ONE OF THE PASSENGER CARS IF YOU DON'T MIND. SOMETHING NEAR A WASHROOM...MOTION SICKNESS AND ALL THAT.

CHAANK

PTSSSSSSS

SSHHHH

SSHHHH

SSHHHH

THE SOUTH AFRICAN PLAIN: ONE HOUR LATER...

RADIO AHEAD. CHECKPOINT FOUR HAS BEEN REACHED. ALL GOES WELL.

YOU THERE-- *STOP!* THIS CAR IS SUPPOSED TO BE EMPTY. HOW DID YOU GET IN HERE?

HALT-- OR I'LL *SHOOT!*

WHO ARE YOU?

I AM CALLED--

UGGHT!

--THE BLACK WIDOW.

THOUGH YOU WON'T BE SAYING IT-- OR MUCH *ELSE* FOR AWHILE--WITH A BROKEN JAW.

WHAT'S THIS NOISE IN HERE?! WHAT'S GOING ON?

LOOK! KABURN'S BEEN ATTACKED!

WHOEVER DID IT MUST HAVE LEFT THE CAR. THE DOOR'S OPEN.

I'LL CALL FOR REINFORCEMENTS WHILE WE'RE IN PURSUIT.

WAIT... NOOO... BEHIND YOU... NHHH....

HE HAS TO BE IN ONE OF THESE CARS UNLESS HE'S A MAGICIAN. THERE'S NO WAY OFF. NOT AT THIS SPEED.

IDIOTS.

I'LL JUST CONTINUE MY LITTLE TOUR FROM UP HERE, GOING FROM CAR TO CAR PHOTOGRAPHING THE TYPE OF WEAPONS IN TRANSIT.

IN CASE ANYTHING GOES WRONG, AT LEAST I'LL HAVE GOTTEN A LOOK AT SOMETHING BESIDES THE SCENERY.

BUT BEFORE WE COME WITHIN SIGHT OF THE FORTRESS WHERE THEY'RE SURE TO HAVE A LOOKOUT... I'LL HAVE TO DUCK INTO ONE OF THESE PASSENGER CARS AND HOPE IT'S--

--EMPTY.

FOUR KILOMETERS BEHIND. AT THAT MOMENT...

CHRIST...LOOKS LIKE THOSE JOLLY OLD FLYBOYS JUMPED THE DAMN GUN. THEY'LL HEAR ABOUT THIS. PLENTY.

THE STAKES ARE TOO HIGH FOR ANY SCREWIN' AROUND.

THE TERRAIN'S CHANGING-- BECOMING MOUNTAINOUS. WE MUST BE NEARING THE FORTRESS.

FUNNY...MY CONTACT NEVER SHOWED AT THE RAILROAD STATION...AND HE HAD THE FORGED PAPERS.

I WAS DRESSED EXACTLY AS I'D BEEN ORDERED... AND ON SCHEDULE. WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO HIM?

I HAVE TO GO THIS ONE SOLO, AND I DON'T-- WHAT'S THAT? A SOUND ...CLOSE...VERY--

--UHH!

MY ARM-- BEING YANKED INSIDE!

PLEASE EXCUSE THE ABRUPT ENTRY, BUT IT WAS NECESSARY. YOU JUST MISSED BEING SPOTTED BY A GUARD. WE CAN'T HAVE THAT.

FRANKLY, I'M AMAZED YOU MADE IT THIS FAR. I CONSIDERED YOUR CHANCES QUITE *REMOTE.*

I'VE LEARNED TO SURVIVE. WHO ARE YOU?

MY NAME IS *RAYMOND BISHOP*...YOUR CONNECTION.

WHY WASN'T I CONTACTED AT THE TRAIN STATION?

OH, CALL IT A TEST. I WANTED TO SEE IF THE FAMED BLACK WIDOW WAS EVERYTHING I'D HEARD SHE WAS.

WHY SHOULD I ACCEPT THAT EXPLANATION?

FOR THE SAME REASON YOU ACCEPT ANYTHING ELSE IN THIS BUSINESS.

I HAVE NO CHOICE.

EXACTLY. NOW SUPPOSE YOU TELL ME WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT THIS MISSION.

WE'VE BEEN ORDERED TO INFILTRATE THIS MOUNTAIN COMPOUND BEING USED TO STORE WEAPONS FOR PRO-SOVIET WARS OF LIBERATION.

AND WE'RE TO ELIMINATE THE COMPOUND'S COMMANDER-- IRMA KLAUSVICHNOVA.

THE WAY YOU SAID "WARS OF LIBERATION," ALMOST AS IF YOU ACTUALLY BELIEVE THAT RUSSKIE DRIVEL.

I WORK FOR *SHIELD*, MR. BISHOP. I DO WHAT I AM TOLD... AND I RESENT YOUR INNUENDO. STRONGLY.

UNDERSTANDABLE. BUT YOU *ARE* RUSSIAN AND *WERE* TRAINED BY *THEIR* SECRET SERVICE... AND BY ONE IRMA KLAUSVICHNOVA, IF I READ MY *SHIELD* FILE ON YOU CORRECTLY.

THEN YOU ALSO KNOW I *DEFECTED* FROM THE SOVIET UNION... THAT I *DESPISE* THEIR GOALS AND THAT I WILL DO WHATEVER IS NECESSARY TO STOP IRMA KLAUS-VICHNOVA -- OR ANY LIKE HER.

YOU KNOW THIS, MR. BISHOP. WHY ASK?

MAYBE I'VE BEEN IN THIS LINE OF WORK A LITTLE TOO LONG. BUT I LIKE TO KNOW EVERYTHING ABOUT THE PEOPLE I WORK WITH.

EVERYTHING.

AND I LIKE TO HEAR IT FROM THEM.

OUTSIDE...

THEY'VE PULLED UP IN FRONT OF THE FORTRESS, MEN. OBVIOUSLY, SOMEONE INSIDE IS AWARE OF WHAT'S HAPPENING.

ON MY COMMAND-- COMMENCE FIRING.

THE TRAIN'S STOPPED, BUT THE ACTIVITY OUTSIDE'S TOO FRANTIC FOR A SIMPLE UNLOADING PROCEDURE.

THEY MUST HAVE--

NO, MY DEAR, MUCH AS IT MAY DAMAGE YOUR FRAGILE EGO, NONE OF THAT COMMOTION IS BECAUSE OF *YOU*.

AND DON'T WORRY YOUR BEAUTIFUL HEAD ABOUT THE CAUSE--YOU'LL SOON HAVE A BULLET THROUGH IT.

I REGRET THIS, BUT ORDERS ARE ORDERS, GOOD-BYE.

QUICKLY BISHOP-- OUT OF THE CAR!

SKRAASH!

THEY'RE USING GRENADES! OUTSIDE-- MOVE!

KREESH!

UHH-SURE... BUT I AIN'T USED TO WALKIN' ON WALLS...

SKRA-BOOM!

CHWEE! CHWEE! CHWEE! CHWEE!

LOWER AWAY MATES! WE GOT THE SLIMY SCUM ON THE RUN!

AAGGH!

BISHOP'S HEADING OFF ON HIS OWN. PROBABLY GOING TO USE THE CONFUSION TO HUNT DOWN IRMA.

THERE WAS NO MENTION OF A *RAID* BY A BRITISH COMMANDO UNIT IN MY BRIEFING-- UNLESS THIS IS BEING DONE *WITHOUT SHIELD'S* KNOWLEDGE.

THAT'S DISASTROUS... THE TIMING STINKS.

STEALTH IS USELESS NOW. I'VE GOT TO REACH IRMA IMMEDIATELY... IF SHE HASN'T ALREADY BEEN REMOVED TO SAFETY.

THIS PLACE IS HONEYCOMBED WITH CORRIDORS, I'D NEVER FIND HER ON MY OWN.

I NEED DIRECTIONS...

...AND THAT STRAGGLER'S GOING TO PROVIDE IT.

INSIDE, MEN!

WE'VE TAKEN CARE OF THIS BLOODY SHIPMENT-- NOW LET'S LEVEL THE PLACE!

BUK-WHOOM!

TALK--WHERE'S IRMA? I SAID TALK!

ULLGH--MAIN CORRIDOR--VERY END... THROUGH SMALL--UGH--ENTRANCEWAY... UHHH...

WE'VE BEEN OVERRUN--HAVE TO WORK FAST!

WHAT IN HELL ARE YOU DOIN', LADY?

STRANGLING HIM, OBVIOUSLY.

AWRIGHT YOU WISE SLUT! LET'S SEE WHAT KINDA SMART ANSWERS YA GOT--

--WITH THIS THING CRAMMED UP YER--

SOUNDS INTRIGUING--BUT I NEED YOUR LITTLE TOY FOR SOMETHING *ELSE*, FIRST.

WUUGGH!

I'LL BE GENTLE WITH IT... I ALWAYS AM.

I'M WASTING TIME WITH THIS TRASH.

THIS ISN'T GETTING ME ANY CLOSER TO IRMA.

YAAHHHH!

TOO MANY OF THEM.

HAVE TO USE--

--THE WIDOW'S LINE.

THWEEEE

CHAK CHAK CHAK

I WASN'T EXACTLY ABLE TO PLOT A COURSE BEFORE LEAPING OFF...

...BUT IF I CAN MAKE IT TO THOSE GIRDERS AHEAD--

--IT'LL PLACE ME OUT OF RANGE OF THE GUNFIRE AND FLYING DEBRIS...

...LET ME CATCH MY BREATH.

AH, I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER. BELOW ME--

-- THAT FIGURE RUNNING OUT OF THE PASSAGE.

IRMA.

WHO--?

NATASHA ROMANOFF.

I WAS SENT HERE TO KILL YOU.

TO *KILL* ME?! THIS ISN'T THE MOMENT FOR JOKES. WITH ALL THE EXPLOSIVES IN HERE, THIS PLACE COULD GO UP ANY INSTANT.

QUICKLY, WIDOW... THERE'S AN ESCAPE ROUTE THROUGH HERE.

THERE'S NOT A SECOND TO WASTE. *MOVE!*

YOU'RE NOT LEAVING.

WE ONCE WORKED FOR THE SAME ORGANIZATION... SHARED THE SAME GOALS -- THAT'S *CHANGED* NOW. THOUGH, I WON'T EVER FORGET WHAT YOU --

THEN YOU'VE -- YOU'VE GONE OVER TO THE OTHER SIDE. YOU'RE NOT WITH US ANY LONGER.

NOT FOR SOME TIME NOW. AND I WOULD HAVE THOUGHT YOU'D HAVE KNOWN THAT. *YOU*, OF ALL PEOPLE.

NO. BUT NOW THAT I DO, EVERYTHING'S BECOMING VERY CLEAR.

YOU'RE GUILTY OF TREASON. YOU SWORE ALLEGIANCE TO ONE SIDE -- AND YOU BETRAYED IT.

YOU KNOW THE PENALTY.

I BELIEVE IT'S DEATH, ISN'T IT, MY DEAR?

OHH!

BLAM

IRMA! I--

--I'M SORRY. VERY SORRY.

YOU NEEDN'T MOURN. A VERY CLEVER MASQUERADE, IRMA -- OR SHOULD I SAY... STACY CROMWELL. AN EXCELLENT BIT OF PLASTIC SURGERY. YOU LOOK EVERY BIT THE ORIGINAL.

NOW, WITH HER GONE, THERE'S ONLY ONE SMALL DETAIL... ONE I'M SURE THAT TAKING CARE OF WILL PLEASE MY EMPLOYERS IMMEASURABLY.

DOSVIDANYA, BLACK WIDOW.

DOS-VIDANYA, BITCH.

BLAM!!

UHHH!

JUST LIKE YOU SAID, BRIGHT EYES... THE PENALTY'S DEATH.

YOU?!

SKRUNCH

THAT'S RIGHT, SWEET-HEART.

ME, LANGELY.

GOT MY NOTE, DIDN'T YOU?

A LITTLE PILLOW TALK.

FLICK

INTERESTING SITUATION WE GOT HERE, BABY.

A COUPLE'A BLONDES WHO *DIDN'T* HAVE MORE FUN.

'SCUSE THE BAD JOKE, DOLL. I GUESS YOU'RE NOT MUCH IN THE MOOD FOR LAUGHIN'.

YOU PROBABLY WANT TO KNOW WHAT THE HELL'S GOIN' ON HERE.

I OUGHTTA TELL YOU. SIT DOWN.

A FEW NIGHTS AGO, YOU WERE GOOD IN THE SACK-- REAL GOOD... BUT THAT'S NOT WHY I STAYED AFTER THE PARTY. I HAD TO HAVE AN EXCUSE TO HANG AROUND SO I COULD PROGRAM YOUR LINK-UP COMPUTER WITH SPECIAL DATA.

YOU'RE A FIELD AGENT, IT'S NOT YOUR PLACE TO TAMPER WITH THAT LINK-UP. I WONDER WHAT *SHIELD* WILL SAY WHEN I--

LADY, I WORKED THIS ENTIRE AFFAIR OUT AT THE AGENCY'S TOP LEVELS. I HAD THEIR BACKING-- STATED, NOT IMPLIED.

SEE, WE REALLY DON'T CARE BEANS ABOUT THIS PENNY ANTE MUNITIONS OPERATION. WE COULD HAVE CLEANED HOUSE ANYTIME. OUR ONLY CONCERN WAS DISCOVERING IF RAYMOND BISHOP *DEFECTED* TO THE RUSSIANS. PERIOD.

I WAS CLOSE TO BISHOP WHEN HE WAS A MERCENARY DURING THE FORTIES AND FIFTIES. DAMN GOOD ONE.

HE'S A GENT WHO SELLS HIS LOYALTY TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER.

WHEN I HEARD HE HITCHED UP WITH OUR ESPIONAGE UNIT, I FIGURED HE MIGHT BE WALKIN' BOTH SIDES OF THE STREET.

IF THEY OFFERED HIM MORE DOUGH-- HE MIGHT PLAY BALL WITH THE OTHER SIDE.

HE KNEW ENOUGH SECRETS TO SINK US ALL, SO I TALKED THE *SHIELD* BRASS INTO LAYIN' A TRAP FOR HIM-- JUST IN CASE.

WE HAD A BRITISH INTELLIGENCE AGENT-- PRESCOTT, KILL THE *REAL* IRMA WHILE SNOOPING FOR INFO ON BISHOP. WE THINK PRESCOTT RELAYED CONFIRMATION OF BISHOP'S DOUBLE-AGENT STATUS, BUT WE CAN'T BE CERTAIN.

I SEE. WHAT THEN?

THE TRANSMISSION WAS JAMMED AND PRESCOTT WAS OBVIOUSLY KILLED WHEN HE GOT CARELESS. BUT WE KNOW FOR CERTAIN THEY DIDN'T FIND OUT WHAT HIS MISSION WAS.

PHASE TWO: WE REPLACED THE LATE IRMA WITH A *LOOK-ALIKE*-- STACEY CROMWELL. WE SHOWED BISHOP IRMA'S BODY BEFORE ORDERING HIM TO INFILTRATE THE FORTRESS AND RETRIEVE SOME PHONEY DOCUMENTS FROM *OUR* IRMA.

SINCE WE MADE HIM AWARE OF THE SWITCH, WE KNEW BISHOP MIGHT USE THE CHANCE TO *KILL* OUR LOOK-ALIKE IF HE WAS A DOUBLE-AGENT.

BUT HE'S NO SAP, HE'D NEVER KILL THE DAME IF HE COULD BE IMPLICATED. SO, WE LAUNCHED A COMMANDO RAID BISHOP COULD USE AS A COVER FOR KILLING OUR IRMA. BISHOP ASSUMED WE'D THINK SHE WAS JUST A CASUALTY OF ALL THE CONFUSION.

BUT THE CHOPPER PILOTS GOT EDGY AND HIT THE COMPOUND TOO SOON, SCREWING THINGS UP SLIGHTLY, SO YOU REACHED IRMA FIRST IN ALL THE HOOPLA. THAT WAS THE ONLY HANG-UP.

WHY WAS I SENT ON THIS MISSION TO ACCOMPANY BISHOP? AND WHY WAS I TOLD TO KILL IRMA KLAUSVICHNOVA?

KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON, KID, I'M COMIN' TO THAT. YOU WERE *PERFECT*. WE FED BISHOP SOME CRAP ABOUT US SUSPECTIN' *YOU* WERE A DOUBLE-AGENT. SINCE YOU'RE RUSSIAN-BORN, AND USED TO SPY FOR THE SOVIETS, I KNEW WE COULD MAKE YOUR LOYALTY AN ISSUE-- KEEP HIM PREOCCUPIED.

AND THERE WAS ALWAYS THE CHANCE HE WOULD GET FRIENDLY WITH YOU-- LET HIS GUARD *DOWN* THINKIN' HE WAS WITH ANOTHER TRAITOR.

BISHOP'S A CUTE ONE. HE WOULDN'T EVEN TRUST HIS KREMLIN BUDDIES TO GIVE HIM STRAIGHT DOPE ON YOUR STATUS-- AND WE FIGURED ON THAT, KNOWIN' HIM. SO, HE WASN'T GOING TO TAKE OUR WORD FOR IT, EITHER, EVIDENTLY.

HE HAD TO FIND OUT FOR *HIMSELF*. HE LEFT YOU FLAT AT THE TRAIN STATION, KNOWIN' THAT YOU'D TRY TO BOARD ON YOUR OWN. IF YOU *WERE* REALLY ONE OF THEM-- THEY WOULDN'T SHOOT AT YOU.

SINCE THEY DID, BISHOP WAS CONVINCED WE WERE ALL WET AND YOU WERE STILL TRUE BLUE. CUTE. IN FACT, I'LL LAY ODDS HE PLAYED ONE OF HIS LITTLE GAMES LATER AND QUESTIONED YOUR LOYALTY DIRECTLY...

...DIDN'T HE PRINCESS?

YES. HE DID.

AH HA-- JUST AS I THOUGHT... KNOW HIM LIKE A BOOK. AND THAT'S HOW I KNOW *YOU*, DOLL.

NOTHING YOU DID... NOT A MOVE YOU MADE... A WORD YOU SPOKE... OR A THOUGHT YOU HAD, WASN'T ANTICIPATED AND PREPARED FOR. BET ON IT.

TELL ME, WHY WAS I KEPT IN THE DARK ABOUT EVERYTHING?

YOU WERE TOLD *PRECISELY* WHAT YOU HAD TO KNOW... NOT A DAMN THING MORE-- OR LESS. SAME AS EVERY-ONE IN THIS CAPER.

THIS IS THE SPY BUSINESS. YOU PICK A SIDE, TAKE A CHANCE, AND DO WHAT YOU'RE TRAINED TO DO. YOU KNOW THAT AS WELL AS ANYONE.

YOU DID GOOD, KID. DON'T TAKE IT HARD. THIS AIN'T A MOVIE WHERE YOU'RE PLAYIN' THE HEROINE WHO *SAVES* THE DAY. THAT'S THE FLICKS.

LANGELY, YOU DIDN'T SAY WHY I WAS TOLD TO KILL IRMA WHEN SHE WAS ACTUALLY A *SHIELD* DOUBLE?

SIMPLE. WE COULDN'T DEVIATE FROM STANDARD PROCEDURE IN THIS CASE AND AROUSE YOUR SUSPICIONS. BISHOP MIGHT HAVE BEEN ALERTED IF YOU ACTED STRANGELY.

AND WERE YOU THERE IN THE SHADOWS LONG ENOUGH TO SAVE CROMWELL'S LIFE-- OR DID SHE *HAVE* TO DIE SO YOU COULD BE *CERTAIN* ABOUT BISHOP, YOU MISERABLE BASTARD.

TAKE IT EASY. YOU KNOW THE FINAL WORD-- WE ALL DO. EVERYONE'S EXPENDABLE. EVERYONE.

AND JUST LIKE THAT, I'M SUPPOSED TO ACCEPT EVERYTHING YOU'VE TOLD ME... SCOUT'S HONOR.

HOW DO I *REALLY* KNOW IT'S ALL TRUE, LANGELY. HOW DO I KNOW THAT THIS IRMA'S REALLY AN IMPOSTER... OR THAT YOU AND BISHOP WEREN'T WORKING TOGETHER AND YOU TURNED ON HIM FOR SOME REASON?

CAN I EVER BE CERTAIN YOU DIDN'T REALLY *WANT* ME TO KILL THIS WOMAN? MAYBE YOU'RE ONLY KEEPING ME ALIVE TO GLOAT FOR A FEW MINUTES.

WITH ALL YOUR PLOTTING AND PLANNING, SUBTERFUGE, DUPLICITY-- AND DECEPTION...

...HOW DO I KNOW--

--YOU'RE NOT A DOUBLE-AGENT?

SKIK

YOU DON'T.

HAH HAH HAAA HAA HAA HA

LIKE I SAID, SWEETHEART... READ YOU LIKE A BOOK.

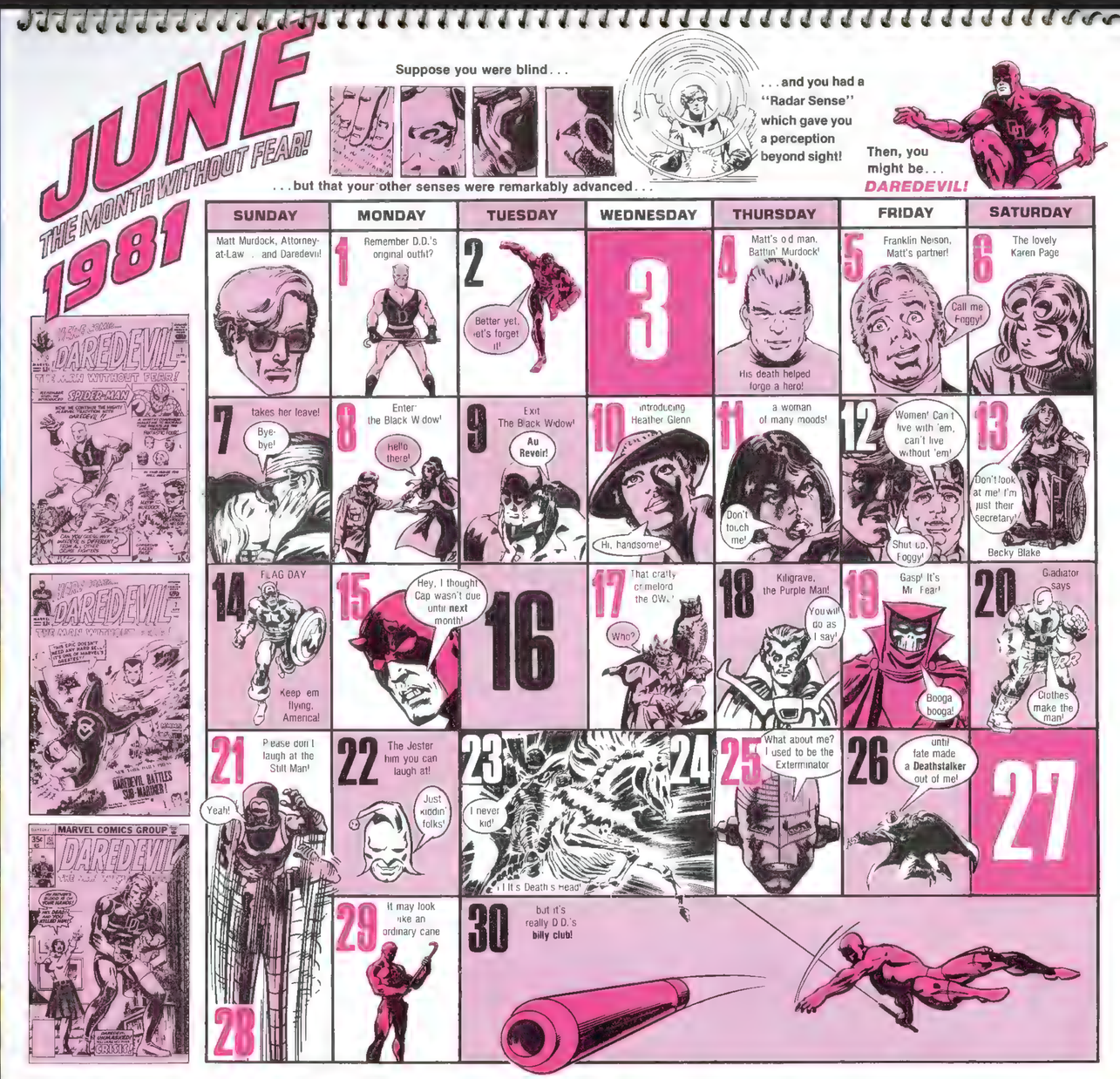
HEY, DON'T GO AWAY, MAD, RED. I'M NOT THROUGH EXPLAININ' THINGS TO YOU. HAH HA HAA HA AH HA HA...

LISTEN, DOLL, YOU ALWAYS SAID I WAS GOOD FOR A LAUGH. NEXT TIME YOU THROW A PARTY-- JUST *WHISTLE*...

...I'LL COME RUNNIN'. HEH HEH HA HA HAAAA HAA HA...

END.

Marvel Comics 20th Anniversary Calendar (1981) June art
by Frank Miller & Klaus Janson


JUNE
THE MONTH WITHOUT FEAR!
1981
Suppose you were blind . . .
. . . and you had a "Radar Sense" which gave you a perception beyond sight!
Then, you might be . . .
DAREDEVIL!
. . . but that your other senses were remarkably advanced . . .
SUNDAY
MONDAY
TUESDAY
WEDNESDAY
THURSDAY
FRIDAY
SATURDAY
Matt Murdock, Attorney-at-Law . . and Daredevil!
Remember D.D.'s original outfit?
Better yet, let's forget it!
Matt's old man, Battlin' Murdock!
His death helped forge a hero!
Franklin Nelson, Matt's partner!
Call me Foggy!
The lovely Karen Page
takes her leave!
Bye-bye!
Enter the Black Widow!
Hello there!
Exit The Black Widow!
Au Revoir!
Introducing Heather Glenn
Hi, handsome!
a woman of many moods!
Don't touch me!
Women! Can't live with 'em, can't live without 'em!
Shut up, Foggy!
Becky Blake
Don't look at me! I'm just their secretary!
FLAG DAY
Keep 'em flying, America!
Hey, I thought Cap wasn't due until next month!
That crafty cameleon the OWL!
Who?
Kilgrave, the Purple Man!
You will do as I say!
Gasp! It's Mr. Fear!
Booga booga!
Gladiator says
Clothes make the man!
Please don't laugh at the Stilt Man!
Yeah!
The Jester him you can laugh at!
Just kiddin' folks!
What about me? I used to be the Exterminator
until fate made a Deathstalker out of me!
I never kid!
It's Death's Head!
It may look like an ordinary cane
but it's really D.D.'s billy club!
DAREDEVIL
SPIDER-MAN
DAREDEVIL BATTLES SUB-MARINER!
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
DAREDEVIL

Marvel Team-Up Portfolio One (1981)
by Frank Miller & Klaus Janson

SPIDER-MAN VERSUS DAREDEVIL
By Frank Miller and Klaus Janson

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Daredevil #159, page 14 original art
by Frank Miller & Klaus Janson

Courtesy Scott Dunbier

Daredevil #160 cover original art
by Frank Miller & Klaus Janson

Courtesy Scott Dunbier

Daredevil #160, page 1 original art
by Frank Miller & Klaus Janson

Issue# 160
He dwells in eternal night—but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents other men cannot perceive. Though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind*, his other senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! He stalks the streets by night, a red-garbed foe of evil!
Stan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!®
EPILOGUE...
THE CURSE IS ON THE WIDOW.
IT'S AT TIMES LIKE THIS THAT SHE NEEDS TO BE ALONE IN THE QUIET SECLUSION OF HER POSH PENTHOUSE APARTMENT IN NEW YORK'S FASHIONABLE WALDORF TOWERS...
...TO LET HER HAIR DOWN AND TRY TO FORGET THAT SOONER OR LATER THE BLACK WIDOW BRINGS DEATH TO EVERYONE SHE TOUCHES...
YES, THE CURSE IS ON THE WIDOW... AND IT HAS COME FULL CIRCLE...
GOOD EVENING, NATASHA ROMANOFF.
SHE HAS FELT IT GATHERING FOR HOURS NOW, A VAGUE UNEASINESS AS THREATENING AS THE HEAVY STORM CLOUDS THAT DARKEN THE SKIES ABOVE HER.
A LOVELY NIGHT FOR MURDER, ISN'T IT?
BULLSEYE?!
LG479
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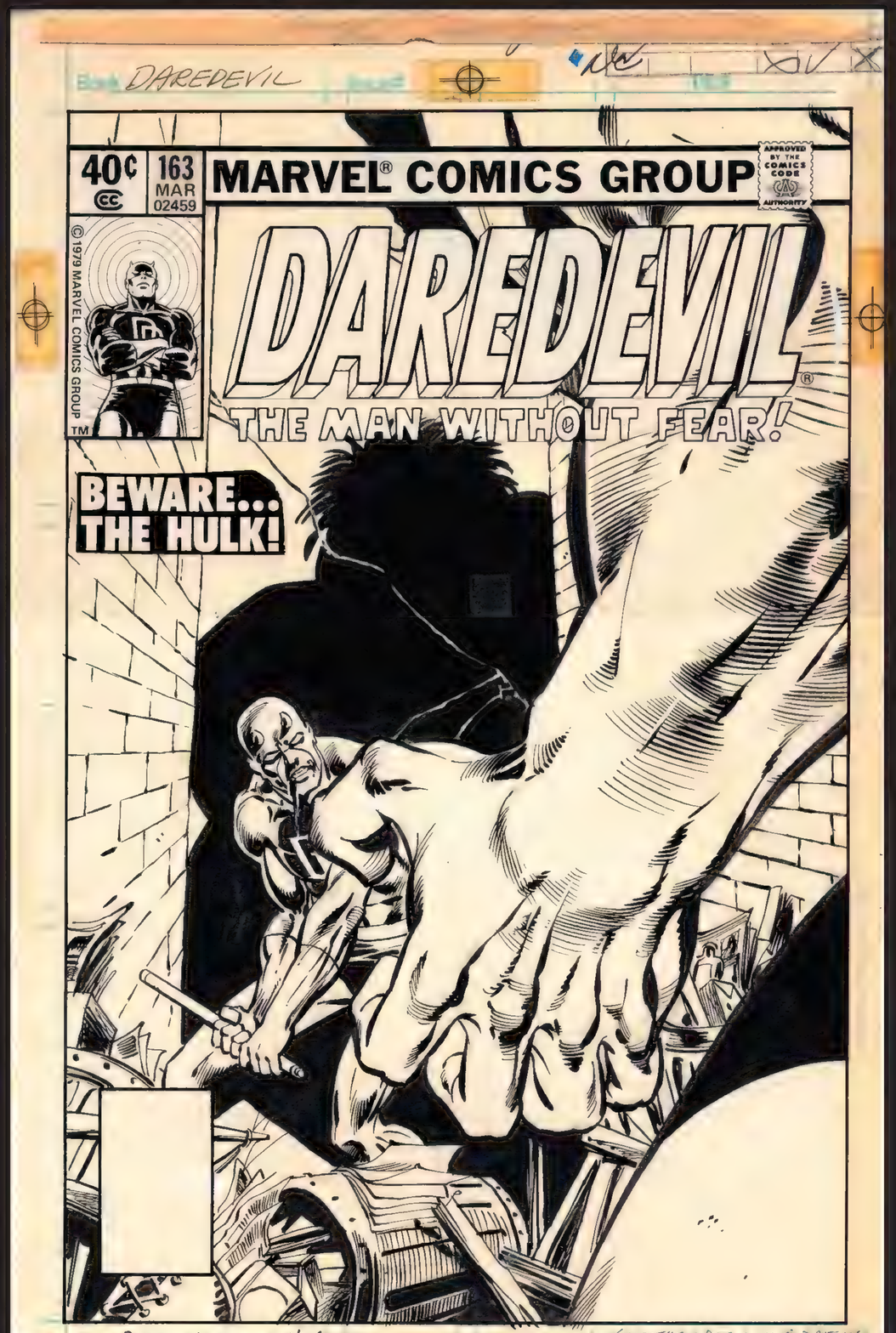
Daredevil #161 cover original art
by Frank Miller & Klaus Janson

Courtesy Charles Costas

Daredevil #163 cover original art
by Frank Miller & Klaus Janson



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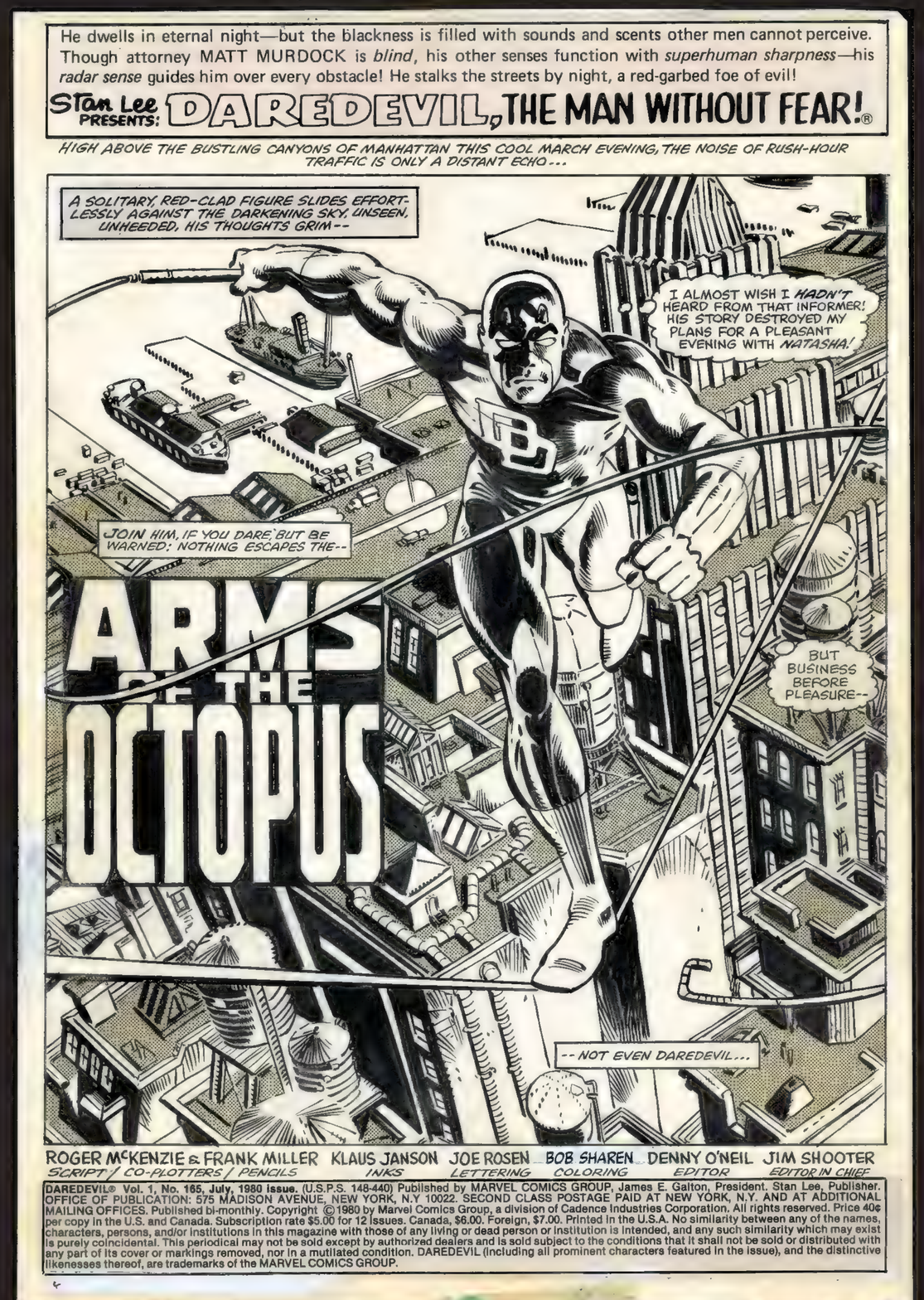
Daredevil #165, page 1 original art
by Frank Miller & Klaus Janson


He dwells in eternal night—but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents other men cannot perceive. Though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind*, his other senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! He stalks the streets by night, a red-garbed foe of evil!
Stan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!®
HIGH ABOVE THE BUSTLING CANYONS OF MANHATTAN THIS COOL MARCH EVENING, THE NOISE OF RUSH-HOUR TRAFFIC IS ONLY A DISTANT ECHO...
A SOLITARY, RED-CLAD FIGURE SLIDES EFFORTLESSLY AGAINST THE DARKENING SKY, UNSEEN, UNHEEDED, HIS THOUGHTS GRIM--
I ALMOST WISH I HADN'T HEARD FROM THAT INFORMER! HIS STORY DESTROYED MY PLANS FOR A PLEASANT EVENING WITH NATASHA!
JOIN HIM, IF YOU DARE; BUT BE WARNED: NOTHING ESCAPES THE--
ARMS OF THE OCTOPUS
BUT BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE--
--NOT EVEN DAREDEVIL...
ROGER McKENZIE & FRANK MILLER KLAUS JANSON JOE ROSEN BOB SHAREN DENNY O'NEIL JIM SHOOTER
SCRIPT / CO-PLOTTERS / PENCILS INKS LETTERING COLORING EDITOR EDITOR IN CHIEF
DAREDEVIL© Vol. 1, No. 165, July, 1980 issue. (U.S.P.S. 148-440) Published by MARVEL COMICS GROUP, James E. Galton, President. Stan Lee, Publisher. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 575 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y 10022. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, N.Y. AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. Published bi-monthly. Copyright © 1980 by Marvel Comics Group, a division of Cadence Industries Corporation. All rights reserved. Price 40¢ per copy in the U.S. and Canada. Subscription rate $5.00 for 12 issues. Canada, $6.00. Foreign, $7.00. Printed in the U.S.A. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. DAREDEVIL (including all prominent characters featured in the issue), and the distinctive likenesses thereof, are trademarks of the MARVEL COMICS GROUP.

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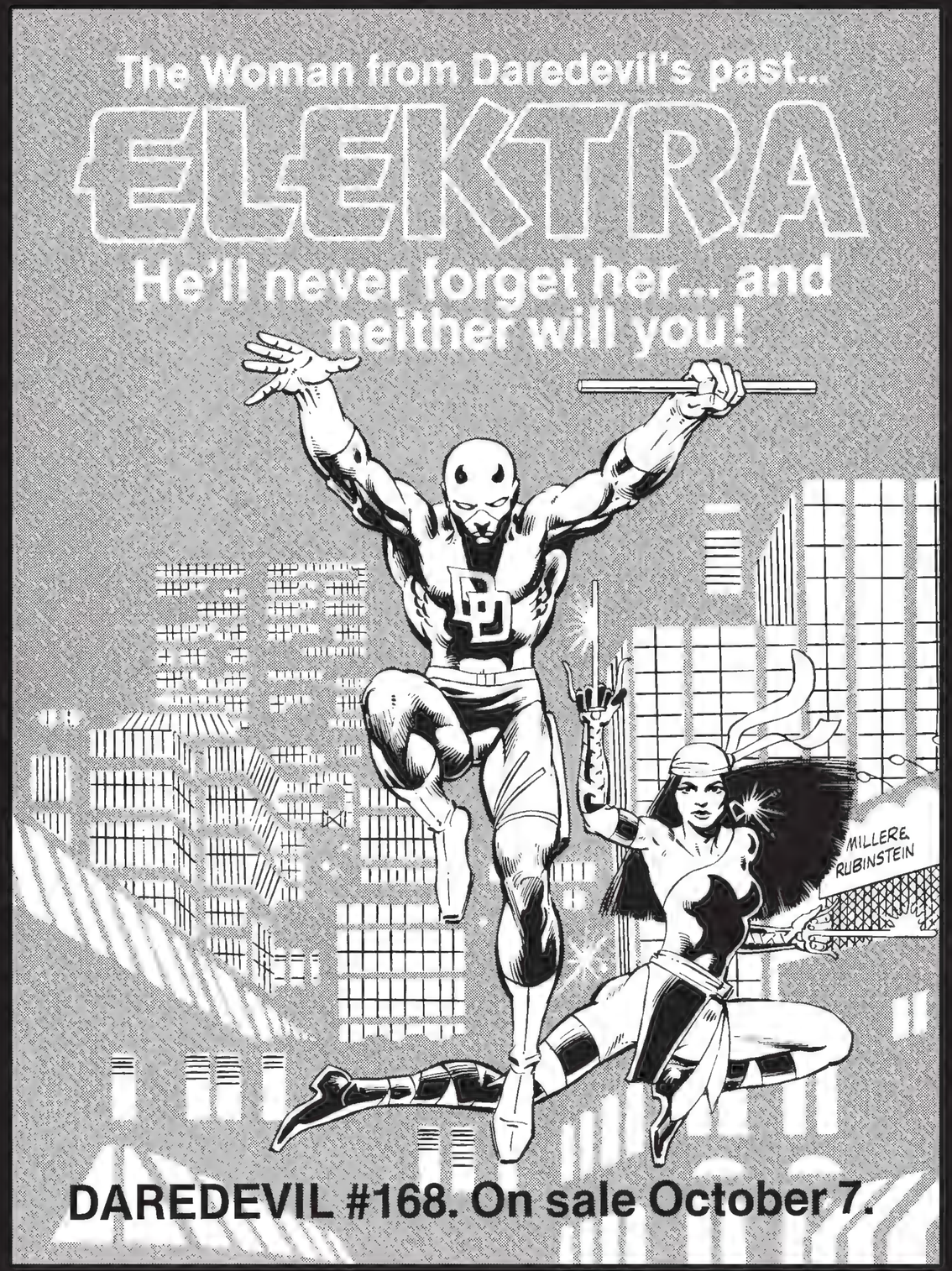
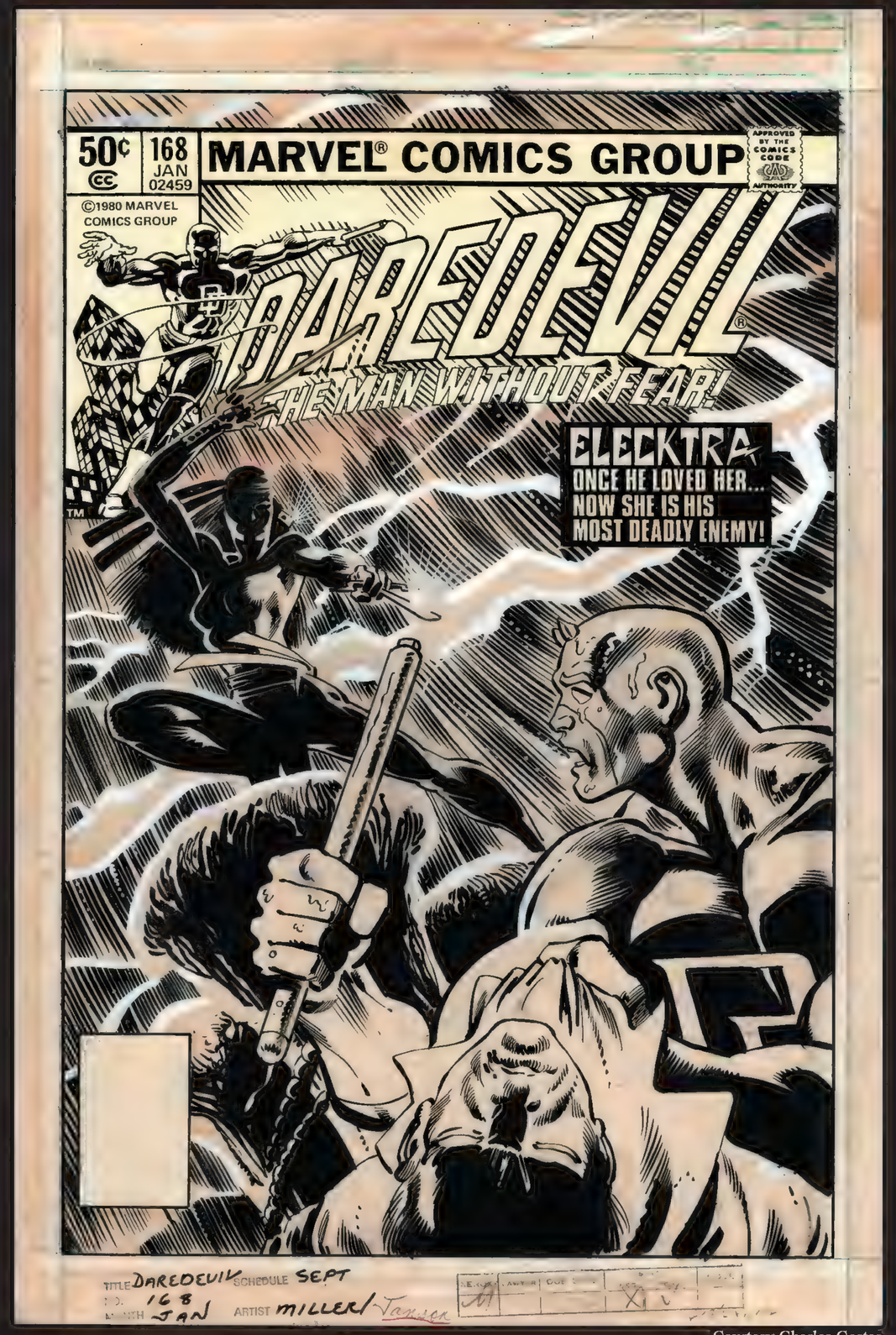
Daredevil #168 house ad from Nov./Dec. 1980 black-and-white magazine titles
by Frank Miller & Josef Rubinstein


The Woman from Daredevil's past...
ELEKTRA
He'll never forget her... and neither will you!
MILLER& RUBINSTEIN
DAREDEVIL #168. On sale October 7.

Daredevil #168 house ad original art
by Frank Miller & Josef Rubinstein

Courtesy Scott Dunbier

Daredevil #168 cover original art
by Frank Miller & Klaus Janson



Courtesy Charles Costas

Daredevil #168, page 6 original art
by Frank Miller & Klaus Janson

UNCONSCIOUS, DAREDEVIL LOSES THE OUTSIDE WORLD. FROM WITHIN, REMEMBERED SOUNDS AND SMELLS COME FORTH...
IT IS A TIME BEFORE THERE IS A DAREDEVIL. THERE IS ONLY A NINETEEN-YEAR-OLD BOY WHO HAS NOT YET FOUND A PURPOSE FOR HIS STRANGE POWERS--MATT MURDOCK, FRESHMAN, STUDYING PRE-LAW AT COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY...
THE LIBRARY OF COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY
ALMA MATER
GOLLY, MATT! I MUST OWE A FORTUNE ON THESE BOOKS!
CAREFUL, BUDDY! STATUE AT TWELVE O'CLOCK!
FOGGY, I'VE TOLD YOU BEFORE-- YOU DON'T HAVE TO POINT OUT OBSTACLES TO ME.
SURE, PAL--
--I JUST WANNA MAKE SURE NOTHING HAPPENS TO MY NEW ROOMIE, NOT TO MENTION THE SMARTEST--
OOF!
FOGGY!
FOGGY? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
NOT TO WORRY, RED! I ALWAYS LAND BUTTER SIDE UP!
FRANKLIN NELSON, MATTHEW MURDOCK-- WHAT IS GOING ON HERE?
UM, Y'SEE, SIR...
I SEE, NELSON, THAT YOU ARE BLOCKING THE WAY. I SEE THAT I AM ESCORTING A NEW STUDENT-- AN IMPORTANT NEW STUDENT-- AROUND THE CAMPUS.
I SEE THAT THIS SORT OF NONSENSE...
MATT DOES NOT SEE. BUT HE SMELLS A DELICATE FRENCH PERFUME...
...AND HEARS A VOICE, SOFT AS VELVET.
YOU REALLY SHOULD TAKE BETTER CARE OF YOUR FRIEND.
MISS, I-- UFF!
BACK! YOU WILL NOT TOUCH HER!
ATHOS-- DON'T--
COME AWAY, ELEKTRA.
BUT I... VERY WELL, POPPA.
ELEKTRA!...
BOY, MATT, I THOUGHT SURE THE DEAN WAS GONNA TEAR MY HEAD OFF!
MATT, YOU OKAY?
MATT?
7

Courtesy Scott Dunbier

Daredevil #168, page 7 original art
by Frank Miller & Klaus Janson

DAREDEVIL 168 10
AND SO, A FEW DAYS LATER...
EH?
HEY-- BULLET-HEAD!
WHO DARES?
STAY HERE, LITTLE ONE. I WILL ATTEND TO THIS!
PSST! ELEKTRA! C'MERE!
C'MERE!
VERY WELL--
--A ROSE?
--BUT IF YOU ARE AN ENEMY OF MY BELOVED FATHER, BE WARNED--I AM WELL TRAINED IN MARTIAL ARTS.
WHATEVER YOU TRY, I WILL BE READY FOR--
UH...SORRY I STARTLED YOU... I SORT OF HAD A FRIEND DISTRACT YOUR BODYGUARD. I JUST WANTED TO...
UH, THIS IS FOR YOU...
YOU ARE THE ONE ON THE STEPS...
MATTHEW MURDOCK. MATT. I'M IN PRE-LAW...
ELEKTRA NATCHIOS, POLITICAL SCIENCE. I RARELY GET TO MEET OTHER STUDENTS, BECAUSE OF ATHOS.
SINCE WE LEFT GREECE, I HAVE NOT MADE A SINGLE FRIEND. OH, I AM SURE POPPA IS RIGHT IN PROTECTING ME. AN AMBASSADOR'S DAUGHTER IS A LIKELY TARGET FOR TERRORISTS.
STILL, IT DOES GET LONELY...
ELEKTRA, I HAVE TWO TICKETS TO THE GAME TONIGHT. I'D LIKE FOR YOU TO COME TO IT... WITH ME.
WITH YOU? BUT YOU...
I AM SORRY. I DID NOT MEAN...
I MEAN, I WOULD LIKE TO, BUT...
YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.
SURE. I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN.
YOU MEAN I'M BLIND--AND MY HANDICAP IS A WALL BETWEEN ME AND THE WORLD.
A GREAT STONE WALL THAT NOTHING I DO WILL MOVE...

Courtesy Scott Dunbier

Daredevil #168, page 17 original art
by Frank Miller & Klaus Janson

DAREDEVIL 168 22
FOUR A.M., ON AN ABANDONED STRETCH OF THE WEST SIDE WATERFRONT...
RIGHT ON TIME.
YES...
...BUT FOR YOU, MY DEAR, IT IS FAR TOO LATE.
TAKE HER!
SHE--SHE'S JUST A BROAD, MISTER SLAUGHTER!
YOU HEARD THE BOSS, GROTTO.
LET'S DO IT.
OKAY, OKAY...
BUT IT SURE IS SCREWY.
THIS BIG DEAL BOUNTY HUNTER BEIN' NOTHIN' BUT A BROAAAAGGHH!
SKRAK
BTAK

Courtesy Scott Dunbier

Daredevil #168, page 18 original art
by Frank Miller & Klaus Janson

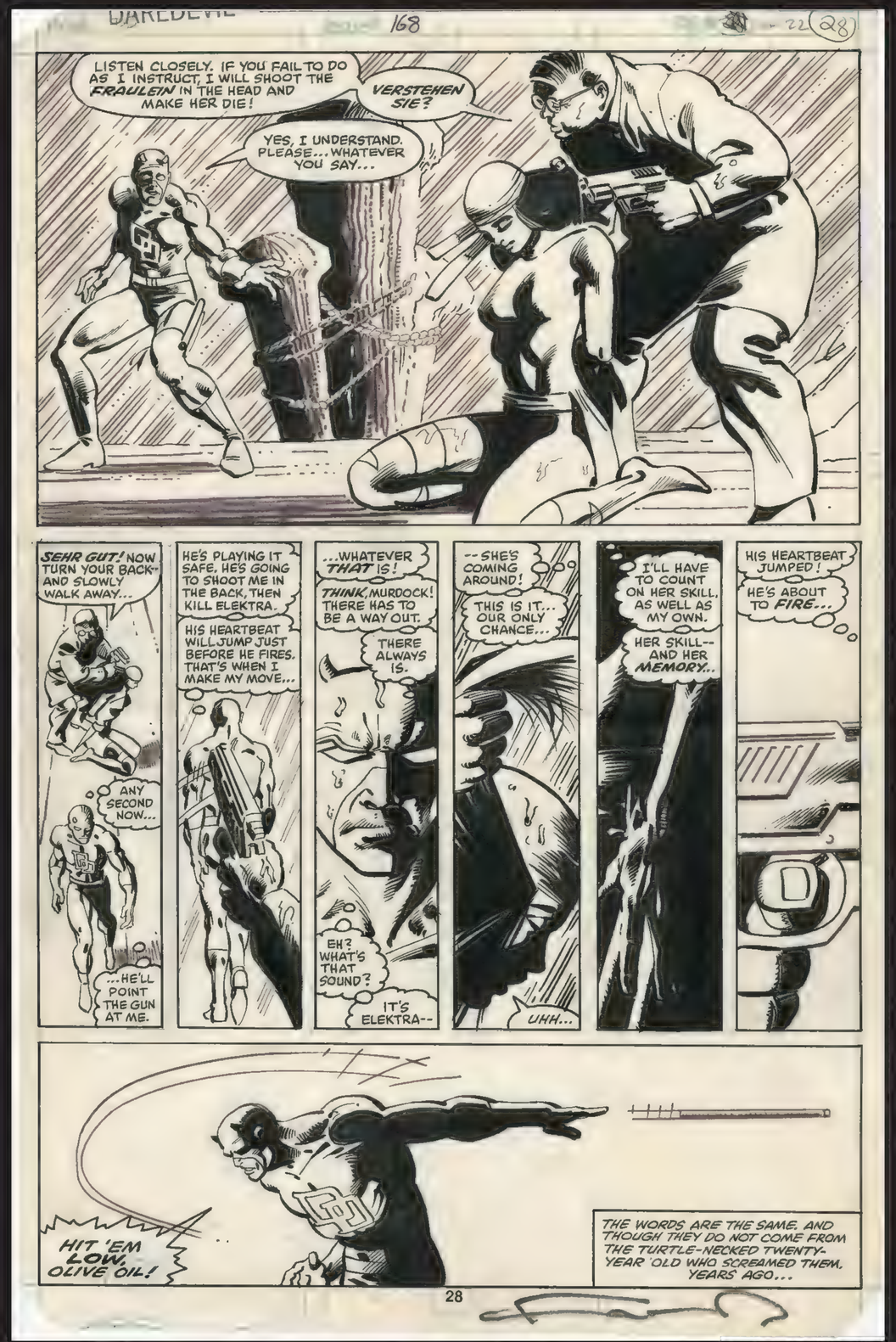
Courtesy Scott Dunbier

Daredevil #168, page 19 original art
by Frank Miller & Klaus Janson

DAREDEVIL
168
26
THERE'S NO NEED FOR YOU TO DIE. THAT WOULD BE A WASTE OF MY AMMUNITION--AND OF YOUR REMARKABLE TALENTS.
COME TO WORK FOR ME. MY BUSINESS COULD MAKE GOOD USE OF YOU.
I SERVE NO CAUSE--NO LAW--AND NO MAN.
VERY WELL THEN, CHARLES?
A TRANQUILIZER DART. IT WILL KNOCK YOU OUT, BUT IT WON'T KILL YOU.
UHHNNH!
A DART!
THUNK
WE WILL.
TIE HER UP, AND FIND SOMETHING TO WEIGH HER DOWN. THEN THROW HER INTO THE RIVER.
HMMM... IN THE OLD DAYS WE WOULD'VE TAKEN THE CARE TO MAKE HER A PAIR OF CEMENT OVERSHOES.
WE HAD SO MUCH MORE STYLE IN THE OLD DAYS...
EH?
HEADLIGHTS GLARE. A ROTARY ENGINE COUGHS, THEN ROARS.
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
LIKE AN ANGRY BIRD OF PREY, THE SEAPLANE THAT WAS TO TAKE ALARICH WALLENQUIST TO FREEDOM INSTEAD CHARGES THE AGED PIER!

Courtesy Scott Dunbier

Daredevil #168, page 21 original art
by Frank Miller & Klaus Janson


168
LISTEN CLOSELY. IF YOU FAIL TO DO AS I INSTRUCT, I WILL SHOOT THE FRAULEIN IN THE HEAD AND MAKE HER DIE!
VERSTEHEN SIE?
YES, I UNDERSTAND. PLEASE... WHATEVER YOU SAY...
SEHR GUT! NOW TURN YOUR BACK-- AND SLOWLY WALK AWAY...
ANY SECOND NOW...
...HE'LL POINT THE GUN AT ME.
HE'S PLAYING IT SAFE. HE'S GOING TO SHOOT ME IN THE BACK, THEN KILL ELEKTRA.
HIS HEARTBEAT WILL JUMP JUST BEFORE HE FIRES. THAT'S WHEN I MAKE MY MOVE...
...WHATEVER THAT IS!
THINK, MURDOCK! THERE HAS TO BE A WAY OUT.
THERE ALWAYS IS.
EH? WHAT'S THAT SOUND?
IT'S ELEKTRA--
--SHE'S COMING AROUND!
THIS IS IT... OUR ONLY CHANCE...
UHH...
I'LL HAVE TO COUNT ON HER SKILL, AS WELL AS MY OWN.
HER SKILL-- AND HER MEMORY..
HIS HEARTBEAT JUMPED!
HE'S ABOUT TO FIRE...
HIT 'EM LOW, OLIVE OIL!
THE WORDS ARE THE SAME. AND THOUGH THEY DO NOT COME FROM THE TURTLE-NECKED TWENTY-YEAR OLD WHO SCREAMED THEM, YEARS AGO...
28

Courtesy Scott Dunbier

Daredevil #168, page 22 original art
by Frank Miller & Klaus Janson

Courtesy Scott Dunbier

Daredevil #169, page 11 original art
by Frank Miller & Klaus Janson

DAREDEVIL
169
12
NEVER!
I AM GOING TO SAVE YOUR LIFE, BULLSEYE--
--EVEN IF I HAVE TO BEAT YOU SENSELESS TO DO IT!
KRAK
KLUDD
THOK
LISTEN TO ME. YOU HAVE A TUMOR IN YOUR BRAIN.
CAN'T YOU FEEL IT, BULLSEYE?
IT'S KILLING YOU!
...MARY ASTOR'S PERFORMANCE IS DEFINITIVE. EVEN BETTE DAVIS, IN THE 1934 VERSION FAILED TO CAPTURE WITH SUCH ELAN THE ESSENTIALLY TRAGIC NATURE OF THE CHARACTER.
KOFF KOFF

Courtesy Scott Dunbier

Marvel Super-Heroes Megazine #2 cover original art
by Frank Miller

Courtesy Scott Dunbier

Marvel Super-Heroes Megazine #2 (November 1994) cover
by Frank Miller & Jung Choi

Reprinting *The Fantastic Four* #233, *Daredevil* #160, *The Invincible Iron Man* #116 and *The Incredible Hulk* #315

Marvel Super-Heroes Megazine #3 (December 1994) cover
by Michael Golden & Jung Choi

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THE FANTASTIC FOUR® MEET THE MAN WITH THE POWER!
DAREDEVIL® BATTLES BULLSEYE FOR THE LIFE OF THE BLACK WIDOW!
SPYMASTER ATTACKS IRON MAN!
THE HULK® VERSUS THE MIGHTY AVENGERS!

Reprinting *The Fantastic Four* #234, *Daredevil* #161, *The Invincible Iron Man* #117 and *The Incredible Hulk* #316

Marvel Super-Heroes Megazine #4 (January 1995) cover
by Lee Weeks & Jung Choi

Reprinting *The Fantastic Four* #235, *Daredevil* #163, *The Invincible Iron Man* #159 and *The Incredible Hulk* #317

Marvel Super-Heroes Megazine #6 (March 1995) cover
by Scott McDaniel & Jung Choi

Reprinting *The Fantastic Four* #237, *Daredevil* #164, *The Invincible Iron Man* #47 and *The Incredible Hulk* #319

Daredevil Visionaries: Frank Miller Vol. 1 (2000) cover
by Frank Miller & Steve Buccellato

Reprinting *Daredevil* #159-167

Daredevil Visionaries: Frank Miller Vol. 1 (2000) frontispiece
by Frank Miller

INTRODUCTION
BY FRANK MILLER
(FROM *DAREDEVIL VISIONARIES: FRANK MILLER VOL. 1*, 2000)

It was a jolly time to be working at Marvel Comics. You couldn't walk through the Bullpen without running into other artists and joining them in a round or three of show-and-tell, pouring over Bristol boards to see the latest inks by Joe Rubinstein or Bob Wiacek or Terry Austin, the newest pencils by Herb Trimpe or John Buscema or John Byrne. Just to name a few. It was quite possible to wander into an editor's office and find yourself kibitzing with the writer over the next plot course for Doctor Strange.

There was electricity in the air. Jim Shooter, at the top of his form, had (not gently) used his new authority as editor-in-chief to increase the sense of competition among talent and bring renewed focus to the sprawling pantheon of Marvel super heroes.

I'd been banging around the offices for months, snapping up the occasional fill-in job, eagerly devouring the advice of Al Milgrom, John Romita Sr., Marie Severin…veteran talents, all generous with their advice to the struggling newcomer from Vermont.

My guardian angel was writer and staffer Jo Duffy. Ever patient, she guided me past many a rocky professional shoal. When Gene Colan decided to end his historic run on *Daredevil*, it was Jo I sought out.

I wanted the job. Boy, did I want that job. I'd always been intrigued by the notion of a hero whose defining attribute is a disability—a blind protagonist in a purely visual medium—and, most importantly, *Daredevil* offered up a chance to draw the kind of spooky crime comics I'd always wanted to do.

Jo didn't laugh at my feigned confidence. Sure, I recall her raising a startled eyebrow, but she didn't laugh. She put my name in to Jim Shooter, who agreed to take the chance, and, of course, proceeded to kibitz ferociously.

Things got better yet. Klaus Janson agreed to stay on the book as inker. Klaus had to sand down many a rough edge, and rescue many a panel outright. Across time, we developed a creative rapport that bordered on the psychic. Roger McKenzie and I babbled our way through countless afternoons, figuring out what new way we'd push things to the edge of what the Comics Code would allow, as well as what editorial could tolerate, and conspiring to steal away as many Spider-Man villains as we could.

Nobody—from Klaus to Roger to wizard colorist Glynis Oliver to editors Milgrom and Duffy to Shooter—held back their best.

We had a blast.

FM

2000

BIOGRAPHIES

FRANK MILLER

One of the boldest voices of a generation that pushed American comics into new creative and literary frontiers, Frank Miller broke into comics in 1978 illustrating stories in *Twilight Zone*, *Weird War Tales* and *John Carter, Warlord of Mars*. A Will Eisner acolyte ready to challenge the mainstream, Miller quickly moved on from short stories and single issues. With only his fifth Marvel credit, he took over as penciler on *Daredevil*. Teamed with inker/colorist Klaus Janson, Miller developed a dark and gritty world that brought the series back to its Hell's Kitchen roots. Miller's *Daredevil* was revolutionary, reintroducing pulp and crime genre elements into comics. Eleven issues into his run, Miller took over as writer and introduced the Greek assassin/love interest Elektra, who grew to become a major character in her own right.

As his *Daredevil* tenure came to a close in 1982, Miller penciled Wolverine's first solo series before moving to DC for the creator-owned *Ronin*. He returned to *Daredevil* in 1986 as writer of the acclaimed "Born Again" with artist David Mazzucchelli. Meanwhile, Miller was also making history at DC. He reunited with Janson to write and draw the landmark graphic novel *Batman: The Dark Knight Returns*. Depicting the resurgence of a retired, middle-aged Batman, *Dark Knight* pulled no punches in exploring the character and the era's politics. The resultant acclaim brought new literary regard to the medium and Miller's take still influences the character today. Miller returned to the Daredevil mythos again by scribing the *Daredevil: Love and War* graphic novel and *Elektra: Assassin*, both painted by Bill Sienkiewicz.

After writing the seminal origin story *Batman: Year One*, Miller began a relationship with the upstart independent publisher Dark Horse. There, he wrote *Hard Boiled*, *Give Me Liberty*, *Big Guy and Rusty the Boy Robot* and *RoboCop vs. The Terminator*, which parlayed from his scriptwriting the *RoboCop 2* and *RoboCop 3* movie sequels. He also launched his crime series *Sin City* in *Dark Horse Presents*, which Miller has since co-directed with Robert Rodriguez in two feature film adaptations. In the meantime, Miller again revisited Marvel and Daredevil with the *Elektra Lives Again* graphic novel and the five-issue origin retelling *Daredevil: The Man Without Fear*. Miller's success at the movies with *Sin City* led to his graphic novel *300* being adapted into a blockbuster, and he also directed *The Spirit*. A recent return to DC resulted in *Batman: The Dark Knight Strikes Again* and *All Star Batman & Robin, the Boy Wonder*. At the 2015 Eisner Awards, Miller was inducted into the Comic Book Hall of Fame.

ROGER McKENZIE

Kentucky-born Roger McKenzie began scripting comics in 1976 on Warren mags *Vampirella*, *Creepy* and *Eerie*. Influenced by both mystery and sci-fi writers, McKenzie was soon at Marvel adapting Battlestar Galactica for *Marvel Super Special* and picking up the reins of *Daredevil*. Several of his first issues were drawn by legendary *Daredevil* artist Gene Colan, but it was Frank Miller's debut in the title's 158th issue that gave McKenzie his most timeless collaborator. While he wrote the first year of Miller's *Daredevil*, McKenzie was also the ongoing writer of *Battlestar Galactica* and *Captain America*. During his tenure on the latter title, McKenzie and artist collaborator Don Perlin devised the plot of Captain America running for president. Later writer Roger Stern deployed the idea to much acclaim, making sure to credit McKenzie and Perlin for their inspiration. McKenzie's DC credits include *Men of War*, *Weird War Tales* and *House of Mystery*. He also premiered the red-headed gunslinger Cinnamon in the pages of *Weird Western Tales*. In the mid-'80s, McKenzie teamed with artist Pat Broderick on Pacific's *Sun Runners* and launched *Next Man* at Comico. McKenzie left the industry in the late '80s.

STEVE DITKO

The incomparable Steve Ditko began his career in comics in the 1950s, drawing for Charlton Comics and some of the usual science fiction, horror and mystery titles of the era. His style, however, was anything but "the usual," and it would prove to be as instantly recognizable as some of the iconic characters he would later introduce. His clean and lean figure work somehow took on a life singularly its own, often springing idiosyncratically across the page, channeling the kind of comic art energy that few others dared to attempt.

Born in Pennsylvania in 1927, Ditko studied illustration under Jerry Robinson at the Cartoonists and Illustrators School in New York. In 1953, he embarked on his career in comic storytelling by penciling odd, otherworldly tales in books like Charlton's *Space Adventures* and *Strange Suspense Stories*. His reputation grew as a draftsman who mixed powerfully evocative images into otherwise standard comics fare.

Recruited to join Stan Lee's small stable of artists in 1958, Steve's nuances were a noticeable contrast to Jack Kirby's boldness, and together they acted as the line's prime artistic movers. New titles like *Tales to Astonish* and *Tales of Suspense* joined overhauled series like *Journey Into Mystery* and *Strange Tales*, with Steve's eerie, *Twilight Zone*-tinged stories adding a hint of ominous paranoia to the texture of those anthologies. His style was so one-of-a-kind that he eventually got a book to call completely his own: In 1961, *Amazing Adventures* was retitled *Amazing Adult Fantasy* and given over completely to Ditko and Lee's collaborations.

But it was a certain wall-crawler who premiered later the next June that would confirm Steve Ditko's place in comics history. In 1962, in the pages of *Amazing Fantasy*, he and Stan Lee brought to life Peter Parker, the Amazing Spider-Man. The troubled teen hero proved so popular that he was given his own series, the first 38 issues of which are ensconced as one of the

all-time great runs in comics history. Another Ditko character, Dr. Strange, was an incredible influence on artists for years to come, with Ditko's mind-bending delineations of the Master of the Mystic Arts setting all kinds of (unintended) standards for pop art psychedelia.

Leaving Marvel Comics in 1966, he worked for Charlton again, drawing titles like *Captain Atom* and *Blue Beetle*. In the '70s, he worked for DC, launching *Shade, the Changing Man*, and independently published tales of his character, Mr. A, who exemplified Ditko's firm belief in Ayn Randian Objectivism. In the latter part of his career, he returned to Marvel, working there in the late '70s and throughout the '80s. Ditko was inducted into the Eisner Hall of Fame in 1994 and continued to add to his prolific body of work through self-publishing until his death in 2018.

MICHAEL FLEISHER

Michael Fleisher was born in 1942 in New York City. His parents divorced when he was a small child, and Fleisher reminisced that some of his best memories included taking in countless Western movie double features with his father. As a child, he also loved comic books, not just the Westerns but also super hero books, particularly DC's Superman and Batman. By the late '60s, after many twists and turns, Fleisher dedicated himself to working as a writer. By the early '70s, he pitched the idea of an encyclopedia of DC super heroes to editor-in-chief Carmine Infantino. Fleisher and an assistant were given access to the fabled DC library to perform their research. The result was a trio of encyclopedic volumes dedicated to Superman, Batman and Wonder Woman. It was during the course of developing these books that Fleisher became friendly with editor Joe Orlando, who opened the door for the budding writer to deliver stories for DC's line of mystery and horror titles. It was in one of those titles, *Weird Western Tales*, that Fleisher began writing the ongoing adventures of a character with whom his name would become synonymous: Jonah Hex. In 1977, Hex graduated to his own title, and Fleisher followed. He would scribe the disfigured bounty hunter's comic for almost 100 issues through 1987. During his years as a Hex mainstay, Fleisher also wrote *The Sandman*, a celebrated run on the Spectre in *Adventure Comics* and *Shade, the Changing Man* for DC, as well as *Ghost Rider*, *Spider-Woman*, *Conan the Barbarian* and *Savage Sword of Conan* for Marvel. In 1975, Fleisher joined the short-lived Atlas/Seaboard venture to write several titles for its line. In addition to his work in comics, Fleisher also scripted the last year of the original *Little Orphan Annie* newspaper strip. He wrapped up his comics writing career in the mid-'90s, after writing for the iconic British title *2000 AD*, and used his graduate degree in anthropology from Columbia University to explore various topics in the field, eventually earning his doctorate and working for humanitarian organizations as a researcher and writer. Fleisher passed away in 2018 at the age of 75.

PAUL GULACY

As a teenager in Youngstown, Ohio, Paul Gulacy received a full scholarship to the Art Institute of Pittsburgh. His ambition to draw comics professionally got a jump start after a serendipitous meeting with fellow Marvel artists, and fellow Ohioans, Val Mayerik and Dan Adkins. Gulacy sent samples to Marvel editor-in-chief Roy Thomas at Adkins' urging and soon after was drawing the inaugural Morbius feature in *Adventure Into into Fear.* Two months later, Gulacy received the assignment that would define his career: *Master of Kung Fu*. Writer Doug Moench and Gulacy would make a powerhouse creative team, turning *Master of Kung Fu*'s unique blend of martial arts action and globe-trotting espionage into one of the comic book triumphs of the 1970s. Gulacy's evocative visual style, innovative layouts and taut storytelling on the series certified him as the heir apparent to his comic art idol, Jim Steranko.

Gulacy would next make history with writer Don McGregor on one of the first graphic novels, Eclipse Comics' *Sabre*. In the late '80s at Marvel, he reunited with Moench on a pair of *Six from Sirius* miniseries under the Epic imprint and the "Coldblood" feature in *Marvel Comics Presents*. The two also worked together at DC on *Slash Maraud* and multiple influential Batman storylines, at Dark Horse on *James Bond 007: Serpent's Tooth* and at Marvel for a return to *Master of Kung Fu* on the 2002 MAX miniseries. Gulacy has also drawn stories set in the universes of the iconic *Star Wars* and *Terminator* film franchises with *Star Wars: Crimson Empire* and *The Terminator: Secondary Objectives*. In recent years, he has drawn a run on DC's *Catwoman*, scribed by Ed Brubaker, Marvel's *Squadron Supreme: Hyperion vs. Nighthawk* and *Penance: Relentless*, IDW's *G.I. Joe: Special Missions* and Dark Horse's *The Rook*.

RALPH MACCHIO

Comics seemed to surround Ralph Macchio's life: His uncle was DC art legend Wayne Boring; his Cresskill, New Jersey, hometown doubled as the fictional comic book home of Ant-Man and the Wasp; and one of his youthful pastimes was writing letters to his favorite comic books. However, after graduating with a degree in English Literature, Macchio seemed poised to work for Macray, his family's moving company. An encounter with writer Don McGregor at a comic book convention pulled Macchio into Marvel's orbit. Regular visits to the Marvel office ensued, which in turn led to writing assignments for Marvel's in-house fanzine *F.O.O.M.*, and, by 1976, a position as an assistant editor.

Macchio wrote several titles early in his career, most notably *Thor* and *Marvel Two-In-One*, which he co-scripted with Mark Gruenwald, the latter title including the classic "Project Pegasus" storyline. He also wrote a six-issue *Solomon Kane* limited series and teamed with artist George Pérez for the Black Widow "Web of Intrigue" arc in *Marvel Fanfare*. But unlike many writers who jumped from editorial to freelance writing careers, Macchio decided he preferred the camaraderie of the Bullpen and the creative possibilities of involvement in every aspect of a book's production.

Major highlights of his distinguished editorial career include *Daredevil*—particularly Frank Miller's "Born Again," *The Man Without Fear*, and *Elektra Lives Again*—Walter Simonson's *Thor*, Doug Moench and Bill Sienkiewicz's *Moon Knight*, righting the Spider-Man franchise from the destabilizing "Clone Saga," the launch of the Ultimate Universe, and adaptations of Stephen King's *The Dark Tower* and *The Stand*. Macchio is just as well known for fostering new editors and countless interns, including future editor-in-chief Bob Harras and fan favorite artist Joe Madureira. He also kept a spirit of fun alive and well in the Marvel Bullpen through years of practical jokes. Macchio retired from Marvel in 2011 with an editorial tenure second only to Stan Lee.

DAVID MICHELINIE

In 1974, David Michelinie moved to New York City determined to get his break in comics. DC editor Michael Fleisher recognized Michelinie's talents and took him under his wing, giving the young writer assignments in DC's horror anthologies. By the end of the year, Michelinie had landed his first regular gig, writing the Unknown Soldier in *Star Spangled War Stories*. He would hold down that series for the better part of two years, racking up additional credits in *Swamp Thing*, *Phantom Stranger*, and launching the sword and sorcery series *Claw the Unconquered*. Michelinie concluded his tenure at DC with credits including *Starfire*, *Star Hunters*, *Karate Kid* and an influential run on Aquaman that included the death of the hero's son. By 1979, Michelinie was writing exclusively for Marvel. His career-defining *Iron Man* run with writing partner (and inker) Bob Layton and artist John Romita, Jr. introduced Jim Rhodes and chronicled Tony Stark's descent into alcoholism. On *The Avengers*, he collaborated with artists John Byrne and George Pérez, and introduced the Taskmaster. He and Byrne also debuted Scott Lang as Ant-Man in *Marvel Premiere* #47.

In the early 1980s, Michelinie wrote *Star Wars* and *The Further Adventures of Indiana Jones*; *The Aladdin Effect* and *Revenge of the Living Monolith* Marvel Graphic Novels; and his Epic Comics series *The Bozz Chronicles* with artist Bret Blevins. In 1987, he returned for another celebrated run on *Iron Man* with Layton. A stint on *Web of Spider-Man* earned Michelinie the opportunity to write the core Spider-Man title, *The Amazing Spider-Man*, where he scribed the wedding of Peter Parker and Mary Jane Watson; and with superstar artist Todd McFarlane, introduced the massively popular villain Venom. Toward the end of his run, he introduced the spin-off villain Carnage. A '90s return to DC saw Michelinie writing Superman in *Action Comics*, including the wedding of Clark Kent and Lois Lane. He also joined industry upstart Valiant Comics to write *Rai*, *Turok*, and *H.A.R.D. Corps*. His most recent credits at Marvel have reunited him with Bob Layton on *Iron Man: Bad Blood*, *Iron Man: Legacy of Doom* and *Iron Man: The End*.

Biographies researched and written by John Rhett Thomas

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THE GOLDEN AGE

As the Great Depression wore on and the specter of war hung over America, a new storytelling medium was born: the comic book. Within their four-color pages, larger-than-life super heroes could make short work of America's foes, giving readers of all ages hope for victory against the real-life enemies that faced the United States. At the forefront of this new medium was Timely Comics, a young company staffed by such legendary creators as Carl Burgos, Bill Everett, Joe Simon, Jack Kirby and Stan Lee. These trailblazing talents birthed a vast array of characters that would give rise to the Marvel Universe!

GOLDEN AGE ALL-WINNERS VOLS. 1-4
GOLDEN AGE CAPTAIN AMERICA VOLS. 1-6
GOLDEN AGE DARING MYSTERY VOLS. 1-2
GOLDEN AGE HUMAN TORCH VOLS. 1-3
GOLDEN AGE MARVEL COMICS VOLS. 1-7
GOLDEN AGE MYSTIC COMICS VOL. 1
GOLDEN AGE SUB-MARINER VOLS. 1-3
GOLDEN AGE U.S.A. COMICS VOLS. 1-2
GOLDEN AGE YOUNG ALLIES VOLS. 1-2

THE ATLAS ERA

Seeing super heroes waning, Timely Comics evolved into Atlas Comics and took on a vast new range of genres: science-fiction tales of outer space adventures; realistic war comics; buxom jungle heroines; horror comics that would become the center of a moral panic that rocked the industry; and romance comics for the emerging teen audience. Even the classic costumed heroes of the Golden Age retooled to take on the threat of Communism. From Western gunfighters to crime to horror, the Atlas Era had it all!

ATLAS ERA BATTLEFIELD VOL. 1
ATLAS ERA BLACK KNIGHT/YELLOW CLAW VOL. 1
ATLAS ERA HEROES VOLS. 1-3
ATLAS ERA JOURNEY INTO MYSTERY VOLS. 1-4
ATLAS ERA JUNGLE ADVENTURE VOLS. 1-3
ATLAS ERA MENACE VOL. 1
ATLAS ERA STRANGE TALES VOLS. 1-6
ATLAS ERA TALES TO ASTONISH VOLS. 1-4
ATLAS ERA TALES OF SUSPENSE VOLS. 1-4
ATLAS ERA VENUS VOL. 1

THE MARVEL AGE

In August 1961, change hit newsstands: *The Fantastic Four* #1 did not feature the squeaky-clean heroes of yesteryear. They were real characters placed in extraordinary circumstances. They lived together, they fought among themselves — and sometimes, they even lost to the bad guys. This was more than a change in attitude: It was the beginning of something entirely different — the beginning of the Marvel Age of Comics!

Thanks to the fertile imaginations of Stan Lee, Jack Kirby, Steve Ditko and others, an unending list of heroes followed the FF with ever-increasing acclaim and popularity: the Amazing Spider-Man, the Mighty Thor, the Incredible Hulk, Daredevil, Iron Man and the X-Men, to name but a few. These were the Marvel heroes, born of conflict and a continuous struggle to balance human lives with superhuman responsibilities.

THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN VOLS. 1-22
ANT-MAN/GIANT-MAN VOLS. 1-3
THE AVENGERS VOLS. 1-20
THE BLACK PANTHER VOLS. 1-3
BROTHER VOODOO VOL. 1
CAPTAIN AMERICA VOLS. 1-12
CAPTAIN MARVEL VOLS. 1-6
THE CHAMPIONS VOL. 1
DAREDEVIL VOLS. 1-15
DAZZLER VOLS. 1-2
DEATHLOK VOL. 1
THE DEFENDERS VOLS. 1-7
DOCTOR STRANGE VOLS. 1-9
THE FANTASTIC FOUR VOLS. 1-22
GHOST RIDER VOLS. 1-2
HOWARD THE DUCK VOL. 1
THE HUMAN TORCH VOLS. 1-2
THE INCREDIBLE HULK VOLS. 1-15
THE INHUMANS VOLS. 1-2
THE INVINCIBLE IRON MAN VOLS. 1-13
IRON FIST VOLS. 1-2
KA-ZAR VOLS. 1-2
KILLRAVEN VOL. 1
LUKE CAGE VOLS. 1-3
MARVEL RARITIES VOL. 1
MARVEL TEAM-UP VOLS. 1-5
MARVEL TWO-IN-ONE VOLS. 1-5
THE MIGHTY THOR VOLS. 1-20
MS. MARVEL VOLS. 1-2
NICK FURY, AGENT OF S.H.I.E.L.D. VOLS. 1-3
NOT BRAND ECHH VOL. 1
RAWHIDE KID VOLS. 1-2
THE SAVAGE SHE-HULK VOLS. 1-2
SGT. FURY VOLS. 1-4
THE SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN VOLS. 1-3
SPIDER-WOMAN VOLS. 1-2
THE SILVER SURFER VOLS. 1-2
THE SUB-MARINER VOLS. 1-8
WARLOCK VOLS. 1-2
THE X-MEN VOLS. 1-8
THE UNCANNY X-MEN VOLS. 1-13

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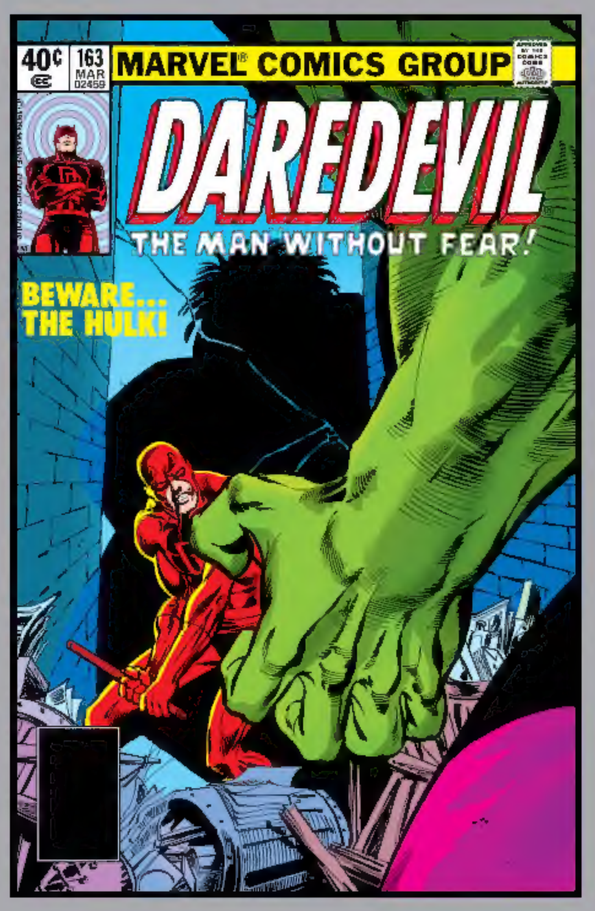
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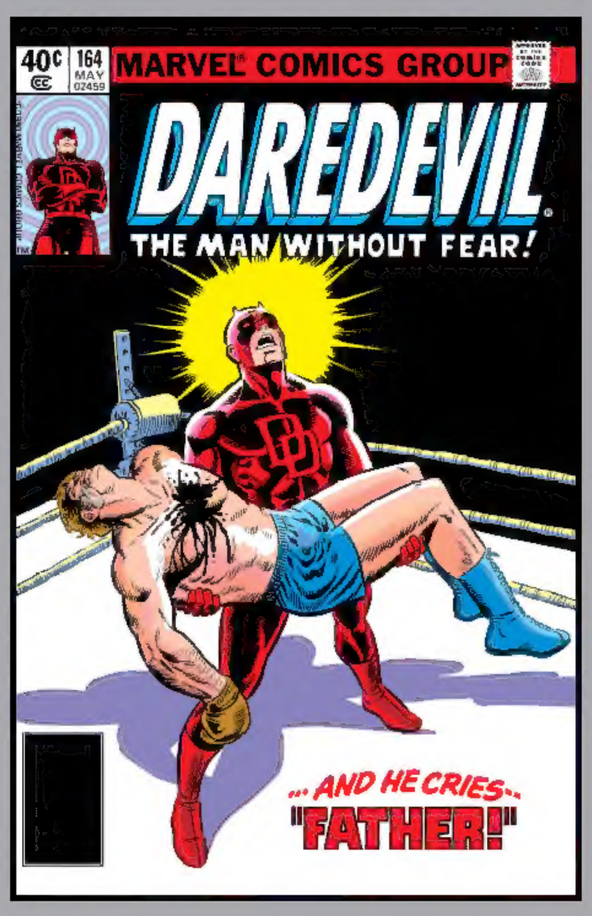
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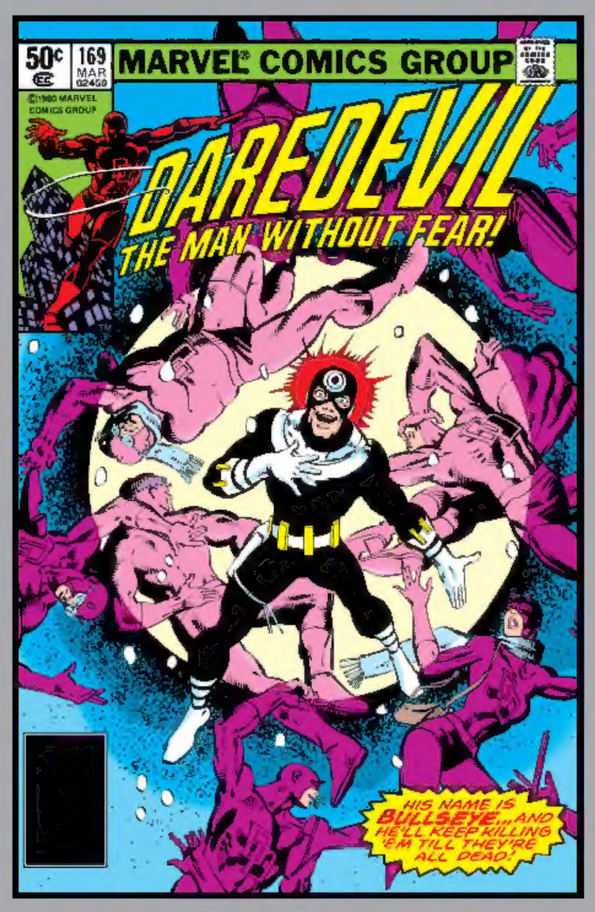
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